



John. Theod.



John. Theod.

James Sheppard Scott

46. Kensington Park Gardens.

Vol. 11.

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THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. THOMAS OTWAY.

VOLUME *the* SECOND.

CONTAINING,

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION.

The SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

The ATHEIST, or *the* Second Part of *the*
SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

L O N D O N :

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F R I E N D S H I P

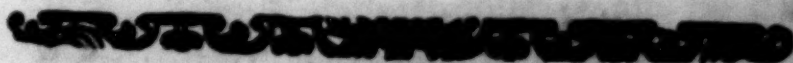
I N

F A S H I O N,

A

C O M E D Y.

Archilochum rabies armavit Iambo.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

FRIDAY

1912

COMMENCEMENT

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



To the Right Honourable

C H A R L E S,

Earl of Dorset and Middlesex,

Gentleman of His Majesty's Bed-Chamber.

My LORD,

 **Y**OUR Lordship has so often and so highly obliged me, that I cannot but condemn myself for giving you a Trouble so impertinent as this is:

Considering how remiss I have been in my Respects to your Lordship, in that I have not waited on you so frequently as the Duty I owe your Lordship, and my own Inclinations required; but the Circumstances of my Condition, whose daily Business must be daily Bread, have not, nor will allow me that Happiness. Be pleased then, my Lord, to accept this humble Dedication as an Instance of his Gratitude, who in a high measure owes

DEDICATION.

his Well-being to you. I cannot doubt but your Lordship will protect it, for nothing ever flew to you for Succour unsuccessfully: I am sure I have Reason to acknowledge it. As for the unlucky Censures some have past on me for this Play, I hope your Lordship will believe I hardly deserve them. For to my best remembrance, when first I was accused of the thing by some People of the World, who had perhaps as little Reason to think I could be guilty of it, as to believe themselves deserved it, I made it my business to clear myself to your Lordship, whose good Opinion is dearer to me than any thing which my worst Enemies can wrong me of else: I hope I convinced your Lordship of my Innocence in the matter, which I would not have endeavoured had it not been just. For I thank my Stars I know myself better than (for all the Threats some have been pleased to bestow upon me) to tell a Lye to save my Throat. Forgive me, my Lord, this Trouble, continue me in your Lordship's Favour and good Opinion, and accept of the Prayers and Well-wishes of

Your most humble, and

most obliged Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Smith.

HOW hard a Task hath that poor Drudge of Stage,
That strives to please in this fantastic Age?
It is a thing so difficult to hit,
That he's a Fool that thinks to do't by Wit;
Therefore our Author bid me plainly say,
You must not look for any in his Play.
I th' next place, Ladies, there's no Bawdy in't,
No not so much as one well-meaning Hint;
Nay more, 'twas written every Word he says,
On strictest Vigils, and on Fasting Days,
When he his Flesh to Penance did enjoin,
Nay took such Care to work it chaste and fine,
He disciplin'd himself at ev'ry Line.
Then, Gentlemen, no Libel he intends,
Tho' some have strove to wrong him with his Friends;
And Poets have so very few of those,
They'd need take care whose Favour 'tis they lose.
Who'd be a Poet? Parents all beware,
Cherish and educate your Sons with Care:
Breed 'em to wholesome Law, or give 'em Trades,
Let 'em not follow th' Muses, they are Jades:
How many very hopeful rising Cits
Have we of late known spoil'd by turning Wits?
Poets by Critics are worse treated here,
Than on the Bankside Butchers do a Bear.
Faith, Sirs, be kind, since now his Time is come,
When he must stand or fall as you shall doom:
Give him Bear-Garden Law, that's fair Play for't,
And he's content for one, to make you Sport.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Goodvile,

Truman,

Valentine,

Sir Noble Clumsey,

Malagent,

Caper,

Saunter,

Mr. Betterton,

Mr. Smith.

Mr. Harris.

Mr. Underbill.

Mr. Leigh.

Mr. Jevon.

Mr. Bowman.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Goodvile,

Victoria,

Camilla,

Lady Squamish,

Lettice,

Bridget,

Mrs. Barrey.

Mrs. Gibbs.

Mrs. Price.

Mrs. Gavin.

Mrs. Seymour.

Mrs. —



F R I E N D.



FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *The Mall.*

TRUMAN *reading a Billet, and Servant.*

TRUMAN.



N a Vizor say you?

SERVANT.

Yes, Sir, and as soon as she had deliver'd it, without any thing more, gave the Word to the Coachman, drew up the Tin Lettice, and away she hurry'd.

TRUMAN.

The meaning of a Billet of this Nature without a Name is a Riddle to me —

[*Reads.*

You know me and see me often, I wish I may never see you more, except you know better where to place your Love, or I were abler to govern mine: As you are a Gentleman burn this so soon as it comes to your Hands.——Adieu.

Well, this can be no other than some stanch Virtue of Thirty-five, that is just now fallen under the Temptation; or what is as bad, one of those cautious Dealers that never venture but in Masquerade, where they are sure to

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be wondrous kind, tho' they discover no more to the Lover than he has just Occasion to make use of.

Enter GOODVILE and VALENTINE.

VALENTINE.

Truman, Good-morrow; just out of your Lodging? but that I know thee better, I should swear thou hadst resolv'd to spend this Day in Humiliation and Repentance for the Sins of the last.

GOODVILE.

I beg your Pardon! Some Lady has taken up your time. Thou canst no more rise in a Morning without a Wench, than thou canst go to Bed at Night without a Bottle. *Truman*, wilt thou never leave Whoring?

TRUMAN.

Peace, Matrimony, Peace—speak more reverently of your dearly beloved Whoring. *Valentine*, he is the mere Spirit of Hypocrisy—he had hardly been marry'd ten Days, but he left his Wife to go home from the Play alone in her Coach, whilst he debauch'd me with two Vizors in a Hackney to Supper.

VALENTINE.

Truly, *Goodvile*, that was very civil, and may come to something——But, Gentlemen, it begins to grow late. Were shall we dine?

TRUMAN.

Where you will, I am indifferent.

GOODVILE.

And I.

VALENTINE.

I had appointed to meet at *Chatolins*, but——

TRUMAN.

With whom?

VALENTINE.

Why, your Cousin *Malagene Goodvile*.

GOODVILE.

Valentine, thou art too much with that Fellow. 'Tis true

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION. 11

true indeed, he is some Relation to me, but 'tis such a lying Varlet, there is no enduring of him.

VALENTINE.

But Rogues and Fools are so very plenty, 'tis hard always to escape 'em.

TRUMAN.

Besides, he dares be no more a Friend than a Foe, he never spoke well of any Man behind his Back, nor ill before his Face: He is a general Disperser of nauseous Scandal, tho' it be of his own Mother or Sister; pr'ythee let's avoid him, if we can to-day.

GOODVILE.

'Twill be almost impossible, for he is as impudent as he is troublesome: as there is no Company so ill but he'll keep, so there's none so good but he'll pretend to. If he has ever seen you once, he'll be sure of you: And if he knows where you are, he's no more to be kept out of your Room, than you can keep him out of your Debt.

VALENTINE.

He came where I was last Night, roaring drunk; swore Damn him, he had been with my Lord such-a-one, and had swallow'd three Quarts of Champagne for his Share, said he had much a-do to get away, but came then particularly to drink a Bottle with me: I was forc'd to promise him I would meet him to-day, to get rid of him.

GOODVILE.

Faith, Gentlemen, let us all go dine at my House: I have snubb'd him of late, and he'll hardly venture that way so soon again: At Night I'll promise you good Company; my Wife (for I allow her for my own sake what Freedom she pleases) has sent for the Fiddles to come.

TRUMAN.

Goodvile, if there be any such thing as Ease in Matrimony, thou hast it: But methinks, there's as it were a Mark upon marry'd Men, that makes 'em as distinguishable from one of us, as your Jews are from the rest of Mankind.

GOOD-

GOODVILE.

Oh there are Pleasures you dream not of; he is only confin'd by it that will be so; A Man may make his Condition as easy as he pleases.—Mine is such a fond wanton Ape, I never come home, but she entertains me with fresh Kindness: and *Jack*, when I have been hunting for Game with you, and miss'd of an Opportunity, stops a Gap well enough.

TRUMAN.

There's no Condition so wretched but has its Reserve: Your Spaniel turn'd out of Doors, goes contentedly to his Kennel: Your Beggar, when he can get no better Lodging, knows his old warm Bush; and your marry'd Whore-master that misses of his Wench, goes honestly home, and there's Madam Wife.—But *Goodvile*, who are to be the Company at Night?

GOODVILE.

In the first place, my Cousin *Victoria* your Idol, *Jack Truman*; then Mr. *Valentine*, there will be the charming *Camilla*, and another that never fails upon such an Occasion, the unimitable Lady *Squeamish*.

TRUMAN.

That indeed is a worthy Person, a great Critic forsooth: one that censures Plays, and takes it very ill she has none dedicated to her yet; a constant Frequenter of all Masquerades and Public Meetings, a perfect Coquet, very affected, and something old.

VALENTINE.

Discourses readily of all the Love-Intrigues of the Court and Town, a strange Admirer of Accomplishments and good Breeding, as she calls it; a restless Dancer; one that by her good Will would never be out of Motion.

TRUMAN.

How, *Valentine*! you were once a great Admirer there, have a care how you speak too harshly of your Mistress, tho' the Business be over. You stand well with the Ladies yet, and are held a Man of Principles.

GOODVILE.

That indeed is a fine Creature. Your old harass'd Stäger has always some such resty Whore-maister or another, whom she makes the best of her Despair withal; and after being forsaken by half the Town besides, comforts herself in her Man of Principles. But now I think on't, we delay too long. I'll go before and prepare: Gentlemen, you'll be sure to follow?

TRUMAN.

Sir, we'll not fail to wait on you. [*Exit Goodvile.*
Boy! is the Coach ready? *Valentine!* I have had the oddest Aventure this Morning——ha——*Malagene!*

Enter MALAGENE.

How came he hither?

MALAGENE.

Jack Truman, Monsieur *Valentine*, bon jour——Was not that *Goodvile* I met coming in——ha?

VALENTINE.

Yes, he parted hence but now.

MALAGENE.

Faith, I'll tell ye what, Gentlemen, *Goodvile's* a very honest Fellow as can be, but he and I are fall'n out of late, tho' faith 'twas nothing of my seeking.

TRUMAN.

No, I'll be sworn for thee, thou lov'st thyself better.

VALENTINE.

Pray, what was the matter, *Malagene?*

MALAGENE.

Why I was advising him to look after things better at Home: The Fellow has marry'd a young Wife, and there he lets her make Balls and give Entertainments. I was very free with him, and told him of it to the purpose: for faith I should be sorry to see any ill come on't, very sorry.

TRUMAN.

But hark ye, *Malagene*, *Goodvile's* a sort of a surly Companion, and apt to have so good an Opinion of himself, that

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that he is able to manage Affairs without your Advice: He might have been very severe with you upon this Occasion.

MALAGENE.

Severe with me! I thank you for that with all my Heart; that had been the way to have made a fine piece of Work on't indeed; hark ye, (under the Rose) he's sweetly fitted with my Cousin tho'.

VALENTINE.

Pray, Sir, speak with more Respect: We are his Friends, and not prepar'd to relish any of your Satire at present.

MALAGENE.

O Lord, Sir, I beg your pardon; you are a new Acquaintance there, I remember, and may design an Interest. Faith, *Ned*, if thou dost, I'll never be thy hindrance, for all she's my Kinswoman.

TRUMAN.

The Rascal, if he had an Opportunity, would pimp for his Sister, tho' but for the bare Pleasure of telling it himself.

MALAGENE.

Now when he comes home, will she be hanging about his Neck, with, O Lord, Dear! where have you been this Morning? I can't abide you should go abroad so soon that I can't: You are never well but when you are with that wicked lewd *Truman*, and his debauch'd Companion young *Valentine*: But that I know you are a good Dear, I should be apt to be jealous of you, that I should, ha, ha.

TRUMAN.

Sir, you are very bold with our Characters, methinks.

MALAGENE.

I, shaw! your Servant; sure, we that know one another may be free: You may say as much of me, if you please. But no matter for that, did you hear nothing of my Business last Night? — ha.

TRUMAN.

Not a Word I assure you, Sir. Pray how was it? Pr'ythee let him alone a little, *Valentine*.

MA

MALAGENE.

Why, coming out of *Catolins* last Night (Where it had cost me a Guinea Club, with a Right Honourable or two of this Kingdom, which shall be nameless) just as I was getting into a Coach, who should come by but a blustering Fellow with a Woman in his Hand, and swore, Damn him, the Coach was for him; we had some Words, and he drew; with that I put by his Pass, clos'd with him, and threw up his Heels, took away his *Toledo*, gave him two or three good Cuts over the Face, seiz'd upon *Damozel*, carry'd her away with me to my Chamber, manag'd her all Night, and just now sent her off,—Faith amongst Friends she was a Person of Quality, I'll tell you that.

TRUMAN.

What, a Person of Quality at that time o'th' Night, and on Foot too.

MALAGENE.

Ay, and one that you both know very well, but take no notice on't.

VALENTINE.

Oh, Sir, you may be sure we shall be very cautious of spreading any Secrets of yours of this Nature—lying Rakehell; the highest he ever arriv'd at was a Bawd, and she too banish'd him at last, because he boasted of his Favourites.

MALAGENE.

Nay, not that I care very much neither; you may tell it if you will; for I think it was no more than any one would have done upon the same Occasion—ha——

TRUMAN.

Doubtless, Sir, you were much in the right. But, *Valentine*, we stay too long; 'tis time we were going.

MALAGENE.

What, to Dinner? I'll make a third Man——where shall it be?

TRUMAN.

Sir, I am sorry, we must beg your Excuse this time, for we are both engag'd.

MALAGENE.

Whoo! pr'ythee, that's all one, I am sure I know the Company; I'll go along at a venture.

VALENTINE.

No, but *Malagene*, to make short of the Business, we are going into Company that are not very good Friends of yours, and will be very uneasy if you be there.

MALAGENE.

What's that to the purpose?—I care as little for them as they do for me; tho' on my Word, Sparks! of honest Fellows, you keep the oddest Company sometimes that ever I knew.

TRUMAN.

But, Sir, we are resolv'd to reform it, and in order thereunto desire you would leave us to ourselves to day.

MALAGENE.

No———but I'll tell you, go along with me; I have discover'd a Treasure of pale Wine——I assure you 'tis the same the King drinks of——What say you *Jack*? I am but for one Bottle or two; for faith I have resolv'd to live sober for a Week.

TRUMAN.

Pr'ythee, Tormentor, leave us; do not I know the Wine thou drink'st is as base as the Company thou keep'st? To be plain with you, we will not go with you, nor must you go with us.

MALAGENE.

Why, if one should ask the Question now, whither are you going? ha!

VALENTINE.

How comes it, *Malagene*, you are not with your two Friends, *Caper* and *Saunter*?—you may be sure of them; they'll eat and drink and go all over the World with you.

MALAGENE.

How canst thou think that I would keep such loathsome Company? a Brace of silly, talking, dancing, singing Rascals: 'Tis true, I contracted an Acquaintance with

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION. 17

with 'em, I know not how; and now and then when I am out of humour, love to laugh at and abuse 'em for an Hour or two—but come what will on't, I am resolv'd to go along with you to-day.

TRUMAN.

Upon my Word, Sir, you cannot—Why should you make so many Difficulties with your Friends?

MALAGENE.

Whoo! prithee leave fooling—You would shake me off now, would you? But I know better things.—The Sham won't pass upon me, Sir, it won't, look you.

TRUMAN.

Death, we must use him ill, or there is no getting rid of him. Not pass, Sir?

MALAGENE.

No, Sir.

TRUMAN.

Pray Sir, leave us.

MALAGENE.

I shan't do't, Sir.

TRUMAN.

But you must, Sir.

MALAGENE.

May be not, Sir.

TRUMAN.

I am going this way.

[Walking off.]

MALAGENE.

So am I.

TRUMAN.

But, Sir, I must stay here a little longer.

MALAGENE.

With all my Heart; 'tis the same thing, I am not in haste.

VALENTINE.

Have a care, Malagene, how you provoke Truman—you'll run the hazard of a scurvy Beating, my Friend, if you do.

MAL-

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MALAGENE.

Beating; I am sorry, Sir, you know no better: Pox, I am us'd to serve him so, Man; let him alone, you shall see how I'll teize him. Hark you, Jack.

TRUMAN.

Sir, you are an impudent troublesome Coxcomb.

MALAGENE.

No matter for that, I shan't leave you.

TRUMAN.

Sir, I shall pull you by the Nose then.

MALAGENE.

'Tis all one to me, do your worst.

TRUMAN.

Take that then, Sir——Now d'ye hear——

[Tweaks him by the Nose.

Go about your Business.

MALAGENE.

Nay, faith, Jack, now you drive the Jest too far; What a Pox I know you are not in earnest; pr'ythee let's go.

TRUMAN

Death, Sir, you lie; not in earnest!—let [Kicks him.] this convince you—How like you the Jest now, Sir?

MALAGENE.

Hark you, Truman, we shan't dine together then, shall we?

VALENTINE.

Faith, to tell you the Truth of the Matter; Truman had a Quarrel last Night, and we are just now going to make an end on't: 'Tis that makes him so surly. Nevertheless, now I think on't better, if you'll go, you shall; perhaps we may have occasion for a third Man.

MALAGENE.

No, no, if that be the Business I'll say no more; puh—I hate to press into any Man's Company against his Inclination. Truman, upon my Reputation you are very uncivil now, that you are. But hark you, I ran to the Groom-porter's last Night, and lost my Money—Pr'ythee lend me two Guineas till next time I see thee, Child.

TRU-

TRUMAN.

With all my Heart, Sir. I was sure 'twould come to this at last; 'tis here, you may command what you please from your Servant. *Malagene*, good-morrow.

Enter CAPER and SAUNTER.

MALAGENE.

Dear *Jack Truman* your humble.— [*Ex. Truman.*

VALENTINE.

Won't you go along with us then, *Malagene*?

MALAGENE.

No, here are two silly Fellows coming; I'll go and divert myself a little with them at present.

VALENTINE.

Why, those are the very People you rail'd at so but now; You will not leave us for them, at a time when you may be so serviceable?

MALAGENE.

Hang it, you'll have no occasion for me, Man; say no more on't, but take my Advice; be sure you stand fast, don't give ground, d'ye hear, push briskly, and I'll warrant you do your Business.

VALENTINE.

Sir, I thank you for your Counsel, and am sorry we can't have your Company; but you are engag'd?

MALAGENE.

Are you sure tho' it will come to fighting? I have no mind to leave your Company, methinks.

VALENTINE.

Nay, nothing so certain as that we shall fight; I wish you would go, for I fancy there will be three in the Field.

MALAGENE.

A pox on't, now I remember, I promis'd to meet these People here, and can't avoid them now; I'd go with you else with all my Heart Faith and Troth, but if you'd have me send a Guard, I'll do't.

VA-

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VALENTINE.

No, Sir,—there's no Danger—Nothing but the Rogue's Cowardice could have rid us of him. [Exit Val.

MALAGENE.

How now, Bullies, whither so fast this Morning? I parted just now with *Jack Truman* and *Ned Valentine*: They would fain have had me to Dinner with 'em, but I was not in a Humour of drinking, and to speak the Truth on't, you are better Company ten to one. They ingross still all the Discourse to themselves: And a Man can never be free with them neither.

CAPER.

Oh Lord, *Malagene*! we met the delicat'st Creature but now as we came round; I am a Rascal, if I don't think her one of the finest Women in the World; I shan't get her out of my Mind this Month.

SAUNTER.

'Twas *Victoria*, my Lady *Fairfield's* Daughter, that came to Town last Summer when *Goodvile* was marry'd. He in love with her, poor Soul!—I shall beg his pardon there, as I take it—— [Sings.

MALAGENE.

That's *Truman's* blowing: She's always ling'ring after him here, and at the Play-house: She heats herself here every Morning against the general Course at Night, where she comes as constantly as my Lady *Squeamish* herself.

SAUNTER.

I vow that's a fine Person; don't you think she has abundance of Wit, *Malagene*? She and I did so rally *Caper* t'other Day.

CAPER.

Ay, it may be so.

SAUNTER.

But did you never hear her sing? She made me sit with her till Two o'Clock t'other Morning to teach her an *Italian* Song I have, and I vow she sings it wonderfully.

MAL-

MALAGENE.

Damn her, she's the most affected amorous Jilt, and loves young Fellows more than an old Kite does young Chickens: there is not a Coxcomb of eighteen in Town can escape her, we shall have her draw one of you into Matrimony within this Fortnight.

CAPER.

Malagene, thou art the most satirical Thief breathing: I'd give any thing thou didst but love Dancing, that I might have thee on my side sometimes.

SAUNTER.

Well, *Malagene*, I hope to see thee so in love one Day, as to leave off drinking as I have done, and set up for a Shape and a Face: Or, what is all one, write amorous Sonnets, and fight Duels with all that do but look like Rivals. I would not be in love for all the World, I vow and swear. [*Walks up and down with an affected Motion.*]

CAPER.

Nor I.

—— *Ab Phillis, if you would not love
The Shepherd, &c.*

[*Sings.*]

But d'ye hear, *Malagene*? they say *Goodvile* gives a Ball to-night, is't true?

MALAGENE.

Yes, I intend to be there, if I do not go to Court.

CAPER.

I am glad of it with all my Heart.——*Saunter*——
There's my Lady, to be sure she'll not fail.

SAUNTER.

But will you go, *Malagene*? *Goodvile* and you are at a distance.

MALAGENE.

Whoo! pox that's nothing, I'll go for all that: But faith, I should meet my Lord——at Court to night. Besides, I han't been in the Drawing-Room these three Days; the Company will wonder what's become of me.

Enter

Enter Lady SQUEAMISH.

She here! nay then——

CAPER.

Madam, your Ladyship's most humble Servant.

[Congees affectedly.]

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Mr. Caper, your most devoted.——Oh dear Mr. Saunter! a thousand Thanks to you for my Song.

SAUNTER.

Your Ladyship does your Servant too much Honour.

[Sings, As Chloe full of, &c.]

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Mr. Caper, you are a Stranger indeed, I have not seen you these two Days: Lord, where d'ye live?

CAPER.

I should have waited on your Ladyship, but was so tir'd at the Masquerade at my Lord Flutter's t'other Night,

[Dances and Capers.]

SAUNTER.

Madam, Madam, Mr. Goodvile gives a Ball to-night: Will your Ladyship be there?

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Yes; I heard of it this Morning; *Victoria* sent me Word.

CAPER.

Oh, Madam, d'ye hear the News? *Goodvile* makes a Ball to-night: I hope I shall have the Honour of your Ladyship's Company.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh, by all means: Mr. Caper, pray don't you fail us. Oh Lord, Mr. Malagene, I beg your Pardon, upon my Honour I did not see you; I was so engaged in the Civilities of these Gentlemen.

MALAGENE.

Your Wit and Beauty, Madam, must command the Honour

Honour and Admiration of all the World. But when did your Ladyship see Mr. *Valentine*?

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh, name him not. Mr. *Malagene*: he's the unwor-thiest basest Fellow—besides, he has no Principles nor Breeding: I wonder you Gentlemen will keep him Company, I'll swear he's enough to bring an Odium on the whole Sex.

MALAGENE.

The Truth on't is, Madam, I do drink with him now and then, because the Fellow has some Wit, but it is when better Company is out of the Way; and faith he's always very civil to me as can be: I can rule him.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh Lord, 'tis impossible. Wit! why he was abroad but two Years, and all that time too in an Academy; he knows nothing of the Intrigues of the *French* Court, and has the worst Mien in the World: He has a sort of an ill-natur'd way of talking indeed, and they say makes bold with me sometimes, but I'll assure you I scorn him.

MALAGENE.

Truly he has made very bold with you, or he is foully bely'd: Ha, ha, ha.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

They say he's grown a great Admirer of Madam *Camilla* of late, who passes for a Wit forsooth. 'Tis true, she's well enough, but I suppose is not the first that has been troubled with his impertinent Addresses.

MALAGENE.

Indeed he would not let me alone, till I brought him acquainted there: He owes that Happiness to me. But methinks your Ladyship speaks with something of Heat—By Heav'n she's jealous! [*Aside.*]

Lady SQUEAMISH.

No, I'll assure you, Sir, I am not concern'd at it in the least. But did you ever hear 'em discourse any thing of me?

MALAGENE.

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MALAGENE.

Never any ill, Madam; only a little idle Rallery now and then; but *Truman* and he are wont to be something lavish when they have been drunk in my Company.—
'Twill work.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Nay, I know he has spoken dishonourably of me behind my Back, because he fail'd in his filthy Designs. Madam *Camilla* may deserve better of him, I doubt not: But if I am not reveng'd on his Falshood [*Afide.*]——
Mr. *Caper*.

CAPER and SAUNTER.

Madam.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Where do you go to-day?

CAPER.

Will your Ladyship be at the new Play?

Lady SQUEAMISH.

No, I saw it the first Day, and don't like it.

MALAGENE.

Madam, it has no ill Character about the Town.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

O Lord, Sir, the Town is no Judge. 'Tis a Tragedy, and I'll assure you there's nothing in it that's moving. I love a Tragedy that moves mightily.

SAUNTER.

Does your Ladyship know who writ it?

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Yes, the Poet came and read it to me at my Lodgings; he is but a young Man, and I suppose he has not been a Writer long; besides, he has had little or no Conversation with the Court, which has been the Reason he has committed a great many Indecorums in the Conduct of it.

SAUNTER.

I did not like it neither for my part; there was never a Song in it, ha!

CAPER.

CAPER.

No, nor so much as a Dance.

MALAGENE.

Oh, it's impossible it should take, if there were neither Song nor Dance in it.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

And then their Comedies now-a-days are the filthiest Things, full of Bawdy and nauseous Doings, which they mistake for Rallery and Intrigue: besides, they have no Wit in 'em neither; for all their Gentlemen and men of Wit, as they stile 'em, are either silly conceited impudent Coxcombs, or else rude, ill-mannerly drunken Fellows—fough—I am asham'd any one should pretend to write a Comedy, that does not know the nicer Rules of the Court, and all the Intrigues and Gallantries that pass, I vow.

MALAGENE.

Who would improve in those things, must consult with your Ladyship.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

I swear, Mr. *Malagene*, you are an obliging Person; I wonder the World should be so malicious to give you so undeserving a Character as they do: I always found you extremely generous, and a Person of Worth.

MALAGENE.

In troth, Madam, your Ladyship and myself are the Subjects of abundance of Envy; for I love to be malicious now and then; and faith, am the very Scourge of the Court, they all stand in awe of me, for I must speak what I know, tho' sometimes I am us'd a little scurvily for it; but faith I can't help it, 'tis my way.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Ha, ha, ha, really I love Scandal extremely too sometimes, so it be decently manag'd——But as I was saying, there is not a Person in the World understands the Intrigues of the Court better than myself; I am the general Confidant of the Drawing-room, and know the Loves of all the People of Quality in Town.

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CHAPER.

Dear Madam, how stands the Affair between my Lord *Supple* and Madam *Lofly*?

Lady *SQUEAMISH*.

Worse than ever; 'tis very provoking to see how she uses the poor Creature: but the truth is, she can never be at rest for him; he's more troublesome than an old Husband continually whispering his Softness and making his Vows, till at last she is forc'd to fly to me for shelter, and then we do so laugh—which the good-natur'd Creature takes so patiently—I swear, I pity him.

SAUNTER.

But my Lady *Colt*, they say, is kinder to the Sparkish Mr. *Pruneit*.

Lady *SQUEAMISH*.

O Lord, Mr. *Saunter*, that you should understand no better; to my knowledge it is all false; I know all that Intrigue from the beginning to the ending, it has been off this Month—besides, he keeps a Player again—Oh, Mr. *Saunter*! whatever you do, never concern yourself with those Players.

SAUNTER.

Madam, I have left the Folly long since; when first I came to Town, I must confess I had a Gallantry there. But since I have been acquainted with your Ladyship's Wit and Beauty, I have learn'd to lay out my Heart to better Advantage—I think that was finely said.

Lady *SQUEAMISH*.

I'll swear, Mr. *Saunter*, you have the most court-like way of expressing yourself—

SAUNTER.

Oh Lord, Madam!

[*Bows and Cringes.*]

Lady *SQUEAMISH*.

Mr. *Malagene*, these are both my intimate Acquaintance, and I'll swear I am proud of 'em. Here is Mr. *Saunter* sings the *French* manner better than ever I heard any *English* Gentleman in my Life: Besides, he pronounces his

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION. 27

his *Engliſh* in ſinging with a *French* kind of a Tone or Accent, that gives it a ſtrange Beauty—Sweet Sir, do me the Favour of the laſt new Song.

SAUNTER.

Let me die; your Ladyſhip obliges me beyond Expreſſion——*Malagene*, thou ſhalt hear me.

[*Sings a Song in a French Tone.*

MALAGENE.

What a Devil was this? I underſtand not a Word on't.

SAUNTER.

Ha, *Malagene*, ha.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Did you ever hear any thing ſo fine?

MALAGENE.

Never, Madam, never: I ſwear, your Ladyſhip is a great Judge.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

But how plain and diſtinctly too every Word was pronounc'd?

MALAGENE.

Oh, to Aſtiration, to Admiration. [*Makes Muſtbs aſide.*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Well, Mr. *Saunter*, you are a charming Creature——
O ſad, Mr. *Caper*, I long till Night comes: I'll dance with no Body but you to-night, for I ſwear I believe I ſhall be out of Humour.

MALAGENE.

That's more than ſhe ever was in her Life, ſo long as ſhe had a Fool or a Fiddle in her Company.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Tho' really I love dancing immoderately—But now you talk of Intrigues, I am miſtaken if you don't ſee ſomething where we are going to-night.

MALAGENE.

What, *Goodvile* is to commence Cuckold, is it not ſo?

B 2

Lady

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Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh, fy, Mr. *Malagene*, fy: I vow you'll make me hate you, if you talk so strangely,—but let me die, I can't but laugh—ha, ha, ha—Well, Gentlemen, you shall dine with me to-day—What say you, Mr. *Malagene*, will you go?

MALAGENE.

Your Ladyship may be sure of me, I hate to break good Company.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

And pray now let us be very severe, and talk maliciously of all the Town. Mr. *Caper*, your Hand: Oh, dear Mr. *Saunter*, how shall I divide myself—I'll swear, I am strangely at a loss—Mr. *Malagene*, you must be Mr. *Saunter*'s Mistress I think at present.

MALAGENE.

With all my Heart, Madam—Sweet Mr. *Saunter*, your Hand: I swear, you are a charming Creature, and your Courtship is as extraordinary as your Voice. —Let me die, and I vow I must have t'other Song after Dinner, for I am very humourfom and very whimsical I think: ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Ordinary.*

Enter Mrs. GOODVILE and LETTICE.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

DID you deliver the Billet?

LETTICE.

Yes, Madam, faithfully.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

But are you sure you did?

LET-

LETTICE.

Can your Ladyship think I would be guilty of the least Neglect in a Concern of such moment?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

And are you sure he dines here to-day?

LETTICE.

Madam, they are now at Dinner below: Mr. *Valentine's* there too. Oh, I'll swear he's a fine Man, the most courteous Person.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

What, because he hunts and kisses you when he's drunk? No, *Lettrice*, *Truman*, *Truman*, Oh that *Truman*.

LETTICE.

I wonder your Ladyship should be so taken with him: Were I to chuse, I should think my Master the more agreeable Man.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

And you may take him if you will; he is as much a Husband as one would wish: I have not seen him this Fortnight; he never comes home till Four in the Morning, and then he sneaks to his separate Bed, where he lies till Afternoon, then rises and out again upon his Parole; Flesh and Blood can't endure it.

LETTICE.

But he always visits your Ladyship first.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

That's his Policy, as great Debtors are always very respectful and acknowledging where they never mean to pay. 'Tis true, he gives me what Freedom I can desire, but God knows that's all.

LETTICE.

And where's the Pleasure of going abroad and getting a Stomach, to return and starve at home?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

I laugh tho' to think what an easy Fool he believes me; he thinks me the most contented, innocent, harmless Turtle breathing, the very Pattern of Patience.

LETTICE.

A Jewel of a Wife.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

And as blind with Love as his own good Opinion of himself has made him.

LETTICE,

And can you find in your Heart to wrong so good a natur'd, complete, well-meaning, harmless Husband, that has so good an Opinion of you.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Ha, wrong him! what say you, *Lettice*? I wrong my Husband! such another Word forfeits my good Opinion of thee for ever.

LETTICE.

What meant the Billet to Mr. *Truman* then this Morning?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

To make him my Friend perhaps, and discover if I can who it is that wrongs me in my Husband's Affection; for I am sure I have a Rival. And I am apt to believe *Victoria* deserves no better than ordinary of me, if the Truth were known.

LETTICE.

Why, she is his near Kinswoman, and lives here in the House with you; besides, he would never dishonour his own Family surely.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

You are a Fool, *Lettice*, the Nearness of Blood is the least thing consider'd. Besides, as I have heard, 'tis almost the only way Relations care to be kind to one another now a-days.

LETTICE.

Yes, Madam, you never meet, but you are as kind and fond of him, as if you had all the Joys of Love about you. Lord! how can you dissemble with him so? Besides, Mr. *Truman*, Madam, you know is his Friend.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Oh, if I would ever consent to wrong my Husband
(which

(which Heav'n forbid, *Lettice*!) it should be, to chuse, with his Friend. For such a one has a double Obligation to Secrecy, as well for his own Honour as mine. But I'll swear, *Lettice*, you are an idle Girl for talking so much of this, that you are: 'Tis enough to put ill Thoughts into one's Head, which I am the most averse to of all things in the World.

LETTICE.

But, Madam, Thoughts are free; and 'tis as hard not to think a little idly sometimes, as it is to be always in good Humour. But it would make any one laugh, to think Mr. *Truman* should be in love with Madam *Victorid*, if all be real which your Ladyship suspects.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Ay, and with a design of Marriage too: But a ranging Gallant thinks he fathoms all, and counts it as much beneath his Experience to doubt his Security in a Wife, as Success in a Mistress.

LETTICE

Besides, after a little time, he is so very industrious in cuckolding others, that he never dreams how swimmingly his own Affairs are manag'd at home.

Enter VICTORIA.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

But hush—she's here.

VICTORIA

A happy Day to you, Madam.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Dear Cousin, your humble Servant: Have you heard who are below?

VICTORIA.

Yes, young *Truman*, and his inseparable Companion *Valentine*.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Well, what will you do, Cousin? *Truman* comes resolv'd on Conquest; for with the Advantages he has in
B. 4 your

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your Heart already, 'tis impossible you should be able to hold out against him.

VICTORIA.

Yes, powerful Champaign as they call it may do much; a Spark can no more refrain running into Love after a Bottle, than a drunken Country Vicar can avoid disputing of Religion when his Patron's Ale grows stronger than his Reason.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Come, come, dissemble your Inclinations as artfully as you please, I am sure they are not so indifferent but they may be easily discerned.

VICTORIA.

Truly, Madam, you may be mistaken in your guess.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

How! I doubt it is some other Man then has caused this Alteration in you.—Lord, *Lettice*, is she not extremely alter'd?

VICTORIA.

Alter'd, Madam, what do you mean?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Nay, *Lettice*, fetch a Glass, and let her see herself: Lord, you are paler than you use to be.

LETTICE.

Ay, and then that Blueness under the Eyes.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Besides, you are not so lively as I have known you: Pardon me, Cousin.

LETTICE.

Well, if there be a Fault, Marriage, will cure all.

VICTORIA.

I'll assure you, I have none that I know of stands in need of so desperate a Remedy. Marriage! Fault! What can all this tend to.

Enter PAGE.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Well, what now?

PAGE.

PAGE.

Madam *Camilla* is coming to wait upon your Ladyship

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Ha, *Camilla*! Tell her I'll attend her: Won't you go with me, *Victoria*?

VICTORIA.

I'll but step into my Chamber, and follow you instantly.
[*Ex. Mrs. Good. and Page.*] Whither can all this drive? Surely she has discovered something of *Goodvile's* Love and mine: If she has, I am ruin'd.

Enter GOODVILE.

GOODVILE.

Victoria! your Cousin is not here; is she? What, in Clouds? I stole this Minute from my Friends on purpose to see thee, and must not I have a Look? Not a Word?

VICTORIA.

Oh, I am ruin'd and lost for ever, I fear your Wife has had some knowledge of our Loves: And if it be so, what will then become of me?

GOODVILE.

Pr'ythee no more: My Wife! she has too good an Opinion of herself, to have an ill one of me; and would as soon believe her Glass could flatter her, as I be false to her: My Wife!—ha, ha.

VICTORIA

Yes, I am sure it must be so; it can be no otherwise; But you are satisfy'd, and now have nothing more to do, but to leave me to be miserable.

GOODVILE.

Leave thee! By Heav'n I'd sooner renounce my Family, and own myself the Bastard of a Rascal: Come, quiet thy Doubts; *Truman* is here; and take my Love for thy Security, he shall be thine to-night.

VICTORIA.

I have great Reason to expect it indeed. That you
B 5 would

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would hazard your Interest in so good a Friend for the Reparation of my Honour, that so little concerns you, and which you have already made your best of.

GOODVILE.

No more of that, Love's my Proynce; and thine is too dear to me to be neglected. 'Tis true, I have made him my Friend, and I hope he will deserve it by doing thee that justice which I am incapable of.

VICTORIA.

You can promise easily.

GOODVILE.

Ay, and as resolutely perform: When I have heated him with Wine, prepare to receive him.

Enter Mrs. GOODVILE.

Ha, she here!

Mrs. GOODVILE.

So, so, Mr. *Goodvile*, are you there indeed? I thought I should catch you.

GOODVILE.

Faith, my Dear, I have been speaking a good Word for *Jack Truman*: my Cousin *Victoria*'s too cruel.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Oh, fy, *Victoria*! Can you be so hard-hearted to deny any thing, when Mr. *Goodvile* is an Advocate?

VICTORIA.

I must confess it is with some difficulty; but should I too easily comply upon Mr. *Goodvile*'s Intercession, who knows but your Ladyship might be jealous? For he that can prevail for another, may presume there's Hopes for himself.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Ay, but Cousin, I know you are my Friend, and would not, tho' but in regard of that, do me such an Injury: Besides, Mr. *Goodvile* knows I dare trust him. Don't you, Love?

GOODVILE.

Trust me! yes, for if you don't, 'tis all one—Credulous

lous Innocence ! [*Aside.*] Alas, my Dear, were I as false as thou art good, thy generous Confidence would shame me into Honesty.

Enter CAMILLA running and squeaking; TRUMAN and VALENTINE after her.

CAMILLA.

For Heav'n's sake, Madam, save me !—Mr. *Goodvile* 'tis safer travelling thro' the Deserts of *Arabia*, than ent'ring your House : Had I not ran hard for it, I had been devour'd, that's certain.

VALENTINE.

Oh, Madam, are you herded ? It will be to little purpose ; I am stanch, and never change my Game.

CAMILLA.

But when you have lost it, if fresh start up, you can be as fully satisfied, who hunt more for the love of the Sport, than for the sake of the Prey.

VALENTINE.

But, Madam, should you chance to be taken, look to't; for I shall touze and worry you most unmercifully, till I have reveng'd myself severely, for the pains you cost me catching.

CAMILLA.

Therefore I am resolv'd to keep out of your Reach ; Lord ! what would become of such a poor little Creature as I am, in the Paws of so ravenous an Animal ?

TRUMAN

But are you too, Lady, so wild as Mrs. *Camilla* ?

VICTORIA.

Oh, Sir, to the full ! But I hope you are not so unmerciful as Mr. *Valentine*.

TRUMAN.

No, Madam, quite on the contrary, as soft and pliant as your Pillow ; you may mould me to your own Ease and Pleasure, which way you will.

VIC-

VICTORIA

'Tis strange two of such different Tempers should so tell agree: Methinks you look like two as roaring, ranging, tory rory Sparks as one would wish to meet withal.

VALENTINE.

Yes, Madam, at the Play-house in a Vizor, when you come dress'd and prepar'd for the Encounter; there indeed we can be as unanimously modish and impertinent as the pertest Coxcombs of 'em all, till like them too, we lose our Hearts, and never know what becomes of 'em.

CAMILLA.

But the comfort is, you are sure to find 'em again in the next Bottle.

Mrs. GOODVILLE.

Then drink 'em down to the Ladies Healths, and they are as well at ease as ever they were.

TRUMAN.

Why, you would not be so unconscionable as to have us two such whining crop-sick Lovers, as sigh away their Hours, and write lamentable Ditties to be sung about the Town by Fools and Bullies, in Taverns.

GOODVILLE.

Till some *Smithfield* Doggrel taking the Hint, swells the Sonnet to a Ballad, and *Cloris* dwindles into a Kitchen-Wench.

VICTORIA.

'Tis presum'd then you are of that familiar Tribe that never make Love but by contraries, and rally our Faults when you pretend to admire our Perfections.

CAMILLA.

As if the only way to raise a good Opinion of yourselves, were to let us know how ill a one you have of us.

TRUMAN.

Faith, Madam, 'tis a hard World, and when Beauty is held at so dear a rate, 'tis the best way to beat down the Market as much as we can.

VAL-

VALENTINE.

But you shall find, Ladies, we'll bid like Chapmen for all that.

VICTORIA.

You had best have a care tho', lest you over-reach yourselves and repent of your Purchase when 'tis too late.

CAMILLA.

Besides, I hate a Dutch Bargain that's made in heat of Wine, for the Love it raises is generally like the Courage it gives, very extraordinary, but very short-liv'd.

GOODWILE.

How! Madam! have a care what you say; Wine is the Prince of Love, and all Ladies that speak against it forfeit their Charter. I must not have my Favourite traduc'd. Boy, bring some Wine, you shall prove its good Effects, and then acknowledge it your Friend. We'll drink—

CAMILLA.

Till your Brains are a float, and all the rest sink.

VALENTINE.

I find then, Ladies, you have the like Opinion of our Heads, as you have of our Hearts.

CAMILLA.

Really, Sir, you are much in the right.

TRUMAN.

But if your Ladyship should be in the wrong—Tho' Love, like Wine, be a good Refresher, yet 'tis much more dangerous to be too busy withal. And tho' now and then I may over-heat my Head with drinking; yet confound me, I think I shall have a care never to break my Heart with loving.

Mrs. GOODWILE.

But, Sir, if all Men were of your cruel Temper, what would become of those tender-hearted Creatures that cannot forbear saluting ye with a Billet in a Morning, tho' it comes without a Name, and makes you as unsatisfy'd as they poor Creatures are themselves?

TRU.

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TRUMAN.

Hah, this concerns me! Blockhead, dull leaden Sot that I was, not to be sensible it must be she, and none but she, could send mine this Morning. Well, poor *Jack Truman* look to thyself, Snares are laid for thee;—but the Virtuous must suffer Temptation: and Heav'n knows all Flesh is frail. [*Aside.*]

Enter Boy with Wine.

GOODVILE.

Now, Boy, fill the Glasses. But before we proceed, one thing is to be consider'd: My Dear, you and I are to be no Man and Wife for this Day, but be as indifferent, and take as little notice one of another, as we may chance to do seven Years hence: But at Night——

VALENTINE.

A very fair Proposal.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Agreed, Sir, if you will have it so.

GOODVILE.

The Wine——now each Man to his Post.

[*They separate, Good. to Cam. Val. to Vict. Trum. to Mrs. Goodvile.*]

The Word.

[*All take Lasses.*]

TRUMAN.

Love and Wine.

GOODVILE.

Pass——

[*They drink.*]

Enter LETTICE.

Now that nothing may be wanting, *Lettice* you must sing the Song I brought home t'other Morning; for Music is as great an Encouragement to drinking, as fighting.

Lettice sings.

*How bless'd he appears,
That revels and loves out his happy Years;*

That

FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION. 39

*That fiercely spurs on till he finish his Race:
And knowing Life's short, chafes living space.
To Cares we were born, 'twere a Folly to doubt it.
Then love and rejoice, there's no living without it.*

II.

*Each Day we grow older;
But as Fate approaches, the Brave still are bolder;
The Joys of Love with our Youth slide away,
But yet there are Pleasures that never decay;
When Beauty grows dull, and our Passions grow cold,
Wine still keeps its Charms, and we drink when we're old.*

GOODVILE.

So, now shew me an Enemy to divine harmonious
Drinking.

BOY.

Sir, my Lady Squeamish is below, just alighted out of
her Coach.

GOODVILE.

Nay, then Drinking will have the major Vote against
it: She is the most exact Observer of Decorums and
Decency alive. But she is not alone, I hope.

BOY.

No, Sir, there is Mr. Malagene with her, and three
more Gentlemen; one they call Sir Noble Clumsy, a full
portly Gentleman.

TRUMAN.

That's a hopeful Animal, an elder Brother, of a fair
Estate, and her Kinsman, newly come up to Town, whom
her Ladyship has undertaken to polish and make a fine
Gentleman.

VALENTINE.

'Tis such a sulsom overgrown Rogue! yet hopes to
be a fine Spark, and a very courtly Youth; he has been
this half Year endeavouring at a Shape, which he loves
eating and drinking too well ever to attain to. The
other, I'll warrant you, are the nimble Mr. Caper, and
his polite Companion, Mr. Saunter.

GOOD.

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GOODVILE.

She's never without a Kennel of Fools at her Heels ; and we may know as well when she is near by the Noise her Coxcombs make, as we know when a certain Spark of this Town is at hand by the new-fangled gingle of his Coach. She comes—and woe be to the Wretch whom she first lights upon.

Enter Lady SQUEAMISH, Sir NOBLE CLUMSEY, MALAGENE, CAPER, and SAUNTER.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Dear Madam *Goodvile*, ten thousand Happineffes wait on you ! Fair Madam *Victoria*, sweet charming *Camilla*, which way shall I express my Service to you ?—Cousin, your Honour, your Honour to the Ladies.

CLUMSEY.

Ladies as low as Knee can bend, or Head can bow, I salute you all : And Gallants, I am your most humble, most obliged, and most devoted Servant.——That I learn'd at the end of an Epistle Dedicatory.

GOODVILE.

Sir Noble Clumsey is too great a Courtier.

CLUMSEY.

Yes, Sir, I can compliment upon an Occasion ; my Lady knows I am a pretty apt Scholar.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Gallants, you must pardon my Cousin here, he is but as it were a Novice yet, and has had little Conversation ; but what I have had the honour to instruct him in.

MALAGENE.

But let me tell you, he is a Man of Parts, and one that I respect and honour : Pray Gentlemen know my Friend.

VALENTINE.

Hark you, *Malagene*, how durst you venture hither, knowing that *Goodvile* and *Truman* care so little for your Company ?

MAL

MALAGENE.

O Sir, your Servant, your Servant, Sir; I guess'd this was the Duel you were going about: I should not have left you else, faith, Ned, I should not.

GOODVILE.

But, Madam, can the worthy Knight your Kinsman drink? What think you, Sir Noble, of the Ladies Healths?

CLUMSEY.

In a Glas of small Beer, if you please.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh sweet Mr. Goodvile, don't tempt him to drink, don't! I'll swear, I am so afraid he should spoil himself with drinking. Lord, how I should loath a Fellow with a red Nose!

VALENTINE.

See, Truman, the two Coxcombs are already boarding our Mistresses.

TRUMAN.

Oh, 'twere pity to interrupt 'em: a Woman loves to play and fondle with a Coxcomb sometimes as naturally, as with a Lap-Dog; and I could no more be jealous of one than of the other.

VALENTINE.

I am not of your Opinion; they are too apt to love any thing that but makes 'em sport: And the Familiarity of Fools proceeds oftentimes from a Privilege we are not aware of. For my part, I shall make bold to divert.——Mr. Saunter, a word: Have you any Pretences with that Lady? hah!

SAUNTER.

Some small Encouragement I have had, Sir; but I never make my boast of those Favours, never.

VALENTINE.

No, Sir, 'twere your best course.

SAUNTER.

Oh Lord, you are pleas'd to be merry: Sure he takes me for a Fool; but no matter for that. ——Sings.——
Would Phyllis be mine, and for, &c. Enter

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Enter BOY.

BOY.

Madam, the Fiddles are below; shall I call 'em up?

Mrs. GOODVILLE.

No, let 'em stay a little, we'll dance below.

CAPER.

Hah, the Fiddles! Boy, where are you? [*Cap. capers.*]

BOY.

Here, Sir.

CAPER.

Have you brought my Dancing-shoes?

BOY.

No, Sir, you gave me no Order: But your Fiddle is below under the Seat of the Coach.

CAPER.

Rascal, Dog, Fool; when did you ever know me go abroad without my Dancing-shoes? Sirrah, run home and fetch 'em quickly, or I'll cut off both your Ears, and have 'em fasten'd to the Heels of those I have on.

TRUMAN.

It is an unpardonable Fault, Sir, that your Boy should forget your Dancing-shoes.

CAPER.

Ay, hang him, Blockhead, he has no Sense; I must get rid of him as soon as I can: I would no more dance in a pair of Shoes that we commonly wear, than I would ride a Race in a pair of Gambado's.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Mr. *Valentine* I hope is a better bred Gentleman, than to leave his Mistress for Wine. I hear, Sir, there is a Love between you and Madam *Camilla*? Thou Monster of Perjury. [*To Val.*]

VALENTINE.

Faith, Madam, you are much in the right; there is abundance of Love on my side, but I can find very little in hers: If your Ladyship would but stand my Friend upon this occasion.——I think this is civil.

Lady

Lady SQUEAMISH.

I'll swear Sir, you are a most obliging Person—Ladies and Gallants, poor Mr. *Valentine* here is fallen in love, and has desired me to be his Advocate: Who could withstand that Eye, that Lip, that Shape and Mein, besides a thousand Graces in every thing he does? Oh lovely *Camilla*! guard, guard your Heart; but I'll swear, if it were my own Case, I doubt I should not—ha, ha, ha!

VALENTINE.

Madam? What means all this?

GOODVILE.

Poor *Ned Valentine*!

TRUMAN.

'Tis but what I told him he must look for: but stay, there is more yet coming.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Nay, this is not half what thou art to expect; I'll haunt thee worse than thy ill Genius, take all Opportunities to expose thy Folly and Falshood every where, till I have made thee as ridiculous to our whole Sex, as thou art odious to me.

VALENTINE,

But has your Ladyship no Mercy? Will nothing but my Ruin appease you? Why should you choose by your Malice to expose your decay of Years, and lay open your poor Lover's Follies to all, because you could improve 'em to your own use no longer? [*Approaches.*]

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Come not near me, Traitor—Lord, Madam *Camilla*, how can you be so cruel? See, see, how wildly he looks: For Heav'n's sake have a care of him; I fear he is dis-temper'd in his Mind: What pity 'tis so hopeful a Gentleman should run mad for Love,—ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Dear Madam, how can you use Mr. *Valentine*, so? 'Tis enough to put him out of Humour, and spoil him for being good Company all the Day after it.

Lady

44 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh Lord, Madam, 'tis the greatest Pleasure to me in the World; Let me die, but I love to rally a bashful young Lover, and put him out of Countenance at my Heart.

SAUNTER.

Ha, ha, ha! and I'll swear the Devil and all's in her Wit, when she sets on't. Poor *Ned Valentine*! Lord, how filily he looks!

CAPER.

Ay, and would fain be angry if he knew but how.

VALENTINE.

Hark you, Coxcomb, I can be angry, very angry, d'ye mark me?

CLUMSEY.

No, but Sir, don't be in a Passion: my Lady will have her Humour; but she's a very good Woman at the bottom.

VALENTINE.

Very likely, Sir.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Now, Madam, if your Ladyship thinks fit, we'll withdraw and leave the Gentlemen to themselves a little; only Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter* must do us the honour of their Company.

SAUNTER.

Say you so, Madam? I'faith and you shall have it. Come *Caper*, we are the Men for the Ladies, I see that ——— Hey Boys!

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh dear! and sweet Mr. *Saunter* shall oblige us with a Song.

SAUNTER.

O Madam, ten thousand, ten thousand if you please. I'll swear I believe I could sing all Day and all Night, and never be weary.

When

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION. 45

*When Phyllis watch'd her barmless Sheep,
Not one poor Lamb, &c.*

[*Ex. Saunter, Caper, and Ladies.*

GOODVILE.

A happy riddance this; Now, Gentlemen, for one Bottle to entertain our noble Friend and new Acquaintance, Sir *Noble Clumsey*.

CLUMSEY.

Really Gallants, I must beg your Pardon, I dare not drink, for I have but a very weak Brain, Sir, and my Head won't bear it.

TRUMAN.

Oh, surely that honourable Bulk could never be maintain'd with thin regular Diet and small Beer.

CLUMSEY.

I must confess, Sir, I am something plump; but a little fat is comely; I would not be too lean.

MALAGENE.

No, by no means, my Dear, thou hast an heroic Face, which well becomes this noble Port and Fulness of thy Body.

VALENTINE,

Goodvile, we have a Suit to you: Here is *Malagene* has been sometime in a Cloud; for this once receive him into good Grace and Favour again.

MALAGENE.

Faith, *Goodvile* do, for without any more Words, I love thee with all my Heart—Faith and troth give me thy Hand.

GOODVILE.

But, Sir, should I allow you my Countenance, you would be very drunk, very rude, and very unmannerly, I fear.

MALAGENE.

Drunk, Sir, I scorn your Words, I'd have you know I han't been drunk this Week; no, I am the Son of a Whore if I won't be very sober. This noble Knight shall be Security for my good Behaviour. Wilt thou not, Knight?

CLUM

46 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

CLUMSEY.

Sir, you are a Person altogether a Stranger to me ; and I have sworn never to be bound for any Man.

TRUMAN.

But, Sir *Noble*, you are oblig'd in Honour to serve a Gentleman and your Friend.

CLUMSEY.

Say you so, Sir ? oblig'd in Honour ? I am satisfy'd. Sir, this Gentleman is my Friend and Acquaintance, and whatsoever he says I'll stand to.

MALAGENE.

Hark thee, Son of *Mars*, thou art a Knight already, I'll marry thee to a Lady of my Acquaintance, and have thee made a Lord.

GOODVILE.

Boy, the Wine, give Sir *Noble* his Glass. — Gentlemen, Sir *Noble's* Lady's Health.

CLUMSEY.

Od's my Life, I'll drink that tho' I die for't. Gallants, I have a Lady in this Head of mine, and that you shall find anon. By my Troth, I think this be a Glass of good Wine.

VALENTINE.

Say you so ? Take the other Glass then, Sir *Noble*.

CLUMSEY.

'Fore *George*, and so I will. Pox't on't, let it be a Brimmer : Gentlemen, God save the King.

MALAGENE.

Well said, my lovely Man of Might : His Worship grows good Company.

TRUMAN.

Sir *Noble*, you are a great Acquaintance with Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter* ; they are Men of pretty Parts.

CLUMSEY.

Oh Sir, the finest Persons—the most obliging well-bred complaisant modish Gentlemen : They are acquainted with all the Ladies in Town, and are Men of fine Estates.

TRU-

TRUMAN.

'This Rogue is one of those earthly Mongrels that knows the value of nothing but a good Estate, and loves a Fellow with a great deal of Land and a Title, tho' his Grandfather were a Blacksmith.

CLUMSEY.

How say you, Sir, a good Estate? odd's heart, give me the other Glafs, I have two thousand Pounds a Year.

MALAGENE.

Say'st thou so? Boy, bring more Wine; Wine in abundance, Sirrah, d'ye hear? *Frank Goodvile*, thou see'st I am free, for faith I hate Ceremony, and would fain make the Knight merry.

GOODVILE.

Malagene, it shall be your Task; drink him up lustily, and when that's done, we'll bring him to my Lady his Cousin, it may make some sport.

VALENTINE.

A very good Propofal.

MALAGENE.

Say no more; thy Word's a Law, and it shall be done. Come, bear up my lusty Limb of Honour, and hang Sobriety.

CLUMSEY.

Ay, so say I, hang Sobriety—drink, whore, rant, roar, swear, make a Noise, and all that: But be honest, do'st hear, be honest.

TRUMAN.

I would very fain be so if I could: But the damn'd Billet this Morning went out of my head, Well, Madam *Goodvile*, if any Mischief comes on't, 'tis your own Fault, not mine. I did not strike first, and there's an end on't.

[*Music within.*]

Enter LETTICE.

LETTICE.

Sir, the Fiddles are ready, and the Ladies desire your Com-

48 FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION.

Company. Mr. *Truman*, my Lady wants you.

TRUMAN.

Say'st thou so? I thank thee for thy News with all my Heart. The Devil I see will get the better on't, and there is no resisting.

LETTICE.

Sir *Noble* my Lady *Squeamish* sent me to tell you she wants your Company to dance.

CLUMSEY.

Tell her, I am busy about a grand Affair of the Nation, and cannot come.—Dance? I look like a Dancer indeed! but these Women will be always putting us on more than we can do—Boy, give me more Wine.

GOODVILE.

Malagene, remember and use Expedition.

[*Ex. Good. Trum. Val. Lettice.*

CLUMSEY.

Sirrah do you know me? I am a Knight; And here's a Health to all the Whores in Christendom.

MALAGENE.

Not forgetting all the Ladies within. Now we are alone I may talk.

[*Drinks.*

CLUMSEY.

So, there's for you, do you see? [*Breaks a Glass.* Sirrah, don't you look scurvily; I have Money in my Pocket, you must know that.—Bring us more Wine,—*Malagene*, thou art a pretty Fellow; dost thou love me? Give me thy Hand: I will salute thy under Lip. [*Staggers.*

MALAGENE.

Ha, what's the meaning of this? I doubt I shall almost be drunk as soon as the Knight. Sir *Noble* canst thou whore?

CLUMSEY.

How, whore! what a Question's there? Thou shalt be my Pimp, and I'll prefer thee.

MALAGENE.

What a Rascal this Knight is? I have known as worthy

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION. 49

worthy a Person as himself a Pimp, and one that thought it no Blemish to his Honour neither. *[Aside.]*

Enter Lady SQUEAMISH at the Door.

CLUMSEY.

Hah, my Lady Cousin!—Faith, Madam, you see I am at it.

MALAGENE.

'The Devil's in it, I think; we cou'd no sooner talk of Whores, but she must come in, with a pox to her. Madam, your Ladyship's most humble Servant.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh, odious! insufferable! who would have thought, Cousin, you would have serv'd me so—soagh, how he stinks of Wine, I can smell him hither.—How have you the Patience to hear the Noise of Fiddles, and spend your time in natty drinking?

CLUMSEY.

Hum! 'tis a good Creature: Lovely Lady, thou shalt take thy Glass.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Uh gud; murder! I had rather you had offer'd me a Toad.

CLUMSEY.

Then Malagene, here's a Health to my Lady Cousin's Pelion upon Offa. *[Drinks and breaks the Glass.]*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Lord, dear Mr. Malagene, what's that?

MALAGENE.

A certain Place, Madam, in Greece, much talkt of by the Antients; the noble Gentleman is well read.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Nay he is an ingenious Person I'll assure you.

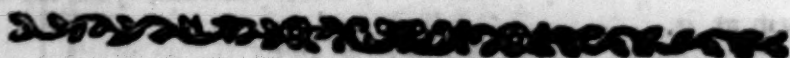
CLUMSEY.

Now Lady bright I am wholly thy Slave: Give me thy Hand, I'll go strait and begin my Grandmother's kissing Dance; but first deign me the private Honour of thy Lip.

50 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Nay, fy, Sir Noble! how I hate you now! for shame be not so rude: I swear you are quite spoiled. Get you gone, you good-natur'd Toad you. *[Exitant.]*



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter GOODVILE a little beaten.

GOODVILE.

WHAT a damn'd Chicken-brain'd Fellow am I grown? If I but dip my Bill I am giddy. Now am I as hot headed with my bare two Bottles, as a drunken Prentice on a Holyday. *Truman* marries *Victoria*, that's resolv'd on; and so one Care is over. But then *Camilla*! how I shall get Possession of her.—Well, my Mind misgives me, I shall do something may call my Discretion in question; and yet I can't avoid it. *Camilla* I do love and must have her, come what will on't: And no time so fit to begin the Enterprize as this; she may make a good Wife for *Valentine* for all that.

Enter TRUMAN and VALENTINE. Musick.

Fy, Gentlemen, without the Ladies! Did you quit Champaign for this? Faith I begin to despair of you, and doubt you are grown as weak Lovers as Drinkers.

TRUMAN.

Goodvile, thou hast no Conscience: A decay'd Cavalier Captain that drinks Journey-work under a Deputy-Lieutenant in the Country, is not able to keep thee Company. Two Bottles, as I take it, is no such trifling Matter.

GOODVILE.

Oh but I hate to be hault'd, and a Friend that leaves me at two Bottles, is as unkind as a Mistress that jilts me

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION. 51

me when I thought I had made sure of the Business. But Gallants, how stand the Affairs of Love? *Truman*, is *Victoria* kind? I question not your Friendship in the Matter, but trust the Honour of my Family in your Hands.

VALENTINE.

He little thinks *Truman* is inform'd of all, and no longer a Stranger on what score he is so wondrous civil. But I am mistaken, if he be behind with him in Kindness long. [Aside.

TRUMAN.

A pox on't, I am afraid this Marriage will never agree with me; methinks the very thought on't goes a little against my Stomach: Like a young Thief tho' I have some itching to be at it, yet I am loath to venture what may follow.

GOODVILE.

Well, I'll go in and better prepare *Victoria*: in the mean time believe it only my Ambition to be as well ally'd in Blood, as Friendship, to so good and generous a Person as *Truman*. [Exit.

TRUMAN.

What a damn'd Creature Man is! *Valentine*, didst thou believe this Fellow could be a Villain?

VALENTINE.

I must confess it something surprizes me; he might have found out a fitter Person to put his Mistress upon, than his Friend: But how the Devil got you the Knowledge of it?

TRUMAN.

Faith I'll tell thee; for I think I am no way oblig'd to conceal it—his Wife even his very Wife told me all.

VALENTINE.

I begin to suspect that Mrs. *Goodvile* has no ill Opinion of you; I observ'd something but now very obliging towards you: Besides, when a Woman begins to betray her Husband's Secrets, 'tis a certain sign she has a mind to communicate very important ones of her own.

52 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

TRUMAN.

Valentine, no more of that; tho' it would be a rare Revenge to make a Cuckold of this smiling Rogue.

VALENTINE.

'Tis fifty times better than cutting his Throat.; that were to do him more Honour than he deserves.

Enter MALAGENE.

MALAGENE.

Ha, ha, ha, the rarest Sport — *Jack Truman, Ned Valentine.*

TRUMAN.

Why, what's the matter? Where?

MALAGENE,

Yonder's my Rogue of a Knight, as drunk as a Porter; and faith, *Jack*, I am but little better.

VALENTINE.

Dear Sir, and what of all this?

MALAGENE.

Why with a Bottle under his Arm, and a Beer-glass in his Hand, I set him full drive at my Lady *Squeamish*; for nothing else but to make mischief, *Ned*—nothing else in the World; for every body knows I am the worst-natur'd Fellow breathing: 'Tis my Way of Wit.

VALENTINE.

Do you love no body then?

MALAGENE.

No not I: Yes, a pox on't, I love you well enough, because you are a Rogue I have known a good while. Tho' shou'd I take the least Prejudice against you, I cou'd not afford you a good Word behind your Back for my Heart.

TRUMAN.

Sir, we are much oblig'd to you: 'Tis a sign the Rogue is drunk that he speaks Truth.

MALAGENE.

I tell you what I did t'other Day: Faith 'tis as good a Jest as ever you heard.

VA-

VALENTINE.

Pray, Sir, do.

MALAGENE.

Why walking alone, a lame Fellow follow'd me and ask'd my Charity, (which by the way was a pretty Proposition to me.) Being in one of my witty merry Fits, I ask'd him how long he had been in that Condition? The poor Fellow shook his Head, and told me he was born so. But how d'ye think I serv'd him?

VALENTINE.

Nay, the Devil knows.

MALAGENE.

I shew'd my Parts I think; for I tripp'd up both his Wooden Legs, and walk'd off gravely about my Business.

TRUMAN.

And this you say is your way of Wit?

MALAGENE.

Ay altogether, this and Mimickry: I'm a very good Mimick: I can act *Punchinello*, *Scaramouchio*, *Harlequin*, *Prince Prettyman*, or any thing. I can act the rumbling of a Wheel-barrow.

VALENTINE.

The rumbling of a Wheel-barrow!

MALAGENE.

Ay, the rumbling of a Wheel-barrow, so I say—Nay, more than that, I can act a Sow and Pigs, Sausages a broiling, a Shoulder of Mutton a roasting: I can act a Fly in a Honey pot.

TRUMAN.

That indeed must be the Effect of very curious Observation.

MALAGENE.

No, hang I it, never make it my business to observe any thing, that is Mechanic. But all this I do, you shall see me if you will: But here comes her Ladyship and Sir Noble.

C 3

Enter

54 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

Enter Lady SQUEAMISH and Sir NOBLE CLUMSEY.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh, dear Mr. *Truman*, rescue me. Nay, Sir *Noble*, for Heav'n's sake.

CLUMSEY.

I tell thee Lady, I must embrace thy lovely Body : Sir, do you know me ! I am Sir *Noble Clumsey* : I am a Rogue of an Estate, and I live——Do you want any Money ? I have fifty Pounds.

VALENTINE.

Nay good Sir *Noble*, none of your Generosity we beseech you. The Lady, the Lady, Sir *Noble*.

CLUMSEY.

Nay, 'tis all one to me if you won't take it, there it is.——Hang Money, my Father was an Alderman.

MALAGENE.

'Tis pity good Guineas should be spoil'd, Sir *Noble*, by your leave. *[Picks up the Guineas]*

CLUMSEY.

But, Sir, you will not keep my Money ?

MALAGENE.

Oh, hang Money, Sir, your Father was an Alderman.

CLUMSEY.

Well, get thee gone for an Arch-Wag —— I do but sham all this while :——but by Dad he's pure Company.

TRUMAN.

Was there ever such a Blockhead ! Now has he nevertheless a mighty Opinion of himself, and thinks all this Wit and pretty Discourse.

CLUMSEY.

Lady, once more I say be civil, and come kiss me ; I shall ravish else, I shall ravish mightily.

VALENTINE.

Well done, Sir *Noble*, to her, never spare.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

I may be even with you tho' for all this, Mr. *Valentine* :

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION. 55

sine : Nay, dear Sir Noble : Mr. Truman, I'll swear he'll put me into Fits.

CLUMSEY.

No, but let me salute the Hem of thy Garment. Wilt thou marry me ? [Kisses.]

MALAGENE.

Faith Madam do, let me make the Match.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Let me die, Mr. Malagene, you are a strange Man, and I'll swear have a great deal of Wit. Lord, why don't you write ?

MALAGENE.

Write ? I thank your Ladyship for that with all my Heart. No, I have a Finger in a Lampoon or so sometimes, that's all.

TRUMAN.

But he can act.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

I'll swear, and so he does better than any one upon our Theatres ; I have seen him. Oh the *English* Comedians are nothing, not comparable to the *French* or *Italian* : Besides, we want Poets.

CLUMSEY.

Poets ! why I am a Poet. I have written three Acts of a Play, and have nam'd it already. 'Tis to be a Tragedy.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh Cousin, if you undertake to write a Tragedy, take my Counsel : Be sure to say soft melting tender things in it that may be moving, and make your Ladies Characters virtuous whate'er you do.

CLUMSEY.

Moving ! Why, I can never read it myself but it makes me laugh : well, 'tis the prettiest Plot, and so full of Wagery.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh ridiculous.

MALAGENE.

But, Knight, the Title; Knight, the Title.

CLUMSEY.

Why let me see; 'tis to be call'd, *The merry Conceits of Love; or The Life and Death of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, with the Humours of his Dog Bobadillo.*

MALAGENE.

Ha, ha, ha.

VALENTINE.

But Sir Noble, this sounds more like a Comedy.

CLUMSEY.

Oh, but I have resolv'd it shall be a Tragedy, because *Bobadillo's* to be kill'd in the Play. Comedy! no, I scorn to write Comedy. I know several that can squirt Comedy.—I'll tell you more of this when I am sober.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

But dear Mr. *Malagene*, won't you let us see you act a little something of *Harlequin*? I'll swear you do it so naturally, it makes me think I am at the *Louvre* or *Whitehall* all the time. [*Mal. acts.*] Oh Lord, don't, don't, neither: I'll swear you'll make me burst. Was there ever any thing so pleasant?

TRUMAN.

Was ever any thing so affected and ridiculous? Her whole Life sure is a continued Scene of Impertinence. What a damn'd Creature is a decay'd Woman, with all the exquisite Silliness and Vanity of her Sex, yet none of the Charms! [*Malagene speaks in Punchinello's Voice.*]

Lady SQUEAMISH.

O Lord, that, that; that is a Pleasure intolerable. Well, let me die if I can hold out any longer. Pray Mr. *Malagene*, how long have you been in love with Mrs. *Tawdry* the Actress?

MALAGENE.

Ever since your Ladyship has been off from the Hooks with Mr. *Valentine*.

[*In his own Voice aloud.*]

Lady

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Uh! god, I always thought Mr. Malagene had been better bred than to upbraid me with any such base thing to my Face, whatever he might say of me behind my back: But there is no Honour, no Civility in the World, that I am satisfy'd of.

VALENTINE.

Can your Ladyship take any thing ill from Mr. Malagene? A Woman should bear with the unlucky Jerks of her Buffoon or Coxcomb, as well as with the Ill-manners of her Monkey sometimes: The Fools and Rascals your Sex delights in, ought to have the Privilege of saying, as well as they have of doing any thing.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Which you Men of Wit (as you think yourselves!) are very angry you should be debarr'd of: Lord, what pity 'tis your good Parts should be your Misfortune.

VALENTINE.

Ay Madam, I feel the Curse of it: I who had just Sense enough to fall in love with so much Beauty and Merit, yet could not be able to keep the Paradise I was so happily posses'd of.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

This Malice and Ill-nature shall not serve your Turn: I shall know all your Proceedings and Intrigues with Camilla, and be reveng'd on your Love to her, for all the Affronts and Injuries you have done to mine.

Enter CAPER and SAUNTER.

CAPER.

Oh dear Madam, we are utterly undone for want of your Ladyship's Company I'll vow, Madam Goodville is coming with the Fiddles to wait on you here.

[Cuts backwards.]

CLUMSEY.

Sir, are you a Dancing-Master? you are very nimble methinks.

CAPER.

Ay Sir, I hate to stand still. But Sir *Noble*, I thought you had known me, I doubt you may be a little over-taken; Faith, dear Heart, I am glad to see thee so merry.

CLUMSEY.

Yes, I do love dearly to be drunk once a Year or so, 'tis good for my bodily Health. But do you never drink?

CAPER.

No, Sir *Noble*, that is not my Province you know: I mind dancing altogether.

CLUMSEY.

Nor you? can't you drink, ha?

SAUNTER.

No, I make love and sing to Ladies.

CLUMSEY.

Whores to my Knowledge, errant rank common Whores. A pox on your Woman of Quality that you carry'd me to in the *Mall*.

TRUMAN.

Why, what was the matter, Sir *Noble*?

CLUMSEY.

By yea, and by nay, a foul over-grown Strumpet, with a running Bawd instead of a Waiting-woman, a great deal of Paint, variety of old Clothes, and nothing to eat.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh dear, let me die, if that was not extravagantly pleasant.

TRUMAN.

I believe Sir *Noble* is much in the right; for I never came near these giddy intriguing Blockheads; but they were talking of Love and Ladies; nor ever met with a Beckney stripping Where that did not know 'em.

CAPER.

Ned Valentine, I have a Kindness to beg of you.

VALENTINE.

Sir, you may commend me any thing.

CAPER.

Why, you must know I am in love with *Camilla*.

VALEN.

VALENTINE.

Very good.

CAPER.

Now I would have you speak to *Frank Goodvile* not to make love to her as he does, i'faith I can't bear it; for to tell you the truth on't, I intend to marry her; I catch'd him at it but now: Faith it made my Heart ach, never stir if it did not.

VALENTINE.

In troth, Sir, 'tis very uncivil. *Truman*, this *Goodvile* has a mind to oblige us both; he's providing a Wife for me too as fast as he can. *Camilla*'s his Quarrey now I underitand, and by that time he has play'd as fair a Game with her as he has done with your Mistrefs *Victoria*, I may stand fair to put in for the Rubbers.

TRUMAN.

Valentine, thou art upon too sure Grounds for him there; *Camilla* has both too much Wit and Virtue, and each with as little Affectation as the other.

VALENTINE.

Jack, after this I cannot but be very free with you. I know there is some Love hatching between you and his Wife: Both our Revenge lies in thy hands; and if thou dost not thyself and me Justice, I'll disown thee for ever.

TRUMAN.

See where he comes, with a Heart as gay and light, as if there were nothing but Honesty in it.

Enter *GOODVILE* singing.

*When Beauty can't move, and our Passions grow cold,
Wine still keeps its Charms, and we drink when we're old.*

GOODVILE.

—*Jack Truman*, yonder have I and *Victoria* been laughing at thee till we were weary. She swears thou art so very modest; she would not for all the world marry thee for fear of spoiling that Virtue.

TUR

TRUMAN.

Nay, then I doubt I have lost her for ever; for if she complains of my Modesty, she has found a Fault which I never thought I had been guilty of before.

GOODVILE.

But that is a Quality, which tho' they hate ever so much in a Gallant they are apt for many Reasons to value in a Husband: Fear not, Dissimulation is the natural Adjunct of their Sex; and I would no more despair of a Woman, tho' she swore she hated me, than I would believe her tho' she swore she lov'd me.

Enter Lady SQUEAMISH, and the rest of the Company, with the Fiddles.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh a Country Dance, a Country Dance! Mr. Caper, where are you?—you shall dance with Madam Camilla. Mr. Saunter, wait on *Victoria*. Mr. Goodvile, your humble Servant. Dear Mr. Truman, won't you oblige me? Madam Goodvile——ha, ha, ha: I'll swear I had utterly forgotten Mr. *Valentine*.

VALENTINE.

Your Ladyship knows me to be a civil Person, if you please, I'll keep good Orders. [*All take out the Women.*]

MALAGENE.

Faith Ned do, and I'll keep the Music in tune: Away with it; [*Music plays*] Hold, hold——what insufferable Rascals are these? why ye scurvy thrashing scraping Mongrels, ye make a worse Noise than cramp'd Hedghogs. An old gouty Dancing-Master that teaches to dance with his Spectacles on, makes better Music on his crack'd Kit——'Sdeath ye Dogs, can't you play now as a Gentleman sings? ha——

GOODVILE.

Sir, will you never leave this nauseous Humour of yours? I can never be with you but I must be forc'd to use you ill, or endure the perpetual Torment of your Impertinence.

M A-

MALAGENE.

Well Sir, I have done Sir, I have done: But 'tis very hard a Man can't be permitted to shew his Parts. 'Sdeath, *Frank*, dost thou think thou understand'st Music?

GOODVILE.

Sir, I understand it so well, that I won't have it interrupted in my Company by you.

MALAGENE.

I am glad on't with all my Heart; I never thought you had understood any thing before.——I think there I was pretty even with you.

GOODVILE.

Sauciness and Ill-manners are so much your Province, that nothing but kicking is fit for you.

MALAGENE.

Sir, you may use your Pleasure; But I care no more for being kicked, than you do for kicking. But pr'ythee, *Frank*, why should you be out of humour so? The Devil take me, if I shall not give thee such a Jerk presently will make thee angry indeed.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Lord, Mr. *Goodvile*, how can you be so ill-natur'd? I'll swear Mr. *Malagene* is in the right. These People have no Manners in the least, play not at all to Dancing: But I vow he himself sings a Tune extreme prettily.

GOODVILE.

Death, Hell and the Devil, how am I teaz'd! I shall have no Opportunity to pursue my Business with *Camilla*: I must remove this troublesome Coxcomb, and that perhaps may put a stop at least to her Impertinence. [*Aside*]

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Mr. *Truman*, Mr. *Goodvile*, and Ladies, I beseech you do me the Favour to hear Mr. *Malagene* sing a Scotch Song: I'll swear I am a strange Admirer of Scotch Songs, they are the prettiest soft melting gentle harmless Things——

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SAUNTER.

By Dad, and so they are.—*In January last*—[Sings.

VALENTINE.

Deliver us! A *Scotch Song*! I hate it worse than a *Scotch Bagpipe*, which even the Bears are grown weary of, and have better Music. I wish I could see her Ladyship dance a *Scotch Jig* to one of 'em.

MALAGENE.

I must needs beg your Ladyship's Pardon, I have forgotten the last new *Scotch Song*: But if you please, I'll entertain you with one of another Nature, which I am apt to believe will be as pleasant.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Let me die, Mr. *Malagene*, you are eternally obliging me.

[*Malagene sings an Irish Cronon.*

MALAGENE.

Well, Madam, how like you it, Madam, ha?

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Really it is very pretty now—the prettiest odd out-of-the-way Notes. Don't you admire it strangely?

MALAGENE.

I'll assure your Ladyship I learnt it of an *Irish Musician* that's lately come over, and intend to present it to an Author of my Acquaintance to put it in his next Play.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Ha, ha, Mr. *Valentine*, I would have you learn it for a Serenade to your Mistress—ha, ha, ha.

VALENTINE.

My Page, Madam, is docible, and has a pretty Voice, he shall learn it if you please; and if your Ladyship has any further Service for him—

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Ah Lord, Wit, Wit, Wit, as I live! Come let's dance.

TRUMAN.

Valentine, thou art something too rough; I am afraid her

her Ladyship will be reveng'd; I see Mischief in her Eyes: 'tis safer provoking a *Lancashire* Witch, than an old Mistress; and she is as violent in her Malice too.

GOODVILE.

Malagene, a word with you ——— hark ye, come hither. [Goes to the Door.

MALAGENE.

Well *Frank*, what's the Business now? I am clearly for Mischief: shall I break the Fiddles, and turn the Rascals out of Doors?

GOODVILE.

No, Sir; but I'll be so civil to turn you out of doors. Nay, Sir, no struggling, I have Footmen within.

MALAGENE.

Whoo, pr'ythee what's all this for? What a pox, I know my Lady well enough for a silly affected fantastical Gipsy: I did all this but o' purpose to shew her—— Let me alone, I'll abuse her worse.

GOODVILE.

No, Sir, but I'll take more care of your Reputation, and turn you out to learn better Manners. No Resistance as you tender your Ears; but be gone. *Ex. Mal.* So, he's gone, and now I hope I may have some little time to myself.——Fiddles strike up. [Dance.

TRUMAN.

Thus, Madam, you freely enjoy all the Pleasures of a single Life, and ease yourself of that wretched formal Austerity which commonly attends a married one.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Who would not hate to be one of those simpering Saints that enter into Marriage as they would go into a Nunnery, where they keep very strict to their Devotion for awhile, but at last turn as errant Sinners as ever they were.

TRUMAN.

Marriages indeed should be repair'd to as commonly Nunneries are, for handsome Retreats and Conventions,

64 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

not for Prisons, where those that cannot live without 'em may be safe, yet sometimes venture too abroad a little.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

But never, Sir, without a Lady Abbess, or a Confessor at least.

TRUMAN.

Might I, Madam, have the Honour to be your Confessor, I should be very indulgent and lavish of Absolution to so pretty a Sinner.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

See, Mr. Goodvile and Madam Camilla I believe are at Shrift already.

TRUMAN.

And poor Ned Valentine looks as pensively as if all the Sins of the Company were his own.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

See, Mr. Caper, your Mistress.

CAPER.

Ha, Camilla! Sir your Servant, may I have the Honour to lead this Lady a Coranto?

GOODVILE.

No, Sir, Death! surely I have Fools that rest and harbour in my House, and they are a worse Plague than Bugs and Moths: Shall I never be quiet?

VALENTINE.

Sir Noble, Sir Noble, have a care of your Mistress! do you see there?

CLUMSEY.

Hum—ha—where? oh— [Wakes and rises.

SAUNTER.

Nay, faith Madam, Harry Caper's as pretty a Fellow! 'Tis the wittiest Rogue: He and I laugh at all the Town. Harry, I shall marry her.

CLUMSEY.

Marry Sir! whom will you marry Sir? you lye. Sweet Heart come along with me, I'll marry thee myself presently.

VIC-

VICTORIA.

You, Sir Noble!—what d'ye mean! [She speaks.

CLUMSEY.

Mean! honourably, honourably, I mean honourably. These are Rogues my Dear, errant Rogues. Come along—— [Ex. Sir Nob. and Vict.

CAPER.

Ha, Saunter.——

SAUNTER.

Ay Caper, ha! Let us follow this drunken Knight.

CAPER.

I'faith, and so I will——I don't value him this!

[Cuts. [Ex. Cap. and Saunt.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Ha, ha, ha! Well, I'll swear my Cousin Sir Noble is a strange pleasant Creature. Dear Madam, let us follow and see the sport. Mr. Truman, will you walk? Oh dear 'tis violent hot. [Exeunt.

VALENTINE.

I'll withdraw too, and at some distance observe how Matters are carry'd between Goodvile and Camilla. [Ex.

GOODVILE.

Are you then, Madam, resolv'd to ruin me? Why should all that stock of Beauty be thrown away on one that can never be able to deserve the Gleanings of it? I love you——

CAMILLA.

And all the Sex besides. That ever any Man should take such Pains to forswear himself to no purpose!

GOODVILE.

Nay, then there's Hopes yet; if you pretend to doubt the Truth of my Love, 'tis a Sign you have some Inclinations at least that are my Friends.

CAMILLA.

This Goodvile I see is one of those spruce polish'd Fools, who have so good an Opinion of themselves, that they think no Woman can resist 'em, nor Man of better

Sense

66 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

Sense despise 'em. I'll seem at present to comply, and try how far 'twill pass upon him. *[Aside.]*

GOODVILE.

Well, Madam, have you consider'd on't? Will the Stone in your Heart give way?

CAMILLA.

No, Sir, 'tis full as firm and hard as ever it was.

GOODVILE.

And I may then go hang or drown, or do what I will with myself? Ha!

CAMILLA.

At your own Discretion Sir, tho' I should be loth to see so proper a handsome Gentleman come to an ill end.

GOODVILE.

Good charitable Creature! But Madam, know I can be reveng'd on you for this; and my Revenge shall be to love you still; gloat on and loll after you where-e'er I see you; in all public Meetings haunt and vex you; write lamentable Sonnets on you, and so plain, that every Boy that sings 'em shall know 'tis you I mean.

CAMILLA.

So Sir, this is something: Can'd not you as well have told me you had been very ill-natur'd at first? you did not know how far it might have wrought upon me; besides, 'tis a thousand times better than vowing and bowing, and making a deal of Love and Noise, and all to as little purpose as any thing you say else.

GOODVILE.

Right exquisite Tyrant! I'll set a Watch and Guard so strict upon you, you shall not entertain a well-dress'd Fool in private, but I'll know it; then in a lewd Lampoon publish it to the Town; till you shall repent and curse the Hour you ever saw me.

CAMILLA.

Ah would I could, ill-natur'd cruel Man!

GOODVILE.

Ha, how's that? am I then mistaken? and have I wrong'd you all this while? I ask ten thousand Pardons;

curst

FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION. 67

curst damn'd Sot that I was! I have ruin'd myself now for ever.

CAMILLA.

Well Sir, should I now forgive you all, could you consent to wrong your Lady so far? you have not yet been married a full Year: How must I then suspect your Love to me, that can so soon forget your Faith to her?

GOODVILE.

Oh Madam, what do you do! The name of a Wife to a Man in love is worse than cold Water in a Fever: 'Tis enough to strike the Distemper to my Heart and kill me quite: my Lady quoth-a!

CAMILLA.

Besides, *Valentine* you know is your Friend.

GOODVILE.

I grant it, he is so; A Friend is a thing I love to eat and drink and laugh withal: Nay more, I would on a good Occasion lose my Life for my Friend, but not my Pleasure. Say where and when it shall be?

CAMILLA.

Never, I dare not.

GOODVILE.

You must by and by when 'tis a little darker, in the left-hand Walk in the lowest Garden.

CAMILLA.

I won't promise you, can't you trust my good Nature?

GOODVILE.

Charming Creature I do: Now if I can but make up the Match between *Truman* and *Victoria*, my Hopes are compleated.

CAMILLA.

Haste! haste! away Sir, I see *Valentine* coming.

[Ex. Good.

Enter VALENTINE.

VALENTINE.

Madam, you are extremely merry; I am glad Mr. *Goodvile* has left you in so good a Humour.

C A-

68 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

CAMILLIA.

Ay Sir, and what may please you more, he is parted hence in as good a Humour as he has left me here.

Enter Lady SQUEAMISH, BRIDGET at the Door.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Valentine and *Camilla* alone together! Now for an Opportunity to be reveng'd! ah how I love Malice!

VALENTINE.

Ungratefullest of Women!

CAMILLA.

Foolishest of Men! Can you be so very silly to be jealous? for I find you are so: What have you ever observ'd since first your Knowledge of me that might persuade you I should ever grow fond of a Man, as notoriously false to all Women, as you are unworthy of me?

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Has *Valentine* been false to her too? Nay, then there is some Pleasure left yet, to think I am not the only Woman that has suffer'd by his Baseness. [Aside.

VALENTINE.

What then, I'll warrant you were alone together half an Hour only for a little harmless Rallery or so? an Honour I could never obtain without hard Suit and humble Supplication.

CAMILLA.

Alas, how very politic you are grown! you would pretend Displeasure to try your Power. No—I shall henceforth think you never had a good Opinion of me; but that your Love was at first as ill grounded as your fantastical Jealousy is now.

VALENTINE.

What specious Pretence can you urge? (I know a Woman can never be without one;) come, I am easy and good-natur'd, willing to believe and be deceiv'd —
What, not a Word!

C A.

CAMILLA.

Tho' I can hardly descend to satisfy your Distrust, for which I hardly value you, and almost hate you; yet to torment you farther, know I did discourse with him and of Love too; nay more, granted him an Appointment, but one I never meant to keep, and promised it only to get rid of him. This is more than I am oblig'd to tell you, but that I wanted such an Opportunity as this to check your Pretences, which I found grew too unruly to be kept at a distance.

VALENTINE.

Tho' I had some Reason to be in doubt, yet this true Resentment and just Proceeding has convinc'd me: For *Goodvile* is a Man I have little reason to trust, as will appear hereafter, and 'twas my knowledge of his Baseness made me run into so mean a distrust of you: But forgive me this, and when I fail again discard me for ever.

CAMILLA.

Yes: but the next time I shall happen to discourse with a Gentleman in private, I shall have you listening at the Door, or Eves-dropping under the Window. What, distrust your Friend, the honourable worthy Mr. *Goodvile*!—Fy, how can you be so ungenerous?

VALENTINE.

There is not such another Hypocrite in the World: He never made Love but to delude, nor Friendship but for his Ends:—Even his own Kinswoman and Charge, *Victoria*, he has long since corrupted, and now would put her on his best Friend *Truman* for a Wife.

CAMILLA.

I cannot but laugh to think how easily he swallow'd the Cheat: He could not be more transported at Possession, than he was with Expectation; and he went away in a greater Triumph that if he had conquer'd the *Indies*.

VALENTINE.

Where did you promise him?

CAMILLA.

In the left-hand Walk in the lower Garden.

Lady

70 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

So, in the left-hand Walk in the lower Garden: I heard that. [*Aside.*]

But Mr. *Valentine*, you may chance to meet another there: Let me die, this is pleasant.

VALENTINE.

And when?

CAMILLA.

Anon, when it begins to grow dark.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Enough, I know the Time and Place; and Madam *Camilla*, I shall make bold to cheat you of your Lover to-night. Alas, poor inconsiderable Creature, how this makes me loath her! [*Aside.*]

CAMILLA.

Now would this News be more welcome to her Ladyship Madam *Squeamish*, than a new Fashion, a new Dance, or new Song. How many Visits would she make on the Occasion! not a Family in Town would be at rest for her till she had made it a Jest, from the Mother of the Maids, to the Attorney's Wife in *Holborn*.

VALENTINE.

But for some private Reasons I would have it kept from her, and from Madam *Goodvile* too. There are Affairs to be carry'd on to-night, which the least Accident may interrupt.—Besides, I have thought upon't, and will so contrive the matter, that *Goodvile* shall keep his Affignation, and her Ladyship herself supply the place of the much-expected charming *Camilla*.

CAMILLA.

But would you, Sir, do me such an Injury as to make me break my Word with Mr. *Goodvile*? that were inhuman.

VALENTINE.

Good conscionable Creature have patience, and don't you think of paying Debts too fast; there's an Account yet between you and I which must be made even, and I think I had best secure it now I have you in my custody.

CAMILLA.

Ay, but Sir, if I part with any thing, I shall expect to have something to shew for't.

VALENTINE.

Nay, if I don't offer as lusty Security and Conditions as any Man, let me lose all I lay claim to, that's fair. [*Exeunt.*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

So, are they gone? Now let me but live if this Intrigue be not extremely surprizing. *Bridget*, go home, and fetch me the Morning-Gown I had last made in imitation of *Camilla's*, for perhaps I shall go a masquerading to-night, or it may be not; but fetch it nevertheless.

BRIDGET.

Madam, won't the other serve? you may remember you left it at my Lady *Foplove's* t'other Night; that's nearer.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Impertinent Creature! and wouldst thou have me appear in it twice? Do as I bid you, I say; and d'ye hear, bring me a Mask with an Amber-Bead, for I fear I may have Fits to-night.

BRIDGET.

I never knew her without fantastical ones, I am sure, for they cost me many a weary Errand. [*Exit.*

Enter VICTORIA.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh my dear *Victoria*! the most unlook'd for Happiness! the pleasant'st Accident! the strangest Discovery! the very thought of it were enough to cure Melancholy. *Valentine* and *Camilla*, *Camilla* and *Valentine*, ha, ha, ha.

VICTORIA.

Dear Madam, what is't so transports you?

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Nay, 'tis too precious to be communicated: Hold me, hold me, or I shall die with laughter—ha, ha, ha.

Camilla

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Camilla and Valentine, Valentine and Camilla—ha, ha, ha—O dear, my Heart's broke.

VICTORIA

Good Madam, refrain your Mirth a little, and let me know the Story, that I may have a Share in it.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

An Affignation! an Affignation to night in the lower Garden;—by strong good Fortune I overheard it all just now—but to think on the pleasant Consequence that will happen, drives me into an Excess of Joy beyond all sufferance.

VICTORIA.

Madam, in all probability the pleasantest Consequence is like to be theirs, if any body's; and I cannot guess how it should touch your Ladyship in the least.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

O Lord, how can you be so dull? Why, at the very Hour and Place appointed will I meet *Valentine* in *Camillia's* stead, before she can be there herself; then when she comes expose her Infamy to all the World, till I have thoroughly reveng'd myself for all the base Injuries her Lover has done me.

VICTORIA.

But Madam, can you endure to be so malicious?

Lady SQUEAMISH.

That, that's the dear Pleasure of the thing; for I vow I'd sooner die ten thousand Deaths, if I thought I should hazard the least Temptation to the prejudice of my Honour.

VICTORIA.

But why should your Ladyship run into the mouth of Danger? Who knows what scurvy lurking Devil may stand in readiness, and seize your Virtue before you are aware of him?

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Temptation? No, I'd have you know I scorn Temptation: I durst trust myself in a Convent amongst a Kennel of cramm'd Friars: Besides, that ungrateful ill-bred Fellow

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION. 73

Fellow *Valentine* is my mortal Aversion, more odious to me than foul weather on a *May-day*, or ill smell in a Morning.

VICTORIA.

Nay, now, Madam, you are too violent.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Too violent! I would not keep a Waiting-woman that should commend any one thing about him: Dear *Victoria*, urge nothing in his Behalf; for if you do, you lose my Friendship for ever: Tho' I swear he was a fine Person once, before he was spoil'd.

VICTORIA.

I am sure your Ladyship had the best share in his Spoiling then. [Aside.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

No, were I inclin'd to entertain Addressees, I assure you I need not want for Servants; for I swear I am so perplex'd with *Billet-Doux* every day, I know not which way to turn myself: Besides, there's no Fidelity, no Honour in Mankind. Oh, dear *Victoria*! whatever you do, never let Love come near your Heart: Tho' really I think true Love is the greatest Pleasure in the World.

VICTORIA.

Would I had never known Love; my Honour had not then lain at the mercy of so ungrateful a Wretch as *Good-wile*, who now has certainly abandon'd and forgotten me.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Well, certainly I am the most unsteady, restless, humour-som Woman breathing: Now I am so transported at the thoughts of what I have design'd, that I long till the Hour comes, with more impatience than—I'll swear I know not what to say—Dear *Victoria*, ten thousand Adieus—Wish me good Success—Yet now I think on't I'll stay a little longer—I'll swear I must not neither—, Well! I'll go—No, I'll stay—Well, I'm resolv'd neither to stand still—sit still—nor lie still—nor have one thought at rest—till the Business be over—I'll wear I'm a strange Creature. [Exit L. Squeamish.

VOL. II.

D

VIC.

VICTORIA.

Farewel Whirligig.

Enter GOODVILE.

GOODVILE.

Victoria here ! To meet with an old Mistress when a Man is in pursuit of a fresh one, is a worse Omen than a Hare in a Journey.—I'll step aside this way till she's past me ; so farewel Fubb. [*Makes Mouths.*] *Ex. Vict.*] Now for the lovely kind yielding *Camilla* ! How I long for the happy Hour ! Swelling burning Breasts, dying Eyes, balmy Lips, trembling Joints, Millions of Kisses and unspeakable Joys wait for me.

Enter TRUMAN and VALENTINE.

Well, Gentlemen, now you have left the Ladies, I hope there may be room near your Hearts for a Bottle or two.

TRUMAN.

Dear *Goodvile*, thou art too powerful to be deny'd any thing. 'Tis a fine cool Evening, and a swift Glass or two now were seasonable and refreshing, to wash away the Toil and Fatigue of the Day.

VALENTINE.

After a Man has been disturb'd with the public Impertinences and Follies he meets withal abroad, he ought to recompense himself with a Friend and a Bottle in private at Night.

GOODVILE.

Spoken like Men that deserve the Life you enjoy. I'll in before, and put all things in readiness.

[*Ex. Goodvile.*]

VALENTINE.

This worthy Person, for his Honesty and Sobriety, would have made a very good *Dutch* Burgomaster : But he is as damnable an *English* Friend and Gentleman, as one would wish to meet withal.

TRU.

TRUMAN.

Valentine, thou art too much concern'd at him: Methinks *Camilla's* Justice, and the pleasant Cheat she has put upon him, should rather make thee despise and laugh at him as I do.

VALENTINE.

Truman, thou indeed hast reason: And when I shall know the happy Success of the Revenge thou hast in store for him, I may do myself and him that Justice as to scorn him, but am too angry yet.

TRUMAN.

Then to give thee Ease (for I dare trust thee) know this very Night I also have an Assignment with his Wife in the Grotto at the upper end of the Garden, the opposite Walk to that where he expects to meet *Camilla*.

VALENTINE.

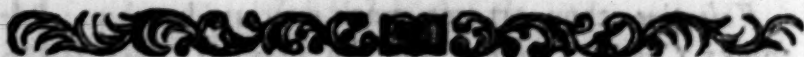
Then I am at rest; let's in. I have nothing else to do but take care so to finish him, as that you shall fear no Interruption: At least he will be so full of his Expectation of *Camilla*, that he'll never dream in what posture his own Affairs stand in another place.

TRUMAN.

Away then; and may good Luck attend us: Ere yet two Hours are past his Wife's my own. Methinks already in that secure dark private Grotto,

Close in my Arms, and languishing she lies,
With dying Looks, short Breath, and wishing Eyes;
And the supine dull Cuckold nothing spies. [Exit,





ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, Night-Garden.

Enter GOODVILE at one Door; Mrs. GOODVILE and LETTICE following her at the other.

GOODVILE.

SO, I think I came off in good time : Hold, now for *Camilla* : by *Jove* I think I am little better than drunk. Hah ! who's there ? *Victoria* as I live ; nay, it must be she, as I said before. The poor Gipsy's jealous ; has had some Intimation of my Appointment with *Camilla* : I'll loof off, and observe which way she steers.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Lettice, I fear that's Mr. *Goodvile's* Voice : Whatever you do, if any cross Accident happens, be sure you call me *Victoria*.

GOODVILE.

Ay, ay 'tis *Victoria* ! vigilant Devil ! but I'll take this way, and wait at the lower end of the Walk.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Lettice, look well round you that no body see us, and then follow me. [Exeunt.]

Enter TRUMAN.

TRUMAN.

Thus far all is well. How I pity poor *Valentine* ! yonder is he plying Bumpers, as they call 'em, more furiously than a foreign Minister, that comes into *England* to drink for the Honour of his Country. I have waited something long tho' ; who comes here ?

Enter LETTICE.

'Tis I, Sir, your Servant *Lettice*.

TRU.

TRUMAN.

My little good-natur'd Agent is't you? Where's thy Lady? She's too cruel to let a poor Lover languish here so long in Expectation: It looks as if she rather meant to make a Tryal of my Patience, than my Love: Is she coming?

LETTICE.

Well, I swear (as my Lady *Squeamish* says) you are a strange Creature. But I'll go and tell her; tho' I'll vow I utterly disown having any hand in the Business; and if any ill comes of it, 'tis none of my Fault.

TRUMAN.

No, no, not in the least. Pr'ythee dispatch. How's this! more Company! who comes there?

Enter VALENTINE.

VALENTINE.

'Tis I, Jack Truman; your Friend *Valentine*.

TRUMAN.

My dear Encourager of Iniquity! what News? Where's *Goodvile*?

VALENTINE.

No matter for *Goodvile*; here comes your Mistress.

Enter Mrs. GOODVILE. VALENTINE retires.

TRUMAN.

Now, now, now! what the Devil ails me? how I shall quake and tremble?——Madam, dear Madam, where are you?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Mr. Truman, is't your Voice? *Lettice* you may go again if you will——[*Ex. Lettice.*] Well, Sir; I'll vow, Sir, had it not been that I hate to break my Word, I would not have ventur'd abroad this cold damp Evening for a World.

TRUMAN.

I'll warrant you, Madam, while you are in my Possession,

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feſſion, no Cold ſhall hurt you: Come, ſhall we withdraw to the Grotto?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Withdraw to the Grotto? bleſs me, Sir! what do you mean? I'll ſwear you make my Heart ache.

TRUMAN.

Oh Madam! I have the beſt Cure for the Paſſion of the Heart in the World. I have try'd it, Madam, 'tis *Probatum*: Come, come, let's retire.—Do, make a Diſturbance, and ruin yourſelf and me, do!

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Nay, I'll ſwear, Sir, you are inſufferably rude: You had beſt make a Noiſe and alarm my Husband, you had; for, hang me, I ſhall cry out.

TRUMAN.

No, no, I'm ſure you won't complain before you are hurt; and I'll uſe you ſo gently——hark!——don't you here, there's ſomebody coming.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Where, where, where? If we are ſeen we are undone for ever. Well, I'll never give you ſuch an Advantage again.

TRUMAN.

I'm ſure you would not, if I ſhould let ſlip this. Come, come, Delays are dangerous, and I can endure 'em no longer.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Ah Lord, you kill me!——what will become of me
——ah——

[Carries her in.]

VALENTINE.

Nay, faith, Madam, your Condition is ſomething deſperate, that's certain. 'Tis a pretty Employment I am like to have here; but it is for the ſake of my Friend and my Revenge: And two dearer Arguments there cannot be to perſuade me to any thing.

Enter

Enter MALAGENE at some distance.

MALAGENE.

So, *Jack Truman* and *Madam Goodvile* have order'd Matters pretty well, I'll say that for my Kinswoman, she lays about her handsomely. But certainly I here another Voice this way: I'll withdraw once again, there may be more Sport yet.

VALENTINE.

That should be *Goodvile*: I'll step behind this Tree, and see how he and her Ladyship behave themselves. This is like to be a Night of as civil Business, as I have known a great while.

Enter GOODVILE.

GOODVILE.

Death and the Devil! how that puny Rogue *Valentine*, has sou'd me? if I should have overstay'd the time now, and miss'd of my Appointment with *Camilla*—*Truman* is reel'd home, that's certain; and *Valentine*, I believe has follow'd him by this time. *Camilla*, dear, lovely, kind, tender, melting *Camilla*, where art thou?

Enter Lady SQUEAMISH.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

That must be *Valentine*; nay, I am sure it is he! how sneakingly will he look when he shall find his mistake? But I'll take care, if possible, that no such thing shall happen; so mine be the Pleasure, and *Camilla's* the Scandal; I'll rush by him thro' the Walk into the Wilderness.

[Runs cross the Walk.]

GOODVILE.

That must be she: How swiftly she flew along, as if she fear'd to be too late, loosely attired, and fit for Joys! Now all the Power of Love and good Fortune direct me. *[Exit.]*

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VALENTINE.

So, thanks to our Stars, he's safe; tho' a Pox on't, methinks this dry pimping is but a scurvy Employment. Had I but a Sister or Kinswoman of his to keep doing withal, there were some Comfort in it,——but here comes *Truman* and the Lady; I must not be seen. [*Exit.*]

Enter TRUMAN and Mrs. GOODVILE.

TRUMAN.

You shall not go: Come but back a little, I have something more to tell you that nearly concerns us both: Besides, Mr. *Goodvile's* in the Garden; and if he should chance to meet us, what Excuse could we make to him?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

But will you promise me *Victoria* shall never rob me of your Heart? She does not deserve it, I am sure, half so well as I.

TRUMAN.

Kind tender hearted Creature, I know it: Nor shall she ever come so near it, as to know that I have one——Alas! we talk too long. [*Noise.*] I hear Company coming, we shall be surpriz'd and disappointed, and then I am undone.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

I'll swear you make me tremble every Joint of me: What would you have me do?

TRUMAN.

See, See, who are yonder?

[*Exit Truman and Mrs. Goodvile.*]

Enter GOODVILE and Lady SQUEAMISH.

GOODVILE.

What a Feast of Delight have I had! surely she was born only to make me happy! her natural and unexperienc'd Tenderness exceeded practis'd Charms:——Dear, blest, lovely *Camilla*, oh! my Joys!

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Ha, ha, ha!

GOOD.

GOODVILE.

How's this? my Lady *Squeamish*!—Death and the Devil.

Lady *SQUEAMISH*.

Truly, sweet Mr. *Valentine*, the same. Now, Sir, I hope——Uh gad! Mr. *Goodvile*!

[*They stare at each other.*]

GOODVILE.

Have I been mumbling an old Kite all this while instead of my young Partridge? a pox of my depraved Palate, that could distinguish no better.

Lady *SQUEAMISH*.

Lord, Mr. *Goodvile*, what ails you!—This was an unexpected Adventure; but let me die, it is very pleasant, ha, ha, ha!

GOODVILE.

A pox on the Pleasures, and you too, I say.

Lady *SQUEAMISH*.

This malicious Devil *Camilla* has over-reach'd me :——Well, Mr. *Goodvile* you are the worthiest Person ;——had I an only Daughter, I durst trust her with you, you are so very civil.——Well, Innocence is the greatest Happiness in the World.

GOODVILE.

Right, Madam, it is so, and you know we have been very innocent; done no harm in the World, not we.

Lady *SQUEAMISH*.

The censorious World if they knew of this Accident, I know would be apt enough to speak reproachfully; but so long as I myself am satisfied in the Integrity of my Honour, the World is a thing I defy and scorn.

GOODVILE.

Very philosophically spoken:——But, Madam, so long as the World is to be a Stranger to our Happiness, why should we deny ourselves the second Pleasure of Congratulation?

Lady *SQUEAMISH*.

Alas, alas, Mr. *Goodvile*, you cannot say that you

have had the least Advantage over my Frailty: Well what might have happen'd, if the strict Severity of both our Virtues had not secur'd us?

GOODVILE.

This affected Impudence of hers, is beyond all the Impertinence I ever knew her guilty of.—Virtue with a Pox! I think I have Reason to know her pretty well, and the Devil of any Virtue found I about her.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

But dear Sir, let us talk no more of it: Tho' I am extremely mistaken if I saw not Mr. *Valentine* enter the Garden before me, and am as much mistaken if a Lady was not with him too.

GOODVILE.

Hell and Confusion! that must be *Victoria*: I thought indeed I saw her, but being hot-headed, and apprehending she came with a malicious Design of discovering me, avoided her——False to me with *Valentine*?

Lady SQUEAMISH.

I'll swear, Mr. *Goodvile*, I have long suspected an Intrigue between you and Madam *Victoria*, and this Jealousy has confirmed me; and I would not for all the World but have known it. Ha, ha, ha!

GOODVILE.

Death, Madam! this is beyond all Sufferance——disappointed, and jilted by *Camilla*! abused by *Victoria*! and with *Valentine* too, *Truman's* Friend, who I thought should have marry'd her!——Shame and Infamy light upon the whole Sex; may the best of 'em be ever suspected, and the most cautious always betray'd.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Dear Mr. *Goodvile*, be patient: Let me die, you are enough to frighten our whole Sex from ever loving or trusting Men again——Lord, I would not be poor Madam *Victoria*, to gain an Empire. I'll swear if you are not more moderate, you'll discompose me strangely:—How my Heart beats!

GOOD.

GOODVILE.

Patience! preach it to a galled Lion:—No, I am sure she is not far off, and I will find her; surprize her in the midst of her Infamy and Prostitution.—'Sdeath, Madam, let me go.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

I will not part with you, you ill-natur'd Creature; you shall not go—I vow, I'll cry a Rape if you offer to stir.—Oh my Heart, here's Malagene.

Enter MALAGENE singing, Frank, Frank, Frank, &c.

MALAGENE.

Why how now, Frank, what a Pox out of humour? Why Madam, what have you done to him; what have you done to him, Madam? Lord how he looks!—why Frank, I say, pr'ythee bear up.

GOODVILE.

Hark you Dog, Fool, Coxcomb, hold that impudent impudent Tongue of yours, or I'll cut it out; 'Sdeath, you Buffoon, I will.

MALAGENE.

No, but hark you dear Heart, good Words, good Words do you hear, or I shall publish; by my Soul Joy, I shall.

GOODVILE.

How am I continually plagu'd with Rogues and Owls! I'll set my House o' fire, rather than have it haunted and pester'd by such Vermin.

MALAGENE.

Faith Frank do: I have not seen a House o' fire this great while; it would be a pretty Frolic, pr'ythee let us about it presently.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Dear Mr. Goodvile, you shall be persuaded; Don't run yourself into Danger thus rashly.

GOODVILE.

Do you hear then, Monsieur Pimponio; as you expect to live a quiet Hour, run in and call for some Lights, and return with 'em instantly.

M A-

MALAGENE.

Say no more dear Heart, I'll do't; if Mischief comes not of this, the Devil's in't—but dear *Frank*, stay till I come again, I'll be back in a trice; take t'other turn with her Ladyship into the Wilderness; or any thing.
[*Ex. Malagene.*]

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Let me not live, this Mr. *Malagene* is a very obliging Person, and methinks Mr. *Goodvile* you use him too severely.

GOODVILE.

I wish, Madam, he may deserve that Character of you: He is one of those Worldlings you were speaking of, that are apt to talk reproachfully; and I believe knows all that has passed between us to-night, for he has a shrewd discerning Judgment in these Matters.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Lord Mr. *Goodvile*, what can he say of me? I defy even Envy itself to do me or my Honour any Prejudice: Tho' I wish I had let this Frolic alone to-night.

GOODVILE.

Frolic with a Pox!—— if these be her Frolics, what the Devil is she when she is in earnest? O he returns with the Lights;——Look who are these? by Heaven the same.

Enter TRUMAN and Mrs. GOODVILE.

TRUMAN.

Gently, gently, Madam, for fear of an Ambuscade; I wonder I hear nothing from *Ned Valentine* since.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

See, see, Sir, here's Mr. *Goodvile*: Haste, haste down the other Walk, or we are ruin'd.

TRUMAN.

Fear not, trust all to my Conduct.

[*Ex.*]

[*As Mrs. Goodvile is going away, Goodvile catches hold of her Gown—she claps on her Masque.*]

GOOD-

GOODVILE.

Stay Madam *Victoria*; nay you may stay, 'tis in vain to fly, I have discover'd all your Falshood, I have: Was mine a Passion to be thus abused? I who have given you all my Heart! perfidious false Woman!—is your Lover too ashamed or afraid to shew himself? where is he? why comes he not forth?

Enter TRUMAN.

TRUMAN.

Here I am, Sir.

GOODVILE.

Ha, Truman! [*Mrs. Goodvile gets loose, and Ex.*]

TRUMAN.

Yes, Sir, the same; Ready both to acknowledge and justify my being here with *Victoria*, which I thought Sir, might have been allowed without any Offence to Mr. *Goodvile*. That she is innocent as to any thing on my part, I am ready with my Sword to make good; but Sir, I wear it too to do my own Honour Justice, and to demand of you on what Grounds you appear so highly concern'd for a Woman you were pleas'd to commend to your Friend for a Wife?

GOODVILE.

Concern'd Sir! have I not reason to be concern'd for the Honour of my Family? for a Kinswoman under my Charge to be abroad and alone with a Gentleman at this unseasonable Hour, might alarm a Man less tender of his Reputation than I am.

TRUMAN.

Sir, this Excuse won't serve my turn; nor am I so blind as not to be sensible (which I before suspected) that *Victoria* has been long your Mistress:—A pox of the Honour of your Family; you had given her all your Heart, you said; and your Passion was not a thing to be thus abused: Nor, Sir, is my Honour.

GOOD-

GOODVILE.

No, but dear *Jack Truman*, thou art my Friend.

TRUMAN.

You would have made me believe so indeed; but the Daubing was too coarse, and the artificial Face appear'd too plain,—One would have thought, Sir, that you who keep a general Decoy here for Fools and Coxcombs, might have found one to have recompens'd a cast Mistress withal, and not have endeavour'd the betraying the Honour of a Gentleman and your Friend. But Sir, I am glad I have heard it from your own Mouth: I hope it will not be esteemed much Ill-Nature in me, if worthy Mr. *Malagene* and I join Forces to publish a little, as he calls it.

MALAGENE.

Faith *Jack Truman*, with all my Heart; now I have him on my side, I dare say any thing——*Frank Goodvile*——pugh.

GOODVILE.

Sir, I shall require a better account of this hereafter.

Lady SQUFAMISH.

Lord, Mr. *Truman*, what ails Mr. *Goodvile*? how happen'd this Difference?—I'll swear I am strangely surpriz'd.

TRUMAN.

Your Ladyship I suppose, can best give an account how Matters are with him: I am apt to believe he has been very free with you.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Dear Sir, what do you mean? I'll swear you are a scandalous Person.

GOODVILE.

Sir, since you are so rough, be pleas'd not to concern yourself with the Honour of this Lady; you may have enough to do, if you dare justify your own to-morrow.

TRUMAN.

If I dare?——nay Sir, since you question it, I'll convince you presently;—Draw.

[*They fight.*]*Enter*

Enter VALENTINE.

VALENTINE.

Hold, hold, what's the matter here?—*Jack Truman, Frank Goodvile, for shame put up.*

Enter Mrs. GOODVILE.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Where is this perfidious false Man? where is Mr. *Goodvile*? So Sir, I have found now the Original of all my Misfortunes: I have a Rival it seems; *Victoria*, the happy *Victoria* possesses all my Joys; What, have you been fighting too for the Honour of your Mistress?—here, come kill me: Would I had been laid in my Grave, ere I had known thy odious polluted Bed.

GOODVILE.

'Sdeath, I thought she had been in her Chamber this Hour at least:—"Tis true, my Dear, I must own a Kindness for *Victoria*; as my Kinswoman; but—

Mrs. GOODVILE.

How! dare you own it? and to my Face too? matchless Impudence! let me come at him, that I may tear out those hot lascivious glowing Eyes that wander after every Beauty in their way:—Oh that I could blast him with a Look!—Was my Love so despicable, to be abandon'd for *Victoria*! the thought of it makes me mad: I'll endure it no longer, I will have Revenge, or I will die! Oh!

TRUMAN.

Delicate Dissimulation! how I love her! [Aside.

GOODVILE.

Dear Madam, hear me speak—Madam, I say that—

Mrs. GOODVILE.

I know you cannot want an Excuse; Dissimulation and Falshood have been your Practice:—but that you should wrong me with *Victoria*, a Woman that for the sake of your Relation I had made my Friend, (for every thing that was ally'd

ally'd to you was dear to me) is an Injury so great, that it distracts my Reason.—I could pardon any thing but my wrong'd Love.—Let me be gone; send me to a Nunnery; confine me to a charnel House, vile ungrateful Wretch! any thing but thy Presence I can endure.

GOODVILE.

Is there every way so damn'd a Creature as a Wife?—Lord Madam, do you know what you do?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

I'll warrant it, you would persuade me I am mad;—Would I had been born a Fool! I might then have been happy; patiently have pass'd over the many tedious Nights I have endured in your Absence; contented myself with Prayers for your Safety——

MALAGENE.

O Lord; Prayers!

Mrs. GOODVILE.

When you, in the very instant, were languishing in the Arms of a Prostitute.

GOODVILE.

Lord, Madam, I thought you had been in your Chamber now.—Curse on her, what shall I do!

Mrs. GOODVILE.

'Tis a sign you believed me safe enough; you would not certainly else have the Impudence to have brought a new Mistress under my Nose;—I see there how guilty she stands——have you a Stomach so hot that it can digest Carrion, that has been buzz'd about and blown upon by all the Flies in the Town? or was it the fantasticalness of your Appetite, to try how so coarse a Dish would relish, after being cloyed with better Feeding?—Nay, Sir, I have been inform'd of all——

VALENTINE.

Has then your virtuous Ladyship been taking a little Love and Air with Mr. Goodvile this Evening?

[To Lady Squeamish.

GOOD-

GOODVILE.

Well, she has dealt with the Devil, that's certain;—
a Pox on't, I see there's no living for me on this side of
the World:—Go, let the Coach be made ready; I'll
into the Country.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Nay, Sir, I know my Presence has always been uneasy
to you: Day and Night you are from me, or if ever you
come home, 'tis with an aking Head, and heavy Heart,
which *Victoria* only has Charms enough to cure. This in
the first Year of our Marriage! nay, and to own it! pro-
claim your own Falshood, and my disgraceful Injury in
the Face of the World, when *Malagene* too, the Trumpet
of all the Scandal in Town, was by to be a Witness; 'twas
very discreetly done, and doubtless would be a Secret long.

GOODVILE.

Whirr,—nay since it is so, what the Devil should I
strive to smoothe my good Actions—Well, if you will have
it so, Madam *Victoria* has been my Mistress, is my Mis-
tress, and shall be my Mistress, and what a Pox would
you have more? and so good-bye to you.

Enter Sir NOBLE CLUMSEY, CAPER, and SAUNTER.

CLUMSEY.

How's this! who's that speaks dishonourably of my
Love, and Lady that shall be, *Victoria*? Before *George*
she's a Queen, and whoever says to the contrary, I'll first
make him eat my Sword, and then beat out his Teeth
with the Hilts of it.

CAPER.

Oh! dear Madam, yonder's all the Town in Masque-
rade; won't you walk in? they'll be gone if they see no
Company; *Jack Truman*, dear *Jack*, pr'ythee go and
take one Frisk:—as I hope to be saved, there are three
or four of the finest Ladies, the delicatest shaped Women;
I am sure I know 'em all.

TRU-

TRUMAN.

Sir, I wish you good Fortune, but I dare not venture, you know my Temper; I shall be very boisterous, and mistake 'em for Whores, tho' if they be of your Acquaintance, I know they must be of Quality.

CAPE R.

I Gad, and so they are; but Mum for that;—One of 'em is she that gave me this Ring; and the other presented me with a Gold enamell'd Watch could not cost less than thirty Guineas;—Trifles *Jack*, which I have the Fortune to meet withal sometimes.

SAUNTER.

Nay Sir, you must not come off so——*Victoria* your Mistress!

GOODVILE.

Yes Sir, and how are you concern'd at it?

SAUNTER.

Nay Sir, I can be as civil as any Body——*Victoria* your Mistress!

GOODVILE.

'Sdeath you Coxcomb, mind your fingering, do you hear? And play the Fool by yourself, or——

SAUNTER.

Sing Sir, so I can, *Fa, la, la, la, &c.* *Victoria* your Mistress!

GOODVILE.

Yes Sir, I say my Mistress.

CLUMSEY.

Ounds, then draw.

VALENTINE.

Hold Sir *Noble*, you are too furious; what's the matter

CAPE R.

Why how now *Saunter*? How dost do dear Heart——Sir, this Gentleman's my Friend, and——

GOODVILE.

Was ever Man so overwhelm'd with Fools and Block-heads? Why you ill-order'd, addle-pated, wadling Brace
of

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of Puppies: — You Fool in the first Place sing and be safe — and you slight Grasshopper dance and divert me: Dance Sirrah, do you hear?

CAPER.

Dance Sir, and so I think I can Sir, and fence, and play at Tennis, and make Love, and fold up a Billet-Doux, or any thing better than you Sir: Dance quoth a — there Sir.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Nay Sir Noble, not only so, but own'd and boasted of it to my Face: Told me —

CLUMSET.

Soul of my Honour, 'tis unpardonable; and I'll eat his Heart for't.

GOODVILE.

Dear Raw-head and Bloody-bones, be patient a little, — See, see you Beagles, Game for you, fresh Game; that great Towser has started it already: on, on, on, halloo, halloo, halloo. [*Thrusts 'em at his Wife, and Exit.*]

Lady SQUEAMISH.

But dear Mr. Caper, Masqueraders did you say! I'll swear I'll among 'em; shall I not have your Company? Oh! dear Masqueraders! I'll vow I can stay no longer. [*Exit hastily.*]

VALENTINE.

Curse on her, she's gone and has prevented me — Caper, Saunter, did you not hear my Lady call you? She's gone to the Masqueraders, for shame follow her; she'll take it ill you did not wait on her.

SAUNTER.

Faith Caper, and so she will. Well, I am resolv'd to marry Victoria for fear of the worst: — Madam, your most devoted Servant: I hope our Difference with Mr. Goodvile to-night —

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Dear Sir, it needs no Excuse.

CAPER.

My Resentments, Madam —

TRU.

TRUMAN.

You are too ceremonious, Gentlemen and my Lady will fear she has lost you.

CAPER.

Dear *Jack*, as I told thee before, I must bring thee acquainted with those Ladies.

SAUNTER.

Pr'ythee put on a Masque, and come among us, *Jack*, Faith do.

TRUMAN.

Sirs, I'll wait on you in a Moment.

BOTH.

Dear Soul adieu.

[Embracing him.

[Exeunt Singing and Dancing.

TRUMAN.

These Coxcombs, Madam, came in a good time; they were never seasonable before.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Diseases and Visitations are necessary sometimes to sweep away the noisom Crouds that infest and incumber the World.

MALAGENE.

As I have often said I must publish, I must spread; and so good-b'ye to you. [Exit.

Enter LETTICE.

LETTICE.

Oh! Madam, yonder's my Master raving for his Coach: Says he'll into the Country presently: Has given order to disperse the Company; what will you do?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Let him go, 'twere pity to hinder him:—Ha, ha, ha, into the Country? I'd as soon believe he would turn Capuchin.

TRUMAN.

But, Madam, it was inhumanly done, to come yourself upon him: One would have thought that I had used him bad enough, for the wise Mistake he made of *Victoria*.

Mrs.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

I would not have miss'd it for the World. Now would he come on his Knees for Composition; and if I do not bring him to it within these four Hours——

TRUMAN.

Why Madam, what will you do?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Put on all the notorious Affectations and ridiculous Impertinences that ever the most eminent of our Sex have study'd, or the Coxcombs of your Sex admir'd; then of a sudden seem to grow fond of both those clincant Fools, which I am sure he of all things loaths; yet do it too so forc'dly, that he himself shall find it only intended to give him Vexation.

TRUMAN.

Have you then maliciously design'd, in spite of Nature, to keep me constant?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Which you will be sure to be.

TRUMAN.

A dozen new fresh young unseen Beauties, and the Devil himself in the Rear of 'em, cannot make me otherwise; I never really lov'd or liv'd till now. There is nothing I'd not wish to be, except the very Husband himself, rather than lose you.

Enter VALENTINE and CAMILLA.

VALENTINE.

Jack Truman!

TRUMAN.

Well Ned, what's the matter?

VALENTINE.

Treason, *Truman*; your being here with *Mrs. Goodvile* I fear is discover'd; I heard some such thing whisper'd among the Masqueraders, and *Goodvile* himself seems suddenly alter'd; I would advise you to come and shew yourself, and make the best on't.

Mrs.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Let me alone; I'll secure all, I'll warrant you. I'm sure he can have no positive Proofs: I'll instantly go and put all things in a Confusion, contradict all the Orders he has given for going in the Country; shut up myself in my Chamber, and not hear a Word of him till he comes upon Submission;—*Lettice*, follow me to my Chamber presently. *[Exit.]*

TRUMAN.

Right exquisite Woman and Wife, good Luck attend thee. *[Exit.]*

LETTICE.

Well, my Lady certainly of a young Lady knows her Business, and understands the managing of a Husband the best of any Woman in the World: I'll swear she is an ingenious Person: Forty Ladies now, at such an Accident, would have been hurry'd and afraid, and the poor Waiting-Woman must have been sent forward and backward, and backward and forward to hearken and enquire; but she shows all her Changes in a Motion.

Enter GOODVILE.

GOODVILE.

How now, *Lettice*? Where's your Lady?

LETTICE.

Within Sir, in her Chamber.

GOODVILE.

Are you sure of it?

LETTICE.

She commanded me to follow her thither but now.

GOODVILE.

Is she alone there?

LETTICE.

Ay Sir, I'll assure you she seldom desires Company—
But I must hasten and follow her.

GOODVILE.

Stay a little, are you sure she was in the House, before this Disturbance happened in the Garden?

LETTICE.

Sure Sir! why I myself was at the Chamber-Window with her, when first she heard you exclaim against Madam *Victoria*! Poor Creature, I was afraid she would have fallen down dead on the Floor: I catch'd her in my Arms, begg'd her on my Knees not to run out; but she would hear nothing, but in spite of Force broke from me, and came hither with all that Impatience and Rage, the too sensible Resentment of your Unkindness had rais'd in her.

GOODVILE.

Get you in presently, do you hear; and take no notice of what I have said to you, as you tender your well-being.

LETTICE.

Yes Sir;—but if I conceal a Word of it, may I never serve a *London* Lady again, but be condemn'd to be a Country-Chamber Maid, and kill Fleas as long as I live. [*Ex.*]

GOODVILE.

If I should have been in the wrong all this while, and mistaken my own dear Wife for *Victoria*!—Ah! Curse on this hot Head of mine! Pox on't, it is impossible! Yet that mischievous Rogue *Malagene* was all the while in the Garden, and he has been at his Doubts and Ambiguities, and may-be's, with me;—By this Light I am a Cuckold, an arrant rank stinking Cuckold.

Enter VICTORIA.

VICTORIA.

What will become of me! whither shall I fly to hide my Misfortune? Oh! that I might never see the Light again, but be for ever conceal'd in these Shades.

GOODVILE.

Dear *Victoria*, is't you? be free with me; were you really in the Garden before to-night, or no?

VICTORIA.

I have not been out of the House since it was dark till this Minute, nor had I come hither now, but that I
am

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that I am destitute where to conceal myself from the malicious Eyes and Tongues of those to whom your Baseness has given an Opportunity of triumphing over my Misfortune and ruin'd Honour.

GOODVILE.

Be not so outrageous; I'll reconcile all yet.

VICTORIA.

Which way is't possible? By to-morrow Morning your very Footmen will have it in their Mouths; and *Malagene*, that keeps an Office of Intelligence for all the Scandal in Town, will be spreading it among his Coffee-House Companions, and at the Play whisper it to the Orange-Women, who shall make a fulsome Jest of it to the next Coxcomb that comes in half drunk, to loll and play, and be nauseously leud with 'em in public.

GOODVILE.

I tell thee it shall not be; *Malagene's* my Creature, or at least henceforth I'll make him so; I have Reasons for it, and to believe also that my Wife, my own delicate damn'd Wife, was the same I mistook for you in the Garden to-night.

VICTORIA.

'Tis true, I was at the same time to see for her in her Chamber, and she was not there; but cannot believe her in the least guilty of what you seem to accuse her of.

GOODVILE.

Confound her! — she's an exquisite Jilt, thorough-pac'd, and practis'd in all the cunning Arts and Slights Falshood: 'Sdeath how I could mince her! But here comes *Malagene*, he knows all, and I'll make him confess all, or I'll murder him.

Enter MALAGENE.

Well, Sir, what say you to this Matter.

MALAGENE.

Faith Bully, I think my dear Kinswoman has maul'd you to some purpose; I'll say this for her, she has the

true Blood of the *Malagene's* in her: Tol lol dara la!, &c,

GOODVILE.

What is't you mean, Fool? Be plain, and unfold yourself.

MALAGENE.

Why you must know, *Frank*, having a particular Esteem for my Family, (the nearest Relation of which I would go fifty Miles to see hang'd) I do think her as very a—— But no more,——Mum, dear Heart, Mum, I say.

GOODVILE.

What's that you say, Sir, what do you think my Wife?

MALAGENE.

Ay what, *Frank*? what now?

GOODVILE.

Nay, Sir, that you must resolve me.

MALAGENE.

Why then I'll tell thee, *Frank*; dost thou really think I love thee?

GOODVILE.

I know you'll say so, Sir, because you fear me.

MALAGENE.

Then pr'ythee do so much as lend me ten Guineas for a Day or two.

GOODVILE.

Oh, Sir, to the purpose, to the purpose; be brief.

MALAGENE.

Nay then, Mum, I say again.

GOODVILE.

Will you never leave vexing me with your Impertinence? Must I be always forc'd to use you ill, to bring you to Good-manners?

MALAGENE.

Faith, Child, I am loth to make Mischief; I have been a very wicked ill-natur'd impudent Fellow, that's the truth on't: but I find I lose myself by it; the very Poets themselves that were wont to stand in awe of me, care not a Louse for me now; and there's not a common Whore

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in Town, but calls me Rogue and Rascal to my Face, as impudently as if I were her Pimp.

GOODVILE.

Therefore, Sir, resolve to turn honest, and be just to your Friend.

MALAGENE.

The Devil take me, *Frank*, if thou art not a very impertinent Fellow:—Know! why who should know better than yourself? ha!

GOODVILE.

Here are five Guineas for you, upon condition you make a full and true Relation of all you have discover'd this Night.

MALAGENE.

I'll do't; down with your Dust.

GOODVILE.

What will not this Rakehell do to borrow Money? I knew him make Love to a Chamber-Maid till he had borrow'd Five Pounds of her at half a Crown a time.

MALAGENE.

Well, *Frank Goodvile*, you may think as you please of me; but hang me like a Dog if I am not a very honest Fellow in my Heart:—You would have me deal freely with you, you say, in this Business?

GOODVILE.

I would so Sir, or I shall deal very roughly with you.

MALAGENE.

And you lent me these five Guineas to that purpose?

GOODVILE.

You are much in the right, Sir.

MALAGENE.

Then to make short of the Matter; thou art as arrant a poor silly Cuckold as one would wish to drink withal, and confound me if I shall not be ashamed of thy Company.

GOODVILE.

Confounded Whore!—Oh for a Legion of Devils to hurry her to Hell, and that I had but the driving of 'em!

MALA-

MALAGENE.

Nay, nay, Man, since 'tis so, never be angry for the Matter. What a Pox, you thought to put the Mistress upon *Truman*! *Truman* has put the Cuckold upon you; *Valentine* has been Pimp in the Business; and the Devil take me if I don't think myself the honestest Fellow amongst you.

VICTORIA.

Now, Sir, consider what a wretched thing you have made me.

GOODVILE.

No more; I'm thine, and here I seal my Heart to thee for ever.

MALAGENE.

Well, *Frank*, can I serve thee any further in this Business.

GOODVILE.

That, Sir, is as time shall try: And to convince you how fit I think you for my Purpose, I know you are a Rascal not to be trusted: Therefore observe it, if you offer to stir beyond the Limits I set you, at that very instant I'll murder you.

MALAGENE.

Pr'ythee talk not to me of Limits and Murdering; I hope you take me Sir (under the Rose) for no Fool: And what a Pox do you think to make of me?

GOODVILE.

A Spaniel to hunt and set the Game I mean to take: Oh! *Malagene*, there will be Mischief, *Malagene*, and new ripe fresh Scandal to treat of: I know it is an Office thou lov'st, and therefore do it to oblige thee.

MALAGENE.

I'faith, and so I do with all my Heart: But, *Frank*, I don't know how this Business will be brought about well: I have promis'd to meet two or three hearty old Souls to-morrow at Dinner, to swear and drink, and talk Bawdy and Treason together for an Hour or two; they are all Atheists, and very honest Fellows.

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GOODVILE.

O Sir, you may be hang'd in good time: But for this present occasion I must use you: *Victoria*, do you with all your utmost Art dissemble but the least Knowledge of what has happen'd to-night: and Sir, do you keep still that lying sneering ugly merry Face which you always wear when you design Mischief: I'll pretend this Morning to pursue my Design of going into the Country; then when they are in the height of their Pleasures and Assurance of their Safety, return and surprize 'em.

VICTORIA.

But do you believe, Sir, that you can utterly abandon all Sense of your past Love and Tenderness for a Woman who has been so dear to you? You will be apt to relapse again.

GOODVILE.

I will sooner return to my Vomit: I am rather glad of the Occasion to be rid of so troublesom uneasy a Burden: A Wife after a Year, like a Garment that has been worn too long, hangs loose and awkwardly on a Man, and grows a Scandal to him that wears it.

VICTORIA.

But can you then resolve to quit and disown her for ever?

GOODVILE.

For ever, my *Victoria*! — No more, but straight go to thy Chamber, and wait for the happy Issue;—You, Sir, keep close to me.—Quit her! as chearfully as I would a Shoe that wrings me. Then how loosely shall I move,

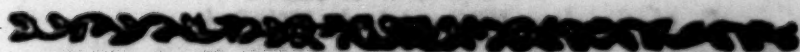
Free and unbounded taste the Sweets of Life!

Love where I please, and know no more the Strife

That's bred by that domestic Plague call'd Wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT



A C T V. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *Victoria's Chamber.**Enter VICTORIA.*

VICTORIA.

NOW I am satisfy'd I must be wretched! Oh Love! Unhappy Womens Curse, and Mens slight Game to pass their idle time at: I find too in myself the common Companion of Infamy, Malice. Has *Goodvile's* Wife ever wrong'd me? Never. Why then should I conspire to betray her? No, let my Revenge light wholly on that false perjur'd Man; as he has deceiv'd and ruin'd me, I'll play false with him, make myself privy to his whole Design of surprizing *Truman* and his Wife together: Then like a true Mistress betray his Counsels to her, that she like a true Wife may spite of his Teeth deceive him quite, and so I have the pleasure of seeing him a seal'd stigmatiz'd fond believing Cuckold; 'twill at least be some Ease to me. Here he comes equipp'd and prepar'd for the pretended Journey.

Enter GOODVILE and Boy.

GOODVILE.

Go bid the Coachman hasten, and get all things ready; I am uneasy till I am gone. 'Tis time we were set out.

The Wolves have prey'd; and looke, the gentle Day,

Before the Wheels of Phœbus, all about

Dapples the drousy East with Spots of Gray.

Wife! adieu dear Wife. Ah my *Victoria*, up already? so diligent to wish me a happy Journey? Certainly my good Angel is like thee, and whensoever I err must meet me in thy Shape, and with such Softness smile and direct me.

VICTORIA.

*As those whom Will with the Whisp bewitches
Thro' Bogs, thro' Hedges, and thro' Ditches.*

GOODVILE.

No, thou hast led me out of the crooked froward Road of Matrimony, into the pleasant easy Path of Love, where I can never lose my way, and must be always happy. But where's *Malagene*?

VICTORIA.

Below with Sir *Noble*. Whilst the Butler was asleep, they stole the Key from him: And there they are with the fat red-fac'd Fiddler that plays upon the Base, sitting cross-ledg'd upon the Floor, stripp'd to their Shirts, and drinking bandy Healths.

GOODVILE.

That fulsome Rogue will ruin all our Business. See here what I have discover'd just now in the private Corner of a Window, (a place I suppose appointed for the purpose) I found this Billet to my sweet Wife.

Reads. If Goodvile goes out of Town this Morning, let me know it, that I may wait on you, and tell you the rest of my Heart, for you do not know how much I love you yet. Truman.

Now if I am not a Cuckold, let any honest Wittal judge, ha, ha, ha. How it pleases me! Blood! Fire! and Daggers!

VICTORIA.

But, Sir, what do you resolve on?

GOODVILE.

As I told thee, instantly to pretend a Journey out of Town, and return and surprize 'em; for I am sure they'll not be long asunder when I am out of the way: Oh! this Billet is a very honest Billet, and I know won't lye. But why should I spend my Time in talking of what but vexes me, when Pleasures are so near me? come my *Victoria*, take me to thy Arms, a Moment's Joy with thee would sweeten Years of Cares. The Devil——

Enter

Enter Mrs. GOODVILE and LETTICE.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Good-morning to you, Sir.

GOODVILE.

Good-night to you, Madam.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

How so, Sir?

GOODVILE.

Why good-night, or good-morrow 'tis all one; Ceremony is the least thing I take care of: You see I am busy.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

I must confess, considering the humble Duty of a Wife, 'tis something rude in me to interrupt you; but I hope when you know my Intentions, you'll pardon me. They were only to take a civil leave of you: I find you are preparing for the Country, Sir.

GOODVILE.

Ay! a little Air will be very seasonable at present, Madam; I shall grow rank else, and all the Company I keep will smell me out.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Oh! what Joy will fill each neighbouring Village, to hear our Landlord's Honour's coming down. The Bells shall jingle out of Tune all Day; and at Night the Curate of the Hamlet comes in the Name of the whole Parish to bid his Patron welcome into the Country, and invite himself the next Lord's Day to Dinner.

GOODVILE.

I am glad to see you so pleasant, Madam.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Then the next Morning our Tenant's dainty Daughter is sent with a Present of Pippins of the largest Size, cull'd by the good old Drudge her Mother, which she delivers with a Curt'sy, and blushes in expectation of what his Worship will bestow upon her.

GOODVILE

Oh Madam, let not any Thoughts of that nature disturb you; I shall leave all my wanton Inclinations here, and only please myself when I am there sometimes to contemplate your Ladyship's Picture in the Gallery.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Then come the Country Squires, and their Dogs, the cleanlier sort of Creatures of the two: Straight we're invited to th' noble Hunt, and not a Deer in all the Forest's safe.

GOODVILE.

No, Madam: No horn'd Beast shall suffer for my Pleasure: I am lately grown a Philosopher, Madam; and find, we ought not to hurt our Fellow Creatures.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

What is the reason that you use me thus?

GOODVILE.

What is't I would not do to purchase Quietness? Your injurious Suspicions of me were tolerable, but the Wrongs your Jealousy has done *Victoria*——

Mrs. GOODVILE.

I jealous of *Victoria*? No, tho' my Passion last Night made me extravagant when I discover'd you with that naughty Lady *Squeamish*, which I can easily forgive, if you'll but promise to forget her: For I am confident it was your first Transgression.

GOODVILE.

Very quaint and pretty.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Yet I am too well satisfy'd of *Victoria*'s Virtue, for she's my Friend; and tho' I shou'd see her in your Arms, I cou'd not harbour such a Thought. No, *Victoria*, you must love me, and I'll love you; you shall call me your Love, and I'll call you my Dear, and we'll always go to the Play together, and to the Park together, and every where together; and when Mr. *Goodvile*'s out of Town, we'll lie together.

Enter

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Sir, the Coach is ready.

GOODVILE.

You think, Madam, you have a fine easy Fool to play withal, but the Gayness of your Face is too thin to hide the Rancour of your Heart; and so my dear jocund witty Devil Wife, I take my leave of you, never more from this Minute to look on you.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Are you then inexorable? Relentless, cruel Man!

GOODVILE.

Good easymelting kind-hearted Woman, farewell. [*Exit.*

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Ah wretched me!

LETTICE.

My Lady swoons. Dear Madam *Victoria*, hasten and bring my Master back again; you can do any thing with him. [*Ex. Victoria.*

Mrs. GOODVILE.

No, no, *Lettice*! Let him alone, art thou sure he's gone.

LETTICE.

I hope so, Madam.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Then so soon as I am return'd to my Chamber, be sure you go yourself to Mr. *Truman*, and tell him if he has nothing else to do he may come hither to-day.

Enter VICTORIA.

VICTORIA.

There is no prevailing with him, he cries aloud his House is infected, and that no Man that values his Health will stay in it. My Lady *Squeamish* too is arriv'd just as he test the Door; I am sure she'll come in; will you see her, Madam?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Oh I am sick at the very name of her: Let all the Doors be barr'd against her, and Gunpowder put under each Threshold-place, ready to blow her up, if she but offer an entrance. *Lettice*, lend me your Hand a little; I'll to my Chamber instantly: Oh my Head! [*Ex. with Let.*

VICTORIA.

This Management of hers so charms me, that I can almost forget all the Mischief she has done me: 'tis true she reproach'd me, but 'twas done so handsomly, that I doubly deserv'd it to have taken notice of it.

Enter Lady SQUEAMISH.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh Dear, *Victoria*, what will become of me! I am lost and undone for ever; Oh I shall die, I shall die! the Lord of my Heart, the Jewel of my Soul is false to me.

VICTORIA.

What ails your Ladyship? Surely she's distracted.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh *Goodvile*, *Goodvile*! the false, cruel, remorseless *Goodvile*! I came just as his Coach was parting from the Door, yet he would not speak to me, would hardly see me, but away he drove, and smiling mock'd my Sorrows.

VICTORIA.

Alas! Her Ladyship is passionate, as I live very passionate

Lady SQUEAMISH.

So *Thesens* left the wretched *Ariadne* on the Shore; so fled the false *Aeneas* from his *Dido*.

VICTORIA.

What could you expect less of him, Madam? Falshood is his Province: Your Ladyship should have made choice of a civil sober discreet Person; but *Goodvile* you know is a Spark, a very Spark.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

That has been my Ruin; it was therefore I adored him: What Woman would doat on a dull melancholy Ass, because

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because she might be sure of him? No, a Spark is my Life, my Darling, the Joy of my Soul. Oh how I doat on a Spark? I could live and die with a Spark. *Victoria*, I make you a Confident, and you must pardon me for robbing you of Mr. *Goodvile*: Come, come, I know all.

VICTORIA.

Your Ladyship knows more than all the World besides.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

And as I was saying, A Spark is the dearest thing to me in the World; I have had Acquaintance I think with all the Sparks. Well; one of 'em that you know was a sweet Person: Oh he danc'd, and sung, and dress'd to a Miracle, and then he spoke *French* as if he had been bred all his life time at *Paris*, and admir'd every thing that was *French*: Besides, he would look so languishingly, and lisp so prettily when he talk'd; and then never wanted Discourse; I'll swear he has entertain'd me two Hours together with the Description of an Equipage.

VICTORIA.

That must needs be very charming.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

But Mr. *Goodvile* was a Wit too: Oh I never had a Wit before, for to speak the truth, now I think on't better, all my Lovers have been a little foolish I'll swear, ha, ha, ha! [*Sir Noble and Mal. at the Door drunk.*]

MALAGENE.

Scour, scour, scour.

CLUMSEY.

Down goes the Main-Mast, down, down, down. [*They enter.*] *Malagene*, roar, roar, and ravish, here are Punk, in beaten Sattin, Sirrah; Termagant, triumphant, first-rate Punks, you Rogue.

VICTORIA.

How came these Russians here?

CLUMSEY.

Russians! do you know who you talk to, Madam? I am a civil, sober, discreet Person; and come particularly to embrace thy lovely Body.

MA

MALAGENE.

Look you, Madam, make no Noise about this matter. This is a Person of Quality and a Friend of mine, therefore pray be civil.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Has Mr. *Goodvile* left no Footmen at home to cudgel such Fops? Fogh——how like drunken Journey-men Taylors they look?

MALAGENE.

Journey-men, Madam! hold there! none of your Ladyship's Journey-men, that's one Comfort! Woe to the poor Devil that is, I say.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Were Mr. *Goodvile* at home you durst not talk thus, you scandalous Fellow.

MALAGENE.

Goodvile say you—hark you, my Dear, were he here in Person, I would first of all decently kick him out of Doors, then turn up thy Keel and discover here to thy Kinsman what a leaky Vessel thou art.

CLUMSEY.

Why, what is that *Goodvile*? will he wrestle? or will he box for fifty pound. Look you, this Fellow is my Pimp. 'Tis true, his Countenance is none of the best: But he's a neat Lad, and keeps good Company.

MALAGENE.

Hark you, Knight: you'll bear me out of this Business, Knight: For under the Rose, I have Apprehension, that this Carcase of mine may suffer else.

CLUMSEY.

No more of that, Rogue! no more. Take notice good People, this civil Person shall marry my Sister; she is a pretty hopeful Lady—Truly she is not full thirteen—but she has had two Children already, Odd's heart.

VALENTINE.

Ridiculous Oaf!

CLUM.

CLUMSEY.

Come let us talk Baudy.

VICTORIA.

I'll call those shall talk with you presently. [Ex. Vict.

CLUMSEY.

Wheugh——she's gone.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Beast! Brute! Barbarian! Sot!

CLUMSEY.

Oh law! my Aunt! what have I done now? Madam,
as I hope to be——

[Runs against her, and almost beats her backward.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh help! I am murder'd! Oh my Head!

CLUMSEY.

Nay, Lady! that was no fault of mine: You shall see
I'll keep my distance, and (as I was saying) if I have of-
fended——

[Reels against a Table and throws down a China Jar
and several little China Dishes.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh insufferable! quickly, quickly, a Porter and
Basket to carry out this Swine to a Dunghil.

CLUMSEY.

Look you Madam, no harm! no harm! you shall
see me behave myself notably yet—as for example——
suppose now——suppose this the Door. [Goes to the Door.
Very well; thus then I move——

[Steps forwards and leaves his Peruke on one of the Hinges.
Hah, who was that? Rogues! Dogs! Sons of Whores!

Enter SERVANTS.

1 SERVANT.

Such as we are Sir, you shall find us at your Service.

CLUMSEY.

Murder, Murder, Murder!——

M.A.

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MALAGENE.

Where there is such odds, a Man may with Honour
retire and steal off. [Ex. Mal.]

Enter CAPER and SAUNTER.

CAPER.

Where is this Rascal? this Coxcomb? this Fop? how
dare you come hither, Sir, to affront Ladies and Persons
of Quality?

CLUMSEY.

Sir, your humble Servant : did you see my Perriwig?

CAPER.

Sir, you are an Ass; and never wore a Perriwig in your
Life: Jerrié, what a Bush of Briars and Thorns is
here? The Mane of my Lady *Squeamish's* Shock is a
Chedreux to it.

CLUMSEY.

Why, Sir, I know who made it. He was an honest
Fellow and a Barber, and one that lov'd Music and
Poetry.

SAUNTER.

How Sir!

CAPER.

But, Sir, come close to the Business: How durst you
treat Ladies so rudely as we saw you but now? Answer
to that, and tell not us of Music and Poetry.

CLUMSEY.

Why, he had all *Westminster* Drollery, and *Oxford*
Jests at his Fingers ends. And for the Cittern, if ever
Troy Town were a Tune, he master'd it upon that In-
strument, when he was our Butler in the Country: An
old Maid of my Grandmother's took great Delight in
him for it.

SAUNTER.

But, Sir, this is nothing to our Business.

CLUMSEY.

Business! hang Business! I hate a Man of Business:
If you'll drink or whore, break Windows or commit
Murder, I am for you.

CAPER.

CAPER.

Sir, will you fight?

CLUMSEY.

Fight! with whom? for what?

CAPER.

With me.

SAUNTER.

With me.

CLUMSEY.

Ay Sir, with all my Heart; I love fighting, Sir.

CAPER.

But will you, Sir? dare you?

SAUNTER.

Ay Sir, will you fight? do you think you dare fight?

CLUMSEY.

Why, you sweet perfum'd Jessamine Knaves! you Rogues in Buckram! were there a Dozen of you I'd beat you out of your artificial Sweetness into your own natural Rankness. You Stinkards! shall I draw my *Cerberus* and cut you off, you gaudy Popinjays?

CAPER.

This Fellow's mad, *Saunter*! stark mad, by *Jerico*: Dear Knight, how long hast thou been in this Pickle? this Condition, Knight? hah?

CLUMSEY.

What Pickle? what Condition, you Worms?

SAUNTER.

Ay, ay, 'tis so, the poor Devil must to *Bedlam*: *Bedlam*, Knight, the Mad-man's Hospital.

CLUMSEY.

What will become of you then, you Vermin? There's never an Hospital for Fools yet; Mercy on me if there were! how many handsome Fellows in this Town might be provided for?

[*Fiddles play within.*]

CAPER.

Hey-day, Fiddles!

SAUN.

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SAUNTER.

Madam Goodvile hearing we were here, hath sent for me on purpose to regale us.

Enter Mrs. GOODVILE, Lady SQUEAMISH with the Fiddles playing, SAUNTER falls to sing the Tune with 'em, and CAPER dances to it. LETTICE.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Let my Servants take care that all the Doors stand open: I'll have Entrance deny'd to no one Fool in Town. Mr. Caper and Mr. Saunter here? then we can never want Company. Come, Madam, let us begin the Revels of the Day; I long to enjoy the Freedom I am Mistress of. Lettice, try your Vow.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh Madam! this gallant Spirit ravishes me. Dear Mr. Caper, you and Mr. Saunter were born to be happy! Madam Goodvile has resolv'd to sacrifice this Day to Pleasure——what shall we do with ourselves?

CAPER.

Do, Madam! We'll dance for ever.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh, ay dance.

SAUNTER.

And sing.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

And sing.

BOTH.

And love.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh ay, love! but Madam Goodvile have you resolv'd to wear the Willow, and be very melancholy——ha, ha, ha——Fiddles! where are you? I cannot endure you out of my sight.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Willow! hang it, give it to Country Girls that sigh for Clowns; and Melancholy is a Disease for Bankrupt Beauty:

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Beauty : I have yet a stock of Youth and Charms, un-
fully'd by the Hands of Age or Care ;

And whilst that lasts, what Woman would despair ?

CLUMSEY.

In the mean time I'll scout out for a Doxy of my Ac-
quaintance hard by, return in Triumph, and let Vic-
toria go hang and despair.

Sings.

To love is a Pleasure Divine,

Yet I'll never sigh or be sad ;

They are Coxcombs that languish and pine,

So long as Whores are to be had.—To dorell, dorelda.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh secure that deform'd Monster, that Rebel of mine :
Fellows take care of him, and keep him up till I talk
with him, and make him sensible of his Enormities.

CLUMSEY.

Slaves, avaunt ! if my Lady will have it so, I'll walk
soberly into the Garden, and consider of what is past.

To love is a Pleasure, &c.

[Ex. Clum.]

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Lettice ?

LETTICE.

Madam.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Is Mr. Truman come ?

LETTICE.

He'll be here presently, Madam.

Enter PAGE with a Letter.

PAGE.

A Letter for your Ladyship.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Who brought it ?

PAGE.

A Porter brought it to the Door, Madam : But said he
had no Orders to stay for an Answer.

[Ex. Page.]

Mrs.

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Mrs. GOODVILE.

A Woman's Hand.

Reads. *Mr. Goodvile's Journey out of Town is but a Pretence : He is jealous of you and Mr. Truman, you will find him anon return'd in hopes to surprize you together. Tho' he has trusted me with the Secret, and oblig'd me to assist him in it ; yet I would endeavour by this Discovery to persuade you that I am your real Servant, Victoria.*

Postscript. Beware of Malagene, for he's appointed the Spy to betray you.

This is generously done, *Victoria*, and I'll study to deserve it of thee : Now, if I plague not this wise jealous Husband of mine, let all Wives curse me, and Cuckolds laugh at me ! Fiddles lead in ! *Mr. Caper*, and *Mr. Saunter*, pray wait on my Lady ; and entertain her a little : I'll follow you presently.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Come *Mr. Caper*, will you walk ?

CAPER.

A Coranto Madam ?

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Ay, ten thousand, ten thousand, *Mr. Saunter*, I would be always near you two ! Oh for a Grove now, and a purling Brook with that delightful charming Voice of yours ! Come let us walk and study which way to divert ourselves.

CAPER.

Allons ! for Love and Pleasure : By these Hands——

SAUNTER.

By those Eyes——

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh no more ! no more : I shall be lost in Happiness !

[*Exeunt.*]

Mrs. GOODVILE.

So, this Consort of Fools shall be the Chorus to my Farce ; now all the Malice, Ill-Nature, Falshood and Hypocrisy of my Sex inspire me. *Letlice ! see Camilla*
be

be sent for instantly, she shall join with me in my Revenge, she has Reason; Mr. *Valentine*, I suppose, will be here with Mr. *Truman*.

Enter Mr. TRUMAN.

TRUMAN.

And think you, Madam, he darst not answer a fair Lady's Challenge without a Second?

Mrs. GOODVILLE.

You would pretend, I'll warrant you, to be very stout. You Hectors in Love are as arrant Cheats as Hectors in fighting, that bluster, rant, and make a Noise for the present; but when they come to the Bus'ness, prove errant Dastards, and good for nothing.

TRUMAN.

But, Madam, you should find I dare do some thing, would you but be civil and stand your Ground.

Mrs. GOODVILLE.

What think you tho' of a Cut-throat Husband now behind the Hangings? what would become of you then?

TRUMAN.

Whilst I have such Beauty on my side, nothing can hurt me.

Mrs. GOODVILLE.

Then, Sir, prepare yourself; Mr. *Goodville* is really jealous, and mistrusts all or more than has past between us. His Journey out of Town was but a Pretence, but we shall see him instantly in expectation to catch us together.

TRUMAN.

Fear him not, Madam; these Moles that work under Ground are as blind as they are busy: Let him run on in his dull Jealousy, whilst we still find new Windings out, and lose him in the Maze.

Mrs. GOODVILLE.

Then if you wish to preserve me your's, join with me to-day in my Design, which is, if possible, to make him mad,
work

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work him up to the height of furious Suspicion, and at that Moment when he thinks his Jealousy most just, baffle him out of it: And let the World know how dull a Tool a Husband is, compar'd with that triumphant thing a Wife, and her Guardian Angel Lover.

TRUMAN.

But Mr. *Goodvile*, Madam, has Wit, and so good an Opinion of it too.——

Mrs. GOODVILE.

'Tis that shall be his Ruin: Were he a Fool, he were not worth the Trouble of deceiving.

TRUMAN.

Dear Jewel of my Soul, proceed then and prosper. But what must be my Part?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

To secure *Malagene*. That ill-natur'd Villain has betray'd us, and is appointed by *Goodvile* chief Instrument in the Discovery. He has Cowardice enough to sell his Soul to buy off a beating: He never told Truth enough to be believ'd once so long as he lives. Get him but in your Power, and he shall own more Villanies than ever were in his Thoughts to commit, or the Necessity of our Affair can invent to put upon him.

TRUMAN.

And I'll be sure of him, or may I never taste those Lips again, but be condemn'd to cast Mistresses in the Side-Box at the Play-house, or what is worse, take up with a Sempstress, and drudge for Cuffs and Cravats.

Enter MALAGENE.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Here he comes!

TRUMAN.

Oh Monsieur *Malagene*, welcome!

MALAGENE.

Jack Truman, your humble Servant.

TRU-

TRUMAN.

Whither so fast, I beseech you, Sir! a Word with you, a Word with you.

MALAGENE.

Why, can I do any thing for thee? Hast thou any Business for me? Pr'ythee what is it?

TRUMAN.

Sir, you must lye for me.

MALAGENE.

Ha, ha, ha. Is that all?

TRUMAN.

Nay, Sir, you must.

MALAGENE.

Any thing in a civil Way or so, Jack: but nothing upon Compulsion, Lad: pry'thee, let me do nothing upon Compulsion, pry'thee now.

TRUMAN.

Then Sir, to be brief, this is the Business: Good-will I hear has been inform'd by you of what pass'd in the Garden last, Night; how durst you be so impudent as to pry into my Secrets, where I was concern'd?

MALAGENE.

Why look you, Jack, Curiosity you know, and a natural Inclination which I have——

TRUMAN.

To pimping.

MALAGENE.

Confound me, Jack, thou art much in the right: I believe thou art a Witch. I knew as well Man——

TRUMAN.

What did you know?

MALAGENE.

Why, I knew thee to be an arch Wag, and an honest Fellow: ah Rogue, pry'thee kiss me: the Rogue's out of Humour.

TRUMAN.

No, Sir; I dare not use you so like a Friend, you must deserve it better first.

MA-

MALAGENE.

Look you, *Jack*, the Truth of the Business is, I am bespoken: But the Love I have to see the Business go forward may persuade me to much.

TRUMAN.

Then presently resolve entirely to disown and abjure all the Intelligence you gave *Goodvile*, or promise to yourself that where-ever next I meet you, I'll cut your Throat upon the spot.

MALAGENE.

But hark you, *Jack*, how shall I come off with the Business? I shall be kick'd and us'd very scurvily: For the truth is, I did tell——

TRUMAN.

What did you tell?

MALAGENE.

Why, I told him, you Knave. I won't tell, you little cunning Cuck, I told him all, Man.

TRUMAN.

All, Sir.

MALAGENE.

Ay, hang me like a Dog, all. But, Madam, you must pardon me, there was not a Word of it true.

TRUMAN.

And what do you think to do with yourself?

MALAGENE.

Do? why I'll deny it all again Man, every Word of it, as impudently as ever I at first affirm'd it: May be he'll kick me, and beat me, and use me like a Dog, Man——That's nothing, nothing at all, Man, I do not value it this.

(Pulls out a Jew's Trump, and plays.)

TRUMAN.

And this Sir, you'll stand to.

MALAGENE.

If I do not, hang me up for a Sign at a Bawdy-House Door: In the mean time I'll retire and peruse a young Lampeen, which I am lately the happy Father of.

TRU.

TRUMAN.

Nay, Sir, you are not to stir from me.

Enter LETTICE.

LETTICE.

Oh, Madam, shift for yourself. Madam *Victoria* sent me to tell you that my Master is return'd, and that he pretends to come a Masquerader.

MALAGENE.

Well, since it must be so, I'll deny all indeed ; what an excellent Fellow might I have been ? Some Men now with my Stock of Honesty, and a little more Gravity, would have made a Fortune. Well, I have been a lazy Rogue ; and never knew till now that I was fit for Business.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Mr. *Goodvile* in Masquerade, say you ?

LETTICE.

Yes, Madam, and two Women with him ; Madam, they are just now alighted.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Women with him ! nay, then he comes triumphantly indeed. Mr. *Truman*, do you retire with *Malagene*. I'll stay here and receive this *Machiavel* in Disguise. Now, once more let me invoke all the Arts of Affectation, all the Revenge, the counterfeit Passions, pretended Love, pretended Jealousy, pretended Rage, and in sum the very Genius of my Sex to my Assistance.

Enter GOODVILE and others masked.

So ! here they come : Now this Throw for all my future Peace. Who waits there ?

Enter SERVANTS.

GOODVILE.

Madam ! you'll excuse this Freedom.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

You oblige me by using it : let all the Company know
thye

120 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

that these Noble Persons of Quality have honour'd me with their Presence: Let the Fiddles be ready, and see the Banquet prepar'd: and let Mr. *Truman* come to me instantly; I cannot live a Minute, a Moment without him.

GOODVILE.

Delicate Devil!

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Sir! let me beg your Patience for a Moment, whilst I go and put things in order fit for your Reception.

[Exit.

GOODVILE.

Footmen! take care that the Engines which I have order'd be ready when I call for 'em. *Truman*, I see, is a Man of punctual Assignment; and my Wife is a Person very adroit at these Matters: some hot brain'd, Horn-mad Cuckold now would be for cutting of Throats, but I am resolv'd to turn a civil, sober, discreet Person, and hate Blood-shed: No, I'll manage the Matter so temperately, that I'll catch her in his very Arms, then civilly discard her Bag and Baggage, whilst you my dainty Doxies take possession of her Privileges, and enter the Territories with Colours flying.

1 WOMAN.

And shall I keep my Coach, Mr. *Goodvile*?

GOODVILE.

Ay, and fix, my lovely Rampant. Nay, thou shalt every Morning swoop the Exchange in Triumph, to see what gaudy Bauble thou canst first grow fond of: and after Noon at the Theatre exalted in a Box, give Audience to ev'ry trim amorous twirling Fop of the Corner, that comes thither to make a Noise, hear no Play, and show himself; thou shalt, my *Bona Roba*.

2 WOMAN.

But Mr. *Goodvile*, what shall I do then?

GOODVILE.

Oh thou! thou shalt be my more peculiar Punk, my House-keeper, my necessary Sin; manage all the Affairs
of

of my Estate and Family, ride up and down in my own Coach attended by my own Footmen; nose my Wife where-e'er you meet, and if I had any, breed up my Children. Oh, what a delicious Life will this be!

1 WOMAN.

Hear you, Sir; the Fiddles? *[Fiddles without.]*

GOODVILE.

Oh, the Procession's coming, put on your Vizors, and observe the Ceremony.

Enter TRUMAN, Mrs. GOODVILE, CAPER, SAUNTER, Lady SQUEAMISH, CAMILLA, with Fiddles, a Letter.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Mr. Caper, Mr. Saunter, you are the Life and Soul of all good Company; command me any thing, command my House, that and all Freedom are yours.

CAPER.

Masques, my Life, my Joy, my Top of Happiness! Sir, your humble Servant: by your Leave, Madam, shall you and I touse and tumble together in the Drawing Room hard by for half an Hour or so? ha? *[Cuts.]*

SAUNTER.

Fa toldara, toldara, &c. Ah Madam, what do you wear a Masque for? Have you never a Nose, or but one Eye? Let me see how you are furnish'd?

2 WOMAN.

Sir, if I want any thing, 'tis to be doubted you cannot supply me.

GOODVILE.

So; sure this must come to something anon.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Ah, were but Mr. Goodvile here now, what a happy Day might this be! but he is melancholy and forlorn in the Country, summoning in his Tenants and their Rents, that shining Pelf that must support me in my Pleasures.

GOODVILE.

Is he then, Madam, so kind a Husband?

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Mrs. GOODVILE.

Oh, the most indulgent Creature in the World! what Husband but he, Mr. *Truman*, would have so seasonably withdrawn and left me Mistress of such Freedom? To spend my Days in Triumph as I do, to sacrifice myself, my Soul, and all my Sense to you, the Lord of all my Joys, my Conqueror and Protector?

CAMILLA.

Heav'ns, Madam, you'll provoke him beyond all Patience.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Who, Mr. *Goodvile*! which way shall it reach his Knowledge? no, we'll be as secret——

TRUMAN.

As we are happy. So subtly lay the Scene of all our Joys, that Envy or Malice, nay the very Husband himself and *Malagune* to boot, well hir'd to the Business, shall ne'er discover us.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Oh discover us! a Husband discover us! Were he indeed as jealous as he has Reason, I could no more apprehend Discovery than a Kindness from him.

GOODVILE.

This Impudence is so rank, that I can hold no longer. Say you so, Madam? *[He unmasks.]*

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Oh a Ghost! a Ghost! save me, save me. Mr. *Truman*, see see Mr. *Goodvile's* Spirit: Sure some base Villain has murder'd him, and his angry Ghost has come to revenge it on me.

GOODVILE.

No, Madam, fear nothing. I am a very harmless Goblin, tho' you are a little shock'd at the Sight of me.

CAPER.

Ha, ha, ha. *Goodvile* return'd? Dear *Frank*!

SAUNTER.

Honest *Goodvile*, thou seest, dear Soul, we are free here in thy Absence.

GOOD-

GOODVILE.

I see you are, Gentlemen, and shall take an Opportunity to return the Favour. Footmen be ready.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

But is it really Mr. *Goodvile* then? let me receive him to my Arms; welcome ten thousand, thousand, thousand times. Dear Sir, how does my Picture in the Gallery do?

GOODVILE.

Oh Madam, it look'd so very charmingly, that I had no Power to stay longer from the dear loving Original.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

So now begins the Battle.

GOODVILE.

Well, Madam, and for your Set of Fools here; to what End and Purpose have you decreed them in this new Model of your Family? I hope you have not design'd 'em for your own Use.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Why, Sir, methinks you should not grudge me a Coxcomb or two to pass away the time withal, since you had taken your dearer Conversation from me.

GOODVILE.

No, Madam, I understand your Diet better: a Fool is too squob and tender a Bit for your fierce Appetite: you are for a substantial Dish, a Man of Heat and Honour, such as Mr. *Truman* I know is, and I doubt not will do me Reason.

TRUMAN.

Ay, Sir, whenever you'll demand it.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Nay, Sirs, no quarrelling, I beseech you; what would you be at, Sir?

GOODVILE.

At rest, Madam, like an honest Snail shrink up my Horns into my Shell, and if possible hold a quiet Possession of it.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

I hope I have done nothing that may disturb your Quiet, Sir.

GOODVILE.

Nothing, Madam, nothing in the least; how is it possible that any thing should disturb me? a Sot, a Beetle, a Droan of a Husband, a mere Utensil, a Block for you to fashion all your Falshood on, whilst I must still be stupid, bear my Office, and never be disturb'd, I——

Mrs. GOODVILE.

So, now your Heart is opening; and for your Ease I'll give it a little Vent myself: You are jealous, alas! jealous of *Truman*, are you?

GOODVILE.

And I have no Reason, Madam, tho' I come and catch you in his Arms, rolling and throwing your wanton Eyes like Fireballs at his Heart? 'Oh what an indulgent Creature's Mr. *Goodvile*! so seasonably to withdraw and leave you Mistress of such Freedom: To spend your Days in Triumph as you do, to sacrifice yourself, your Soul, and Sense to him, the Lord of all your Joys, your Conqueror and Protector.'

Mrs. GOODVILE.

I am glad to find my Plot so well succeed: I knew of your Jealousy last Night, knew too your Journey out of Town was but a Pretence, in hope to return and surprise me with *Truman*. I was inform'd too of your Return but now, and your Disguise; I knew you through it so soon as I saw you, and therefore I acted all that Fondness to *Truman* before your Face. It was all the Revenge I had within my Power.

GOODVILE.

Can you deny your being with *Truman* in the Garden last Night? were you not there so openly, that even the broad Eyes of Fools might see?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

What Fool? What Villain have you, dares accuse me?

GOOD-

GOODVILE.

One, who tho' he rarely told Truth before, will be sure to do it now; *Malagene*, your Kinsman *Malagene*, a hopeful Branch of your own Stock.

TRUMAN.

The Rascal dares not own it.

GOODVILE.

But he shall Sir, tho' you protect him.

TRUMAN.

'Twas basely done to set a Spy upon your Friend, after the Trick you had play'd me with *Victoria*.

GOODVILE.

Basely done!

TRUMAN.

Yes, basely, Sir.

GOODVILE.

Death, you lye, Sir! why do I trifle thus when I have a Sword by my Side?

CAPER.

Nay, look you, *Frank*; you had better be patient. Here shall be nothing done, therefore pray put up.

Enter VALENTINE.

VALENTINE.

What, again quarrelling? *Goodvile*, this must not be. *Truman* is my Friend, and if he has done you wrong, I'll engage shall make you Satisfaction.

SAUNTER.

Ay, ay, pr'ythee Man, take some other time, and don't quarrel now and spoil good Company.

GOODVILE.

Death! you dancing, talking mettled, frisking Rogues, stand off! Oh I had forgot—Footmen, where are ye?

Enter FOOTMEN.

Here, take away these Butterflies, and do speedy Execution upon 'em as I order'd; do it instantly. [*They seize them.*]

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CAPER.

Nay, *Frank!* what's all this for?

SAUNTER.

Nay, *Goodwile*, pr'ythee now, as I hope to live.

Enter MALAGENE.

GOODVILE.

Away with 'em—[*Ex. with Caper and Saunter.* Now for *Malagene*—Oh, here he comes, *Madam*, who will refresh your Memory; speak Sir, as you tender Life and Limb, whom did you see together in the Garden last Night?

MALAGENE.

Ha!——no body.

GOODVILE.

Were not *Truman* and my Wife there, to your Knowledge, privately?

MALAGENE.

Ha, ha, ha——Child! no,

GOODVILE.

Did you not tell me that you overheard 'em whispering in the Grotto together?

MALAGENE.

No.

GOODVILE.

Hell and Devils! this Fellow has been tamper'd withal, and instructed to abuse me. This is all Contrivance, a study'd Scene to fool me of my Reason.

Enter FOOTMEN.

Here, take him hence and harness him with the other two, till he confess the Truth.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

He shall not go, touch him who dares. Must People then be forc'd and tortur'd to accuse me falsely? Ah, *Mr. Goodwile*, how have I deserv'd this at your hands? Let not my good Name be ravish'd from me: if you have resolv'd to break my Heart, kill me now quickly, and put me out of pain——

[*Mal. runs away.*]

GOODVILE.

Nay, Madam, here is that shall yet convince——see here a Letter from your Lover left for you in a private Corner; hear me read it. And if you have Modesty enough left, blush.

Reads. If Goodvile goes out of Town this Morning, let me know of it, that I may wait on you and tell you the rest of my Heart. For you do not know how much I love you yet.

Truman.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Death and Destruction! it was all my own Contrivance; snadded with your jealousy, I sought all ways to vex you. I counterfeited it with my own Hand, and left it in a Place where you might be sure to find it. To convince you farther, see here a Caution sent me just before by one whom you have trusted and lov'd too much for my Quiet: Peruse it, and when you have done, consider how you have used me, and how I have deserv'd it. Oh!

[Gives Victoria's Letter.]

GOODVILE.

Reads. Journey out of Town—is a Pretence—return and surprise—believe by this Discovery—Your Servant Victoria.

Victoria, has she betray'd me? nay then, I pronounce there is no Trust nor Faith in the Sex. By Heaven, in every Condition they are Jilts, all false from the Bawd to the Babe.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Now, Sir, I hope I may withdraw; from this Minute never expect I'll see your Face again: No, I'll leave you to be happy at your own Choice. Love where you please, and be as free as if I ne'er had had Relation to you. I shall take care to trouble you no more, but with you may be happier than ever yet I made you.

GOODVILE.

Stay, Madam.

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Mrs. GOODVILE.

No, Sir, I'll be gone ; I will not stay a Moment longer ; inhuman, cruel, false Traitor ! Wert thou now languishing on thy Knees, prostrate at my Feet, ready to grow mad with thy own Guilt, I would not stop nor turn my Face to save thee from Despair.

GOODVILE.

You shall.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

For what ?

GOODVILE.

To let the World see how much a Fool I can be : art thou innocent ?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

By my Love I am ; I never wrong'd you ; but you have undone me, ruin'd my Fame and Quiet. What Mouth will not be full of my Dishonour ? Henceforth let all my Sex remember me, when they'd upbraid Mankind for Baseness : Oh, that I could dissemble longer with you, that I might to your Torment persuade you still all your Jealousies were just, and I as infamous as you are cruel.

[Exit in a Rage.]

GOODVILE.

'Get thee in then, and talk to me no more ; there's something in thy Face will make a Fool of me ; and there's a Devil in this Business, which yet I cannot discover. *Truman*, if thou hast enjoyed her, I beg thee keep it close, and if it be possible let us yet be Friends.

TRUMAN.

'Tis not my Fault if we be Foes.

GOODVILE.

But now to my Fools ; bring 'em forth, and let us see how their new Equipage becomes 'em. Oh dear *Valentine* how does the fair *Camilla* ?

VALENTINE.

Faith Sir, she and I have been dispatching a trifling Affair this Morning, commonly call'd Matrimony.

GOOD.

GOODVILE.

Marry'd! nay, then there is some comfort yet, that thou art fallen into the Snare——*Valentine!* look to her keep her as secret as thou wou'dst 'a Murder hadst thou committed one: Trust her not with thy dearest Friend; she has Beauty enough to corrupt him.

Enter CAPER and SAUNTER, their Hands ty'd behind 'em, Fools Caps on their Heads. CAPER with one Leg ty'd up, and Saunter gagg'd.

See here these Rogues how like themselves they look. Now, you poultry Vermin, you Rats that run squeaking from House to House, up and down the Town; that no Man can eat his Bread in quiet for you: Take warning of what you feel, and come not near these Doors again on peril of Hanging. Here, discharge them of their Punishment, and see 'em forth the Gates.

Enter Lady SQUEAMISH, Sir NOBLE CLUMSEY, and VICTORIA.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh Gallants, your humble Servant. Dear Mr. Goodvile, be pleas'd to give my Kinsman, Sir Noble, Joy: He has done himself the Honour to marry your Cousin *Victoria*, whom now I must be proud to call my Relation, since she has accepted of the Title of my Lady *Clumsey*.

CLUMSEY.

Ay Sir, I am marry'd, and will be drunk again too before Night, as simply as I stand here.

GOODVILE.

Sir Noble marry'd to *Victoria* too! nay then in spite of Misfortunes——

This Day shall be a Day of Jubilee.

But first,

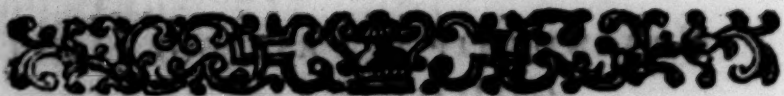
Good People all that my sad Fortune see,

I beg you to take warning here by me;

Marriage and Hanging go by Destiny.

Especially you gay young marry'd Blades,

Beware and keep your Wives from Balls and Masquerades.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Barry.

WELL, Sirs, if now my Spouse and I should part,
To which kind Critic shall I give my Heart?
Stay, let me look, not one in all the Place
But has a scurvy froward damning Face.
Have you resolv'd then on the Poet's Fall?
Go ye ill-natur'd, ugly Devils all.
The marry'd Sparks I know this Play will curse
For the Wife's sake; but some of 'em have worse.
Poet's themselves their own ill luck have wrought,
You ne'er had learnt, had not their Quarrels taught.
But as in the disturbance of a State,
Each factious Maggot thinks of growing great:
So when the Poets first had jarring Fitts,
You all set up for Criticks and for Wits:
Then strait there came, which cost your Mothers Pains,
Songs and Lampoons in Litters from your Brains:
Libels, like spurious Brats, ran up and down,
Which their dull Parents were asham'd to own;
But wented 'em in others Names like Whores
That lay their Bastards down at honest Doors.
For shame leave off this bigling way of Wit,
Railing abroad and roaring in the Pit.
Let Poets live in Peace, in Quiet write,
Else may they all to punish you unite;
Join in one Force to study to abuse ye,
And teach your Wives and Misses how to use ye.



THE



THE
SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.
A
C O M E D Y.

*Quem recitas meus est, O Fidentino, libellus;
Sed male cum recitas incipit esse tuus.*



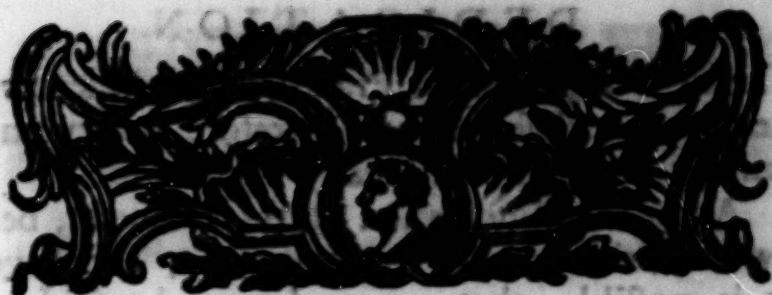
THE

THE

SOLDIER'S FORTUNE

C O M M E D Y

THE



THE DEDICATION.

Mr. Bentley.

I Have often (during this Play's being in the Press) been importun'd for a Preface; which you, I suppose, would have spoke something in Vindication of the Comedy: Now to please you, *Mr. Bentley*, I will as briefly as I can speak my Mind upon that Occasion, which you may be pleas'd to accept of, both as a Dedication to yourself, and next as a Preface to the Book.

And I am not a little proud, that it has happen'd into my Thoughts to be the first who in these latter Years has made an Epistle Dedicatory to his Stationer: It is a Complement as reasonable as it is just. For, *Mr. Bentley*, you pay honestly for the Copy; and an Epistle to you is a sort of an Acquaintance, and may be probably welcome; when to a Person of a higher Rank and Order, it looks like

DEDICATION.

like an Obligation for Praises, which he knows he does not deserve, and therefore is very unwilling to part with ready Money for.

As to the Vindication of this Comedy, between Friends and Acquaintance, I believe it is possible, that as much may be said in its behalf, as heretofore has been for a great many others. But of all the apish Qualities about me, I have not that of being fond of my own Issue; nay, I must confess myself a very unnatural Parent, for when it is once brought into the World, e'en let the Brat shift for itself, I say.

This is, Mr. *Bentley*, all I shall say in behalf of my Play: Wherefore I throw it into your Arms; make the best of it you can; praise it to your Customers; sell Ten Thousand of them, if possible, and then you will compleat the Wishes of

Your Friend and Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE,

By the Lord FALKLAND.

Forsaken Dames, with less concern, reflect
On their inconstant Heroes cold neglect,
Than we (provok'd by this ungrateful Age)
Bear the hard Fate of our abandon'd Stage;
With Grief we see you ravish'd from our Arms,
And curse the feeble Virtue of our Charms:
Curse your false Hearts, for none so false as they,
And curse the Eyes that stole those Hearts away.
Remember, faithless Friends, there was a time,
(But oh the sad Remembrance of our Prime!)
When to our Arms with eager Joys ye flew,
And we believ'd your treach'rous Hearts as true
As e'er was Nymph of ours to one of you,
But a more pow'rful * Saint enjoys ye now; * Pope Joan.
Fraught with sweet Sins and Absolutions too:
To her are all your pious Vows address'd,
She's both your Loves, and your Religion's Test,
The fairest Prelate of her Time, and best.
We own her more deserving far than we,
A just Excuse for your Inconstancy.
Yet 'twas unkindly done to leave us so;
First to betray with Love, and then undo,
A horrid Crime y' are all addicted to.
Too soon, alas! your Appetites are cloy'd,
And Phillis rules no more, when once enjoy'd:
But all rash Oaths of Love and Constancy,
With the too-short forgotten Pleasures die:
Whilst she, poor Soul, robb'd of her dearest Ease,
Still drudges on, with vain Desire to please;

And

PROLOGUE.

*And restless follows you from place to place,
For Tributes due to her Autumnal Face.
Deserted thus by such ungrateful Men,
How can we hope you'll e'er return agen?
Here's no new Charm to tempt ye as before;
Wit now's our only Treasure left in store,
And that's a Coin will pass with you no more:
You who such dreadful Bullies would appear,
(True Bullies! quiet when there's Danger near)
Shew your great Souls, in damning Poets here.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Captain Beaugard,	Mr. Betterton.
Courtine,	Mr. Smith.
Sir Davy Dunce,	Mr. Nokes.
Sir Jolly Jumble,	Mr. Leigh.
Fourbin, a Servant to Beaugard,	Mr. Jevon.
Bloody-Bones,	Mr. Richards.
Vermin, a Servant to Sir Davy,	A Boy.

W O M E N.

Lady Dunce,	Mrs. Barry.
Sylvia,	Mrs. Price.
Maid.	

A Constable and Watch.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE



THE
SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter BEAUGARD, COURTINE, and FOURBIN.

BEAUGARD.

 Pox o' Fortune! Thou art always teasing me about Fortune: thou risest in a Morning with ill luck in thy Mouth; nay, never eatest a Dinner, but thou sighest two Hours after it, with thinking where to get the next. Fortune be damn'd since the World's so wide.

COURTINE.

As wide as it is, 'tis so throng'd and cramm'd with Knaves and Fools, that an honest Man can hardly get a living in it.

BEAUGARD.

Do, rail, *Courtine*, do: it may get thee Employment.

COURTINE.

At you I ought to rail; 'twas your Fault we left our Employment abroad, to come home and be loyal: and now we as loyally starve for it.

BEAUGARD.

Did not thy Ancestors do't before thee, Man? I tell thee, Loyalty and starving are all one. The old Cavaliers

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Cavaliers got such a Trick of it in the King's Exile, that their Posterity could never thrive since.

COURTINE.

'Tis a fine Equipage I am like to be reduc'd to; I shall be ere long as greasy as an *Alsatian* Bully; this stopping Hat, pinn'd up on one side, with a sandy weather-beaten Peruque, dirty Linen, and to complete the Figure, a long scandalous Iron Sword jarring at my Heels; like a——

BEAUGARD.

Snarling, thou meanest, like its Master.

COURTINE.

My Companion's the worthy Knight of the most Noble Order of the Post: Your Peripatetic Philosophers of the Temple-walks, Rogues in Rags, and yet not honest; Villains that undervalue Damnation, still forswear themselves for a Dinner, and hang their Fathers for half a Crown.

BEAUGARD.

I am asham'd to hear a Soldier talk of Starving.

COURTINE.

Why, what shall I do? I can't steal——

BEAUGARD.

Tho' thou canst not steal, thou hast other Vices enough for any industrious Fellow to live comfortably upon.

COURTINE.

What wouldst thou have me turn Rascal, and run cheating up and down the Town for a Livelihood? I would no more keep a Blockhead company, and endure his nauseous Nonsense in hopes to get him, than I would be a Drudge to an old Woman with rheumatic Eyes, hollow Teeth, and stinking Breath, for a Pension: Of all Rogues I would not be a Foolmonger.

BEAUGARD.

How well this Niceness becomes thee! I'd fain see thee e'en turn Parson in a Pet, o'purpose to rail at all those Vices which I know thou naturally art fond of. Why surely an old Lady's Pension need not be so despicable in the Eyes of a disbanded Officer, as times go, Friend.

COUR-

COURTINE.

I am glad, *Beaugard*, you think so.

BEAUGARD.

Why thou shalt think so too, Man; be rul'd by me, and I'll bring thee into good Company, Families, *Courtine*, Families, and such Families, where Formality's a Scandal, and Pleasure is the Business; where the Women are all wanton, and the Men are all witty, you Rogue.

COURTINE.

What some of your Worship's *Wapping* Acquaintance, that you made last time you came over for Recruits, and spirited away your Landlady's Daughter a Volunteering with you into *France*.

BEAUGARD.

I'll bring thee, *Courtine*, where Cuckoldom's in credit, and Leudness laudable, where thou shalt wallow in Pleasures and Preferments, revel all Day, and every Night lie in the Arms of melting Beauty, sweet as Roses, and as Springs refreshing.

COURTINE.

Pr'ythee don't talk thus; I had rather thou wouldst tell me where new Levies are to be rais'd: a Pox of Whores, when a Man has not Money to make 'em comfortable.

BEAUGARD.

That shall shower upon us in abundance; and for instance, know to thy everlasting Amazement, all this dropt out of the Clouds to-day!

COURTINE.

Ha! Gold by this Light!——

FOURBIN.

Out of the Clouds!——

BEAUGARD.

Ay, Gold! does it not smell of the sweet Hand that sent it? smell——smell you Dog—— [To Fourbin.
[Fourbin smells to the handful of Gold, and gathers up some pieces in his Mouth.

FOUR-

FOURBIN.

Truly, Sir, of heav'nly Sweetness, and very refreshing.

COURTINE.

Dear *Beaugard*, if thou hast any good Nature in thee; if thou wouldst not have me hang myself before my time, tell me where the Devil haunts that helpt thee to this, that I may go make a Bargain with him presently: Speak, speak, or I am a lost Man.

BEAUGARD.

Why thou must know this Devil, which I have given my Soul to already, and must I suppose have my Body very speedily, lives I know not where, and may for ought I know be a real Devil; but if it be, 'tis the best natur'd Devil under *Beelzebub's* Dominion, that I'll swear to.

COURTINE.

But how came the Gold, then?

BEAUGARD.

To deal freely with my Friend, I am lately happen'd into the Acquaintance of a very Reverend Pimp, as fine a discreet, sober, grey-bearded old Gentleman as one would wish, as good a natur'd public-spirited Person as the Nation holds; one that is never so happy as when he is bringing good People together, and promoting civil Understanding betwixt the Sexes: Nay, rather than want Employment, he will go from one end of the Town to t'other, to procure my Lord's little Dog to be civil to my Lady's little languishing Bitch.

COURTINE.

A very worthy Member of the Commonwealth!

BEAUGARD.

This noble Person one Day—but *Fourbin* can give you a more particular Account of the matter. Sweet Sir, if you please tell us the Story of the first Encounter betwixt you and Sir *Jolly Jumble*; you must know that's his Title.

FOURBIN.

Sir, it shall be done — Walking one Day upon the *Piazza* about three of the Clock i' th' Afternoon, to get
me

me a Stomach to my Dinner, I chanc'd to encounter a Person of goodly Presence, and worthy Appearance; his Beard and Hair white, grave and comely, his Countenance ruddy, plump, smooth and chearful: who perceiving me also equipt, as I am, with a Mein and Air which might well inform him I was a Person of no inconsiderable Quality, came very respectfully up to me, and after the usual Ceremonies between Persons of Parts and Breeding had past, very humbly enquir'd of me what it was o'Clock—I presently understood by the Question, that he was a Man of Parts and Business, told him, I did presume it was at most but nicely turn'd of three.

BEAUGARD.

Very Court-like, civil, quaint, and new, I think.

FOURBIN.

The freedom of Commerce encreasing, after some little inconsiderable Questions *pour passer le temps*, and so, he was pleas'd to offer me the courtesy of a Glass of Wine: I told him I very seldom drank, but if he so pleas'd, I would do myself the Honour to present him with a Dish of Meat at an Eating-House hard by, where I had an Interest.

COURTINE

Very well: I think this Squire of thine, *Beaugard*, is as accomplish'd a Person as any of the Employment I ever saw.

BEAUGARD.

Let the Rogue go on.

FOURBIN.

In short we agreed and went together: As soon as we entered the Room, I am your most humble Servant Sir, says he—I am the meanest of your Vassals, Sir, said I—I am very happy in lighting into the Acquaintance of so worthy a Gentleman as you appear to be, Sir, said he again—Worthy, Sir *Jolly*, then came I upon him again on t'other side (for you must know by that time I grop'd on his Title) I kiss your Hands from the
bottom

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Bottom of my Heart, which I shall be always ready to lay at your Feet.

COURTINE.

Well, *Fourbin*, and what reply'd the Knight then?

FOURBINE.

Nothing, he had nothing to say; his Sense was transported with admiration of my Parts: so we sat down, and after some pause, he desired to know by what Title he was to distinguish the Person that had so highly honoured him.

BEAUGARD.

That is as much as to say, Sir, whose Rascal you were.

FOURBIN.

Sir you may make as bold with your poor Slave as you please—I told him those that knew me well were pleas'd to call me the Chevalier *Fourbin*, that I was a Cadet of that antient Family the *Fourbons*; and that I had the Honour of serving the great Monarch of France in his Wars in *Flanders*, where I contracted great Familiarity and Intimacy with a gallant Officer of the *English* Troops in that Service, one Captain *Beaugard*.

BEAUGARD.

Oh, Sir, you did me too much Honour. What a true-bred Rogue's this!—

COURTINE.

Well, but the Money, *Fourbin*, the Money.

FOURBIN.

Beaugard, hum *Beaugard* says he!—ay it must be so, —a black Man, is he not?—ay, says I, blackish—a dark brown—full fac'd—yes—a fly subtle observing Eye?—the same—a strong-built well-made Man?—right—a devilish Fellow for a Wench, a devilish Fellow for a Wench, I warrant him; a thundering Rogue upon occasion, *Beaugard*! a thundring Fellow for a Wench, I must be acquainted with him.

COURTINE.

But to the Money, the Money, Man, that's the thing I would be acquainted withal.

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

This civil Gentleman of the Chevalier's Acquaintance comes yesterday Morning to my Lodging, and seeing my Picture in Miniature upon the Toilet, told me with the greatest Ecstasy in the World, that was the thing he came to me about: He told me there was a Lady of his Acquaintance had some favourable Thoughts of me, and I gad, says he, she's a Hummer; such a *Bona Roba* ha, ha, ha. So without more ado begs me to lend it him till Dinner (for we concluded to eat together) so away he scuttled with as great Joy as if he had found the Philosopher's Stone.

COURTINE.

Very well.

BEAUGARD.

At *Locker's* we met again: where after a thousand Grimaces to shew how much he was pleased, instead of my Picture, presents me with the Contents afore said; and told me the Lady desir'd me to accept of 'em for the Picture, which she was much transported withal, as well as with the Original.

COURTINE.

Ha!

BEAUGARD.

Now, whereabouts this taking Quality lies in me, the Devil take me, *Ned*, if I know: But the Fates, *Ned*, the Fates!

COURTINE.

A Curse on the Fates! Of all Strumpets, Fortune's the basest; 'twas Fortune made me a Soldier, a Rogue in red, the Grievance of the Nation; Fortune made the Peace just when we were upon the Brink of a War; then Fortune disbanded us, and lost us two Months Pay: Fortune gave us Debentures instead of ready Money, and by very good Fortune I sold mine, and lost heartily by it, in hopes the grinding ill-natur'd Dog that bought it will never get a Shilling for't.—

BEAU-

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BEAUGARD.

Leave off thy railing for shame, it looks like a Cur that barks for want of Bones. Come, Times may mend, and an honest Soldier be in fashion again——

COURTINE.

These greasy, fat, unwieldly wheezing Rogues that live at home, and brood over their Bags, when a Fit of Fear's upon 'em, then if one of us pass but by, all the Family is ready at the Door to cry, Heavens bless you, Sir, the Laird go along with you.

BEAUGARD.

Ah good Men, what pity 'tis such proper Gentlemen should ever be out of Employment.

COURTINE.

But when the Business is over, then every Parish Baud that goes but to a Conventicle twice a Week, and pays but Scot and Lot to the Parish, shall roar out, Fough, ye lousy Red-Coat Rake-hells! hout, ye Caterpillars, ye Locusts of the Nation; you are the Dogs that would enslave us all, plunder our Shops, and ravish our Daughters, ye Scoundrels.

BEAUGARD.

I must confess ravishing ought to be regulated, it would destroy Commerce, and many a good sober Matron about this Town might lose the selling of her Daughter's Maidenhead, which were a great Grievance to the People, and a particular Branch of Property lost. *Fourbin.*

FOURBIN.

Your Worship's Pleasure?

BEAUGARD.

Run like a Rogue as you are, and try to find Sir Jolly, and desire him to meet me at the *Blut-Posts* in the *Hay-market* about Twelve; we'll dine together: I must inquire farther into Yesterday's Adventure; in the mean time, *Ned*, here's half the Prize to be doing withal; old Friends must preserve Correspondence; we have shar'd good Fortune together, and bad shall never part us.

COUR-

COURTINE.

Well, thou wilt certainly die in a Ditch for this: Hast thou no more Grace than to be a true Friend? nay, to part with thy Money to thy Friend? I grant you, a Gentleman may swear and lye for his Friend, pimp for his Friend, hang for his Friend, and so forth; but to part with ready Money is the Devil.

BEAUGARD.

Stand aside, either I am mistaken, or yonder's Sir *Jolly* coming: Now *Courtine*, will I shew thee the Flower of Knighthood. Ah Sir *Jolly*!

Enter Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

My Hero! my Darling! my *Ganymede*! how dost thou? Strong! wanton! lusty! rampant! hah, ah, ah! She's thine, Boy, odd she's thine, plump, soft, smooth, wanton! hah, ah, ah! Ah Rogue! ah Rogue! here's Shoulders, here's Shape! there's a Foot and Leg, here's a Leg, here's a Leg——Qua-a-a-a-a.

[Squeaks like a Cat and tickles Beaugard's Legs.]

COURTINE.

What an old Goat's this?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Child, Child, Child, who's that? a Friend of thine? a Friend o' thine? A pretty Fellow, odd a very pretty Fellow, and a strong Dog I'll warrant him. How dost do, dear Heart? pry'thee let me kiss thee, I'll swear and vow I will kiss thee; ha, ha, he, he, he, he, a Toad, a Toad, oh Toa-a-a-ad——

BEAUGARD.

But the Lady, Sir *Jolly*, that Lady, how does the Lady, what says the Lady, Sir *Jolly*?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

What says the Lady! why she says—she says—odd she has a delicate Lip, such a Lip, so red, so hard, so plump, so blub; I fancy I am eating Cherries every time I think on't;

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and for her Neck and Breasts, and her——odds Life; I'll say no more, not a Word more, but I know, I know——

BEAUGARD.

I am sorry for that with all my Heart; do you know, say you, Sir, and would you put off your mumbled Orts, your Offal upon me?——

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Hush, hush, hush! have a care; as I live and breathe, not I; alack and well-a-day, I am a poor old Fellow, decay'd and undone: All's gone with me, Gentlemen, but my good Nature; odd I love to know how Matters go tho' now and then, to see a pretty Wench and a young Fellow touze and rouze and frouze and mouze; odd I love a young Fellow dearly, faith dearly——

COURTINE.

This is the most extraordinary Rogue I ever met withal.

BEAUGARD.

But Sir Jolly in the first place, you must know I have sworn never to marry.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

I would not have thee, Man, I am a Bachelor myself, and have been a Whore-Master all my Life; besides she's married already Man, her husband's an old greasy, untoward, ill-natur'd, slovenly, Tobacco-taking Cuckold; but plaguy jealous.

BEAUGARD.

Already a Cuckold, Sir Jolly.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

No, that shall be; my Boy, thou shalt make him one, and I'll pimp for thee, dear Heart; and shan't I hold the Door, shan't I peep? hah, shant I, you Devil, you little Dog, shan't I?

BEAUGARD.

What is't I'd not grant, to oblige my Patron?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

And then dost thou hear, I have a Lodging for thee

thee in own my House; dost hear old Soul, in my own House, she lives the very next Door, Man, there's but a Wall to part her Chamber and thine; and then for a peep-Hole, odds fish I have a peep-Hole for thee; 'sbud I'll shew thee, I'll shew thee——

BEAUGARD.

But when, Sir *Jolly*? I am in haste, impatient.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Why this very Night, Man; poor Rogue's in haste, poor Rogue; but hear you——

COURTINE.

The matter?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Shan't we dine together?

BEAUGARD.

With all my Heart.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

The Maw begins to empty, get you before, and speak Dinner at the *Blue-Posts*, while I stay behind and gather up a Dish of Whores for a Desert.

COURTINE.

Be sure that they be lewd, drunken, stripping Whores, Sir *Jolly*, that won't be affectedly squeamish and troublesome.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

I warrant you.

COURTINE.

I love a well disciplin'd Whore that shews all the Tricks of her Profession with a Wink, like an old Soldier that understands all his Exercise by beat of Drum.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ah Thief, say'st thou so! I must be better acquainted with that Fellow; he has a notable Nose, a hard brawny Carle—true and trusty, and Mettle I'll warrant him.

BEAUGARD.

Well, Sir *Jolly*, you'll not fail us?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Fail ye! am I a Knight? hark ye, Boys: I'll muster

this

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this Evening such a Regiment of rampant, roaring, roystrous Whores, that shall make more noise than if all the Cats in the *Hay-Market* were in Conjunction: Whores ye Rogues that shall swear with you, drink with you, talk bandy with you, fight with you, scratch with you, lie with you, and go to the Devil with you. Shan't we be very merry, hah!—

COURTINE.

As merry as Wine, Women and Wickedness can make us.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Odd that's well said again, very well said; as merry as Wine, Women and Wickedness can make us: I love a Fellow that's very wicked dearly; methinks there's a Spirit in him, there's a sort of tantara rara; tantara rara, ah, ah-h-h; well, and won't ye, when the Women come, won't ye, and shall I not see a little Sport amongst you? well get ye gone; ah Rogues, ah Rogues, da, da, I'll be with you, da, da— *[Ex. Beau. and Cour.]*

Enter several Whores, and three Bullies.

1 BULLY.

In the Name of Satan, what Whores are those in their Copper trim, yonder?

1 WHORE.

Well, I'll swear, Madam, 'tis the finest Evening: I love the *Mall* mightily.

2 BULLY.

Let's huzza the Bulkers.

2 WHORE.

Really, and so do I; because there's always good Company, and one meets with such Civilities from every body.

3 BULLY.

Damn'd Whores, hout ye filthies.

3 WHORE.

Ay, and then I love extremely to shew myself here, when I am very fine, to vex those poor Devils that call themselves Virtuous, and are very scandalous and crupish, I'll swear; O crimine, who's yonder! *Sir Jolly Jumble*, I row.

1 BULLY.

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1 *BULLY.*

Fogh ! let's leave the nasty Sows to Fools and Diseases.

1 *WHORE.*

Oh Papa, Papa ! where have you been these two Days, Papa ?

2 *WHORE.*

You are a precious Father indeed, to take no more care of your Children ; we might be dead for all you, you naughty Dady, you.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Dead, my poor Fables ! odd I had rather all the Relations I have were dead, a Dad I had : Get you gone you little Devils Bubbies ; oh Law there's Babbies ! odd I'll bite 'em, odd, I will.

1 *WHORE.*

Nay, fy, Papa, I'll swear you'll make me angry, except you carry us, and treat us to-night ; you have promis'd me a Treat this Week, won't you, Papa ?

2 *WHORE.*

Ay, won't you, Dad ?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Odds so, odds so, well remember'd ! get you gone, don't stay talking ; get you gone, yonder's a great Lord, the Lord *Beaugard*, and his Cousin the Baron, the Count, the Marquis, the Lord knows what, *Monsieur Courtine*, newly come to Town, odds so.

3 *WHORE.*

Oh Law, where Dady, where ? Oh dear, a Lord.

1 *WHORE.*

Well, you are the purest Papa ; but where be dey mun, Papa——

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

I won't tell you, you Gipsies, so I won't—except you tickle me —'sbud they are brave Fellows, all tall, and not a Bit small ; odd one of 'em has a devilish deal of Money.

1 *WHORE.*

Oh dear, but which is he, Papa ?

G 3

2 *WHORE.*

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2 *WHORE.*

Shan't I be in love with him, Dady?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

What no body tickle me! no body tickle me? not yet tickle me a little, *Mally*—tickle me a little, *Jenny*—do. He he, he, he, he, he—[*They tickle him.*] No more, oh dear, oh dear! poor Rogues, so, so, no more, nay, if you do, if you do, odd I'll, I'll, I'll—

3 *WHORE.*

What will you do trow?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Come along with me, come along with me, sneak after me at a distance, that no body take notice: swinging Fellows, *Mally*—swinging Fellows, *Jenny*, a devilish deal of Money: get you afore then you little Dipdappers, ye Wasps, ye Wagtails, get you gone; I say swinging Fellows— [Ex. *Sir Jolly, with the Whores.*]

Enter Lady DUNCE and SYLVIA.

Lady DUNCE.

Die a Maid, *Sylvia*, fy, for shame! what a scandalous Resolution's that? five thousand Pounds to your Portion, and leave it all to Hospitals, for the innocent Recreation hereafter of leading Apes in Hell? fy for shame!

SYLVIA.

Indeed such another charming Animal as your Consort, *Sir Davy*, might do much with me; 'tis an unspeakable Blessing to lie all Night by a Horse-load of Diseases; a beastly, unsavory, old groaning, grunting wheezing Wretch, that smells of the Grave he is going to already. From such a Curse, and Hair-cloth next my Skin, good Heaven deliver me.

Lady DUNCE.

Thou mistakest the use of a Husband, *Sylvia*. They are not meant for Bedfellows; heretofore indeed 'twas a fulsom Fashion, to lie o' Nights with a Husband; but the World's improved, and Custom's alter'd.

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

Pray instruct me then what the use of a Husband is,

Lady DUNCE.

Instead of a Gentleman Usher for Ceremonies sake to be in waiting on set Days, and particular Occasions; but the Friend, Cousin, is the jewel unvaluable.

SYLVIA.

But, Sir *Davy*, Madam, will be difficult to be so govern'd; I am mistaken if his Nature is not too jealous to be blinded.

Lady DUNCE.

So much the better; of all, the jealous Fool is easiest to be deceiv'd: For observe, where there's Jealousy there's always Fondness; which if a Woman, as she ought to do, will make the right use of, a Husband's Fears shall not so awake him on one side, as his Dotage shall blind him on the other.

SYLVIA.

Is your Piece of Mortality such a doting Doodle? is he so very fond of you?

Lady DUNCE.

No, but he has the Vanity to think that I am very fond of him; and if he be jealous, 'tis not so much for fear I do abuse, as that in time I may, and therefore imposes this Confinement on me; tho' he has other Divertisements that take him off from my Enjoyment, which make him so loathsome no Woman but must hate him.

SYLVIA.

His private Divertisements I am a Stranger to.

Lady DUNCE.

Then for his Person 'tis incomparably odious; he has such a Breath, one Kiss of him were enough to cure the Fits of the Mother, 'tis worse than *Assa Fetida*.

SYLVIA.

Oh hideous!

Lady DUNCE.

Every thing that's nasty he affects, clean Linen he says

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is unwholesom; and to make him more charming, he's continually eating of Garlic and chewing Tobacco.

SYLVIA.

Fogh! this is Love! this is the Blessing of Matrimony.

Lady DUNCE.

Rail not so unreasonably against Love, *Sylvia*. As I have dealt freely, and acknowledged to thee the Passion I have for *Beaugard*, so methinks, *Sylvia* need not conceal her good Thoughts of her Friend. Do not I know *Courtina* sticks in thy Stomach.

SYLVIA.

If he does I'll assure you he shall never get to my Heart. But can you have the Conscience to love another Man now you are married? What do you think will become of you?

Lady DUNCE.

I tell thee, *Sylvia*, I was never married to that Engine we have been talking of; my Parents indeed made me say something to him after a Priest once, but my Heart went not along with my Tongue. I minded not what it was: for my Thoughts, *Sylvia*, for these seven Years have been much better employ'd—*Beaugard*! Ah Curse on the Day that first sent him into France!

SYLVIA.

Why so, I beseech you?

Lady DUNCE.

Had he stay'd here, I had not been sacrificed to the Arms of this Monument of Man, for the Bed of Death could not be more cold, than his has been: he would have deliver'd me from the Monster, for even then I lov'd him, and was apt to think my Kindness not neglected.

SYLVIA.

I find indeed your Ladyship has good Thoughts of him.

Lady DUNCE.

Surely 'tis impossible to think too well of him, for he has Wit enough to call his Good-nature in question, and yet Good-nature enough to make his Wit suspected.

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.
But how do you hope ever to get sight of him? Sir
Davy's Watchfulness is invincible. I dare swear he would
smell out a Rival if he were in the House, only by na-
tural Instinct, as some that always sweat when a Cat's in the
Room. Then again, *Beaugard's* a Soldier, and that's a
thing the old Gentleman, you know loves dearly.

Lady DUNCE.

There lies the greatest Comfort of my uneasy Life;
he is one of those Fools forsooth, that are led by the
Nose by Knaves who rail against the King and the Go-
vernment, and is mightily fond of being thought of a
Party. I have had hopes this Twelve-month to have
heard of his being in the Gate-House for Treason.

SYLVIA.

But I find only yourself the Prisoner all this while.

Lady DUNCE.

At present indeed I am so; but Fortune I hope will
smile, wouldst thou but be my Friend, *Sylvia*.

SYLVIA.

In any mischievous Design with all my Heart.

Lady DUNCE.

The Conclusion, Madam, may turn to your Satisfac-
tion; but have you no Thoughts of *Courtine*?

SYLVIA.

Not I, I'll assure you, Cousin.

Lady DUNCE.

You don't think him well-shap'd, straight and pro-
portionable?

SYLVIA.

Considering he eats but once a Week, the Man is
well enough.

Lady DUNCE.

And then he wears his Clothes, you know filthily,
and like a horrid Sloven.

SYLVIA.

Filthily enough of all Conscience, with a threadbare

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red Coat, which his Taylor duns him for to this Day, over which a great broad greasy Buff-Belt, enough to turn any ones Stomach but a disbanded Soldier; a Peruke ty'd up in a Knot, to excuse its want of Combing; and then because he has been a Man at Arms, he must wear two Truffles of a Beard forsooth, to lodge a Dunghill of Snuff upon, to keep his Nose in good humour.

Lady DUNCE.

Nay, now I am sure that thou lovest him.

SYLVIA.

So far from it, that I protest eternally against the whole Sex.

Lady DUNCE.

That Time will best demonstrate, in the mean while to our Business.

SYLVIA.

As how, Madam?

Lady DUNCE.

To-night must I see *Beaugard*, they are this minute at Dinner in the *Hay-market*; now to make my evil Genius, that haunts me every where, my thing call'd a Husband, himself to assist his poor Wife at a dead list, I think would not be unpleasant.

SYLVIA.

But 'twill be impossible.

Lady DUNCE.

I am apt to be persuaded rather very easy; you know our good and friendly Neighbour, Sir *Jolly Duncce*.

SYLVIA.

Out on him Beast, he's always talking filthily to a body; if he sits but at the Table with one, he'll be making nasty Figures in the Napkins.

Lady DUNCE.

He and my sweet Yoke-Fellow are the most intimate Friends in the World; so that partly out of neighbourly Kindness, as well as the great delight he takes to be meddling with matters of this nature, with a great deal of Pains and Industry he has procur'd me *Beaugard's* Picture,

ture, and given him to understand how well a Friend of his in Petticoats, call'd myself, wishes him.

SYLVIA.

But what's all this to the making the Husband instrumental? for I must confess of all Creatures a Husband's the thing that's odious to me.

Lady DUNCE.

That must be done this Night: I'll instantly to my Chamber, take my Bed in a Pet, and send for Sir Davy.

SYLVIA.

But which way then must the Lover come?

Lady DUNCE.

Nay, I'll betray *Beaugard* to him, shew him the Picture he sent me, and beg of him as he tenders his own Honour, and my Quiet, to take some course to secure me from the scandalous Sollicitations of that impudent Fellow.

SYLVIA.

And so make him the Property, the Go-between, to bring the Affair to an Issue the more decently.

Lady DUNCE.

Right, *Sylvia*, 'tis the best Office a Husband can do a Wife; I mean an old Husband; bless us, to be yok'd in Wedlock with a Paralytic coughing decrepid Dotrel, to be a dry Nurse all ones life-time to an old Child of sixty-five, to lie by the Image of Death a whole Night, a dull Immoveable, that has no Sense of Life but thro' its Pains; the Pigeon's as happy that's laid to a sick Man's Feet, when the World has given him over: for my part this shall henceforth be my Prayer.

Curst be the Memory, nay doubly curst,

Of her that wedded Age for Interest first;

Tho' worn with Years, with fruitless Wishes full,

'Tis all Day troublesom, and all Night dull.

Who wed with Fools indeed lead happy Lives,

Fools are the fittest finest things for Wives;

Yet old Men Profit bring, as Fools bring Ease,

And both make Youth and Wit much better please.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Sir Jolly JUMBLE, BEAUGARD, COURTINE,
and FOURBIN.*

COURTINE.

SIR *Jolly* is the Glory of the Age.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Nay, now Sir, you honour me too far.

BEAUGARD.

He's the Delight of the young, and Wonder of the old.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

I swear Gentlemen you make me blush.

COURTINE.

He deserves a Statue in Gold, at the charge of the Kingdom.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Out upon't, fy for shame: I protest I'll leave your Company if you talk so; but faith they were Whores, daintily datiful Strumpets, ha! udds-bud, they'd—have stript for t'other Bottle.

BEAUGARD.

Truly, Sir *Jolly*, you are a Man of very extraordinary Discipline, I never saw Whores under better Command in my Life.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Fish, that's nothing Man, nothing; I can send for forty better when I please, Doxies that will skip, trip, leap, trip, and do any thing in the World, any thing, old Soul.

COURTINE.

Dear, dear Sir *Jolly*, where and when?

Sir JOLLY.

Odd as simple as I stand here, her Father was a Knight.

BEAU.

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BEAUGARD.

Indeed, Sir Jolly, a Knight say you?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ay, but a little decay'd: I'll assure you she's a very good Gentlewoman born.

COURTINE

Ay, and a very good Gentlewoman bred too.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ay, and so she is.

BEAUGARD.

But Sir Jolly, how goes my Business forward? when shall I have a view of this Quarry I am to fly at?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Alas-a-day, not so hasty; soft and fair, I beseech you. Ah, my little Son of Thunder, if thou hadst her in thy Arms now between a pair of Sheets, and I under the Bed to see fair Play, Boy; Gemini! what wou'd become of me? what wou'd become of me? there wou'd be Doings, oh lawd, I under the Bed!

BEAUGARD.

Or behind the Hangings, Sir Jolly, would not that do as well?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Oh no, under the Bed against the World, and then it would be very dark, hah!

BEAUGARD.

Dark to chuse!

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

No, but a little Light would do well, a small glimmering Lamp, just enough for me to steal a peep by; oh lamentable! oh lamentable, I won't speak a Word more; there would be a Trick! O rare! you Friend, O rare! odd so, not a Word more, odds so. Yonder comes the Monster that must be the Cuckold elect; step, step aside, and observe him: If I shou'd be seen in your Company, 'twould spoil all.

BEAUGARD.

For my part, I'll stand the meeting of him; one way to
pro-

to promote a good Understanding with a Wife, is first to get acquainted with her Husband.

Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Well, of all Blessings a discreet Wife is the greatest that can light upon a Man of Years: Had I been married to any thing but an Angel now, what a Beast had I been by this time? Well, I am the happiest old Fool! 'Tis a horrid Age that we live in, so that an honest Man can keep nothing to himself: If you have a good Estate, every covetous Rogue is longing for't, (truly I love a good Estate dearly myself!) if you have a handsom Wife, every smooth fac'd Coxcomb will be combing and cocking at her: Flesh Flies are not so troublesom to the Shambles, as those sort of Insects are to the Boxes in the Play-house. But Virtue is a great Blessing, an unvaluable Treasure, to tell me herself that a Villain had tempted her, and give me the very Picture, the Inchantment that he sent to bewitch her, it strikes me dumb with admiration: Here's the Villain in Effigy. [*Pulls out the Picture.*] Odd a very handsom Fellow, a dangerous Rogue, I'll warrant him: Such Fellows as these now should be fetter'd like unruly Colts, that they may not leap into other Mens pastures. Here's a Nose now, I could find in my Heart to cut it off; damn'd Dog, to dare to presume to make a Cuckold of a Knight! Bless us! what will this World come to! Well, poor Sir Davy, down, down upon thy Knees, and thank the Stars for thy Deliverance.

BEAUGARD.

'Sdeath! what's that I see? sure 'tis the very Picture which I sent by Sir Jolly; if so, by this Light I am damnably jilted. [*Aside.*]

Sir Davy DUNCE.

But now if—

BEAUGARD.

Surely he does not see us yet.

FOUR.

FOURBIN.

See you, Sir, why he has but one Eye, and we are on his blind side; I'll dumb-found him.

[Strikes him on the Shoulder.]

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Who the Devil's this? Sir, Sir, Sir, who are you, Sir?

BEAUGARD.

Ay, ay, 'tis the same; now a pox of all amorous Adventures: 'Sdeath, I'll go beat the impertinent Pimp that drew me into this Fooling.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sir, methinks you are very curious.

BEAUGARD.

Sir, perhaps I have an extraordinary reason to be so.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

And perhaps, Sir, I care not for you, nor your Reason neither.

BEAUGARD.

Sir, if you are at leisure, I would beg the Honour to speak with you.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

With me, Sir? what's your Business with me?

BEAUGARD.

I would not willingly be troublesome, tho' it may be I am so at this time.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

It may be so too, Sir,

BEAUGARD.

But to be known to so worthy a Person as you are would be so great an Honour, so extraordinary a Happiness, that I could not avoid taking this Opportunity of tendering you my Service.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Smooth Rogue, who the Devil is this Fellow? [Aside.] But Sir, you were pleased to nominate Business, Sir, I desire with what speed you can to know your Business, Sir, that I may go about my Business.

BEAU.

BEAUGARD.

Sir if I might with good Manners, I should be glad to inform myself, whose Picture that is, which you have in your Hand; methinks it is a very fine Painting.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Picture, Friend, Picture! Sir, 'tis a Resemblance of a very impudent Fellow, they call him Captain *Beaugard* forsooth, but he is in short a Rake-hell, a poor lousy, beggarly disbanded Devil; do you know him, Friend?—

BEAUGARD.

I think I have heard of such a Vagabond: the truth on't is, he is a very impudent Fellow.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, a damn'd Rogue.

BEAUGARD.

Oh a notorious Scoundrel.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I expect to hear he's hang'd by the next Sessions.

BEAUGARD.

The truth on't is, he has deserv'd it long ago; but did you ever see him, *Sir Davy*?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sir——does he know me?

[*Aside.*

BEAUGARD.

Because I fancy that Miniature is very much like him. Pray Sir, whence had it you?—

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Had it, Friend? had it! whence had it I!—bless us;

[*Compares the Picture with Beaugard's Face.*]
what have I done now? this is the very Traitor himself; if he should be desperate now, and put his Sword in my Guts!—slitting my Nose will be as bad as that. I have but one Eye left neither, and may be——Oh but this is the King's Court, odd that's well remember'd, he dares not but be civil here: I'll try to out-huff him. [*Aside.*]
Whence had it you?

BEAUGARD.

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BEAUGARD.

Ay, Sir, whence had it you? that's *English* in my Country, Sir.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Go, Sir, you are a Rascal.

BEAUGARD.

How!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sir, I say you are a Rascal, if you go to that—

BEAUGARD.

Sir, I am a Gentleman and a Soldier.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

So much the worse, Soldiers have been Cuckold-makers from the beginning; Sir, I care not what you are; for ought I know you may be a—come Sir, did I never see you? Answer me to that, did I never see you? for ought I know you may be a Jesuit; there were more in the last Army besides you.

BEAUGARD.

Of your Acquaintance, and be hang'd.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Yes to my knowledge, there were several at *Hounslow-Heath* disguised in dirty Petticoats, and cry'd Brandy; I knew a Serjeant of Foot that was familiar with one of them all Night in a Ditch, and fancy'd him a Woman, but the Devil is powerful.

BEAUGARD.

In short, you worthy Villain of Worship, that Picture is mine, and I must have it, or I shall take an Opportunity to kick your Worship most inhumanly.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Kick, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

Ay, Sir, kick, 'tis a Recreation I can shew you.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sir, I am a free-born Subject of *England*, and there are Laws look you, there are Laws; so I say you are a
Rascal

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Rascal again, and now how will you help yourself? poor Fool.

BEAUGARD.

Hark you, Friend, have you not a Wife?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I have a Lady, Sir—oh, and she's mightily taken with this Picture of yours; she was so mightily proud of it she could not forbear shewing it me, and telling too who it was sent it her.

BEAUGARD.

And has she been long a Jilt? has she practised the Trade for any time?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Trade! humph, what Trade? what Trade? Friend.

BEAUGARD.

Why the Trade of Whore and no Whore, Catterwauling in jest, putting out Christian Colours, when she's a Turk under Deck: A curse upon all honest Women in the Flesh, that are Whores in the Spirit.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Poor Devil, how he rails, ha, ha, ha: Look you, sweet Soul, as I told you before, there are Laws, there are Laws, but those are things not worthy your Consideration: Beauty's your Business. But, dear Vagabond, trouble thyself no further about my Spouse, let my Doxy rest in Peace, she's Meat for thy Master, old Boy; I have my Belly full of her every Night.

BEAUGARD.

Sir, I wish all your noble Family hang'd from the bottom of my Heart.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Moreover Captain Swash, I must tell you my Wife is an honest Woman, of a Virtuous Disposition, one that I have lov'd from her Infancy, and she deserves it by her faithful dealing in this Affair, for that she has discover'd loyally to me the treacherous Designs laid against her Chastity, and my Honour.

BEAU-

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BEAUGARD.

By this Light the Beast weeps! [*Aside.*

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Truly I cannot but weep for Joy, to think how happy I am in a sincere, faithful, and loving Yoke-fellow. She charg'd me too to tell you into the Bargain, that she is sufficiently satisfy'd of the most secret Wishes of your Heart.

BEAUGARD.

I am glad on't.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

And that 'tis her Desire, that you would trouble yourself no more about the matter.

BEAUGARD.

With all my Heart.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

But henceforward behave yourself with such Discretion as becomes a Gentleman.

BEAUGARD.

Oh to be sure, most exactly!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

And let her alone to make the best use of those innocent Freedoms I allow her, without putting her Reputation in hazard.

BEAUGARD.

As how, I beseech you——

Sir Davy DUNCE.

By your impertinent and unseasonable Address.

BEAUGARD,

And this News you bring me by a particular Commission from your sweet Lady.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Yea, Friend, I do; and she hopes you'll be sensible dear Heart, of her good meaning by it: These were her very Words, I neither add nor diminish, for Plain-dealing is my Mistress's Friend.

BEAU-

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BEAUGARD.

Then all the Curses I shall think on this Twelve-month
light on her, and as many more on the next Fool that
gives Credit to the Sex.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Well, certainly I am the happiest Toad; how melan-
choly the Monkey stands now? Poor Pug, hast thou lost her?

BEAUGARD.

To be so sordid a Jilt, to betray me to such a Beast as
that! Can she have any good Thoughts of such a Swine?
Damn her, had she abus'd me handsomely it had never
vex'd me.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Now, Sir, with your Permission I'll take my leave.

BEAUGARD.

Sir, if you were gone to the Devil, I should think
you very well disposed of.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

If you have any Letter, or other Commendation to
the Lady that was so charm'd with your Resemblance
there, it shall be very faithfully convey'd by——

BEAUGARD.

Fool.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Your humble Servant, Sir, I'm gone, I shall disturb
you no further; your most humble Servant, Sir. [*Exit.*

BEAUGARD.

Now Poverty, Plague, Pox, and Prison fall thick upon
the Head of thee! *Fourbin.*

FOURBIN.

Sir!——

BEAUGARD.

Thou hast been an extraordinary Rogue in thy time.

FOURBIN.

I hope I have lost nothing in your Honour's Service, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

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BEAUGARD.

Find out some way to revenge me on this old Rascal,
and if I do not make thee a Gentleman——

FOURBIN.

That you have been pleas'd to do long ago, I thank
you; for I am sure you have not left me one Shilling in
my Pocket these two Months.

BEAUGARD.

Here, here's for thee to revel withal.

FOURBIN.

Will your Honour please to have his Throat cut?

BEAUGARD,

With all my Heart.

FOURBIN.

Or would you have him decently hang'd at his own
Door, and then give out to the World he did it himself.

BEAUGARD.

That would do very well.

FOURBIN.

Or I think (to proceed with more safety) a good stale
Jakes were a very pretty Expedient.

BEAUGARD.

Excellent, excellent, *Fourbin.*

FOURBIN.

Leave Matters to my Discretion, and if I do not——

[*Exit.*

BEAUGARD.

I know thou wilt; go, go about it, prosper, and be
famous. Now ere I dare venture to meet *Courtine* again,
will I go by myself, rail for an Hour or two, and then be
good Company.

[*Exit.*

Enter COURTINE and SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

Take my word, Sir, you had better give this Business
over. I tell you, there's nothing in the World turns my
Stomach so much as the Man, that Man that makes love

to

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to me. I never saw one of your Sex in my Life make Love, but he look'd so like an Als all the while, that I blush'd for him.

COURTINE.

I am afraid your Ladyship then is one of those dangerous Creatures they call She-wits, who are always so mightily taken with admiring themselves, that nothing else is worth their Notice.

SYLVIA.

Oh! who can be so dull not to be ravish'd with that hoisterous Mein of yours? that ruffling Air in your Gate, that seems to cry where-e'er you go, make room, here comes the Captain: That Face, which bids defiance to the Weather. Bless us! if I were a poor Farmer's Wife in the Country now, and you wanted Quarters, how would it fright me? But as I am young, not very ugly; and one you never saw before, how lovingly it looks upon me!

COURTINE.

Who can forbear to sigh, look pale and languish, where Beauty and Wit unite both their Forces to enslave a Heart so tractable as mine is? First, for the modish Swim of your Body, the victorious Motion of your Arms and Head, the tofs of your Fan, the glancing of the Eyes; bless us! If I were a dainty fine drest Coxcomb, with a great Estate, and a little or no Wit, Vanity in abundance and good for nothing, how would they melt and soften me? but as I am a scandalous honest Rascal, not Fool enough to be your Sport, nor rich enough to be your Prey, how glotingly they look upon me!

SYLVIA.

Alas, alas! what pity 'tis your Honesty should ever do you hurt, or your Wit spoil your Preferment?

COURTINE.

Just as much, fair Lady, as that your Beauty should make you be envied at, or your Virtue provoke Scandal.

SYLVIA.

The more I look, the more I'm in love with you.

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COURTINE.

The more I look, the more I am out of love with you.

SYLVIA.

How my Heart swells when I see you!

COURTINE.

How my Stomach rises when I am near you!

SYLVIA.

Nay, then let's bargain.

COURTINE.

With all my Heart; what?

SYLVIA.

Not to fall in love with each other, I assure you, Monsieur Captain.

COURTINE.

But to hate one another constantly and cordially.

SYLVIA.

Always when you are drunk, I desire you to talk scandalously of me.

COURTINE.

Ay, and when I am sober too; in return whereof, whene'er you see a Coquet of your Acquaintance, and I chance to be named, be sure you spit at the filthy Remembrance, and rail at me as if you lov'd me.

SYLVIA.

In the next place, whene'er we meet in the Mall, I desire you to humph, put out your Tongue, make ugly Mouths, laugh aloud, and look back at me.

COURTINE.

Which if I chance to do, be sure at next Turning to pick up some taudry fluttering Pop or another——

SYLVIA.

That I made Acquaintance withal at the Musick-meeting.

COURTINE.

Right, just such another Spark to saunter by your side, with his Hat under his Arm.

SYLVIA.

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SYLVIA.

Hearkening to all the bitter things I can say to be revenged.

COURTINE.

Whilst the dull Rogue dare not so much as grin to oblige you, for fear of being beaten for it when he is out of his waiting.

SYLVIA.

Counterfeit your Letters from me.

COURTINE.

And you to be even with me for the Scandal, publish to all the World I offer'd to marry you.

SYLVIA.

Oh hideous Marriage!

COURTINE.

Horrid, horrid, Marriage!

SYLVIA.

Name, name no more of it.

COURTINE.

At that sad Word let's part.

SYLVIA.

Let's with all Men decrepid, dull and silly.

COURTINE.

And every Woman old and ugly.

SYLVIA.

Adieu! ———

COURTINE.

Farewel! ———

Enter a young Fellow affectedly dress'd, several others with him.

SYLVIA.

Ah me, Mr. Frisk!

FRISK.

Mademoiselle Sylvia! sincerely as I hope to be sav'd, the Devil take me, damn me, Madam, who's that?

SYLVIA.

Ha, ha, ha, hea.

[Exit with Frisk.

COUR-

COURTINE.

True to thy Failings always, Woman! how naturally is the Sex fond of a Rogue! What a Monster was that for a Woman to delight in? Now must I love her still, tho' I know I'm a Blockhead for't, and she'll use me like a Blockhead too, if I don't prevent her. What's to be done? I'll have three Whores a day, to keep Love out of my Head.

Enter BEAUGARD.

Beaugard, well met again? how go matters? handsomely!

BEAUGARD.

Oh, very handsomly! had you but seen how handsomly I was us'd just now, you would swear so. I have heard thee rail in my time, wou'd thou wou'dst exercise thy Talent a little at present.

COURTINE.

At what?

BEAUGARD.

Why, canst thou ever want a Subject? rail at thyself, rail at me, I deserve to be rail'd at: See there, what thinkest thou of that Engine, that moving Lump of Filthiness, miscall'd a Man?

A clumsy Fellow marches over the Stage dress'd like an Officer.

COURTINE.

Curse on him for a Rogue, I know him.

BEAUGARD.

So.

COURTINE.

The Rascal was a Retailer of Ale but yesterday, and now he is an Officer and be hang'd; 'tis a dainty Sight in a Morning to see him with his Toes turn'd in, drawing his Legs after him, at the head of a hundred lusty Fellows. Some honest Gentleman or other stays now, because that Dog had Money to bribe some corrupt Colonel withal.

Enter another gravely dress.

BEAUGARD.

There, there's another of my Acquaintance; he was my Father's Footman not long since, and has pimp'd for me oftner than he has pray'd for himself; that good Quality recommended him to a Nobleman's Service, which, together with flattering, fawning, lying, spying and informing, has rais'd him to an Employment of Trust and Reputation; tho' the Rogue can't write his Name, nor read his Neck-Verse, if he had occasion.

COURTINE.

'Tis as unreasonable to expect a Man of Sense should be preferr'd, as 'tis to think a Hector can be stout, a Priest religious, a fair Woman chaste, or a pardon'd Rebel loyal.

Enter two more seeming earnest in Discourse.

BEAUGARD.

That's seasonably thought on: Look there, observe but that Fellow on the right hand, the Rogue with the busiest Face of the two, I'll tell thee his History.

COURTINE.

I hope hanging will be the end of his History, so well I like him at the first sight.

BEAUGARD.

He was born a Vagabond, and no Parish own'd him; his Father was as obscure as his Mother public; every body knew her, and no body could guess at him.

COURTINE.

He comes of a very good Family, Heav'n be prais'd!

BEAUGARD.

The first thing he chose to rise by, was Rebellion; so a Rebel he grew, and flourish'd a Rebel, fought against his King, and help'd to bring him to the Block.

COURTINE.

And was he not religious too?

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

Most devoutly! He could pray till he cry'd, and preach till he foam'd; which excellent Talent made him popular, and at last preferr'd him to be a worthy Member of that never-to-be-forgotten Rump Parliament.

COURTINE.

Pray, Sir, be uncover'd at that, and remember it with Reverence.

BEAUGARD.

In short, he was a Committee-man, Sequestrator and Persecutor General of a whole County, by which he got enough at the King's Return to secure himself in the general Pardon.

COURTINE.

Nauseous Vermin! That such a Swine, with the Mark of Rebellion in his Forehead, should wallow in his Luxury, whilst honest Men are forgotten!

BEAUGARD.

Thus forgiven, thus rais'd, and made thus happy, the ungrateful Slave disowns the Hand that heal'd him, cherishes Factions to affront his Master, and once more would rebel against the Head, which so lately sav'd his from a Pole.

COURTINE.

What a dreadful Beard and swinging Sword he wears.

BEAUGARD.

'Tis to keep his Cowardice in countenance; the Rascal will endure kicking most temperately for all that; I know five or six more of the same stamp, that never come abroad without terrible long Spits by their sides, with which they will let you bore their own Noses if you please: But let the Villain be forgotten.

COURTINE.

His Co-Rogue I have some knowledge of; he's a tatter'd worm-eaten Case-putter, some call him Lawyer, one that takes it very ill he is not made a Judge.

BEAUGARD.

Yes, and is always repining that Men of Parts are not regarded.

COURTINE.

He has been a great Noise-maker in' factious Clubs these seven Years, and now I suppose he is courting that worshipful Rascal to make him Recorder of some factious Town.

BEAUGARD.

To teach Tallow-chandlers and Cheese-mongers how far they may rebel against their King, by virtue of *Magna Charta*.

COURTINE.

But, Friend *Beaugard*, methinks thou art very splenetick of a sudden: how goes the Affair of Love forward? prosperously, hah!

BEAUGARD.

Oh, I assure you most triumphantly; just now, you must know, I am parted with the sweet, civil, enchanted Lady's Husband.

COURTINE.

Well, and what says the Cuckold? is he very kind and good-natur'd, as Cuckolds use to be?

BEAUGARD.

Why, he says, *Courtine*, in short, that I am a very silly Fellow, (and truly I am very apt to believe him) and that I have been jilted in this Affair most unconscionably. A plague on all Pimps, I say, a Man's Business never thrives so well as when he is his own Solicitor.

Enter Sir Jolly JUMBLE and a Boy.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Hist, hist, Capt. Capt. Capt. Boy.

BOY.

Sir.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Run and get two Chairs presently; be sure you get two
Chair,

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Chairs, Sirrah, do you hear? Here's Luck, here's Luck; now or never, Captain; never if not now, Captain! here's Luck.

BEAUGARD.

Sir *Jelly*, no more Adventures, sweet Sir *Jelly*. I am like to have a very fine time on't truly.

Sir Jelly JUMBLE.

The best in the World, dear Dog, the very best in the World: 'Sbud she's here hard by, Man, stays on purpose for thee finely disguis'd. The Cuckold has lost her too; and no body knows any thing of the matter but I, no body but I; and I, you must know, I am I, hah! and I, you little Toad, hah!

BEAUGARD.

You are a very fine Gentleman.

Sir Jelly JUMBLE.

The best-natur'd Fellow I believe in the World of my Years! Now does my Heart so thump for fear this business should miscarry: Why, I'll warrant thee the Lady is here Man, she's all thy own; 'tis thy own Fault if thou art not in *Terra incognita* within this half hour: Come along, pr'ythee come along, fy for shame; what, make a Lady lose her longing! Come along, I say, you——out upon't.

BEAUGARD.

Sir, your humble. I shan't stir.

Sir Jelly JUMBLE.

What, not go!

BEAUGARD.

No, Sir; no Lady for me.

Sir Jelly JUMBLE.

Not go! I should laugh at that, Faith.

BEAUGARD.

No, I will assure you, not go, Sir.

Sir Jelly JUMBLE.

Away, you Wag, you jest; you jest, you Wag; not go, uotqha?

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BEAUGARD.

No, Sir, not go I tell you; what the Devil would you have more?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Nothing, nothing, Sir, but I'm a Gentleman.

BEAUGARD.

With all my Heart.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

And do you think then that I'll be us'd thus?

BEAUGARD.

Sir!

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Take away my Reputation, and take away my Life. I shall be disgrac'd for ever.

BEAUGARD.

I have not wrong'd you, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Not wrong'd me! but you shall find you have wrong'd me, and wrong'd a sweet Lady, and a fine Lady. — I shall never be trusted again! never have Employment more! I shall die of the Spleen. — Pr'ythee now be good-natur'd, pr'ythee be persuaded; odd I'll give thee this Ring, I'll give thee this Watch, 'tis Gold. I'll give thee any thing in the World, go.

BEAUGARD.

Not one Foot, Sir.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Now that I durst but murder him — Well, shall I fetch her to thee? what shall I do for thee?

Enter Lady DUNCE.

Odds fish, here she comes herself: Now you ill-natur'd Churl, now you Devil, look upon her; do but look upon her: what shall I say to her?

BEAUGARD.

E'en what you please, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

'Tis a very strange Monster this—Madam, this is the Gentleman, that's he, tho' (as one may say) he's something bashful, but I'll tell him who you are. [*Goes to Beaugard.*] If thou art not more cruel than Leopards, Lions, Tigers, Wolves, or *Tartars*, don't break my Heart, don't kill me; this Unkindness of thine goes to the Soul of me. [*Goes to the Lady.*] Madam, he says, he's so amaz'd at your triumphant Beauty, that he dares not approach the Excellence that shines from you.

Lady DUNCE.

What can be the meaning of all this?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Art thou then resolv'd to be remorseless? can'st thou be insensible? hast thou Eyes? hast thou a Heart? hast thou any thing thou shouldst have? Odd I'll tickle thee; get you to her, you Fool, get you to her, to her, to her, to her, ha, ha, ha.

Lady DUNCE.

Have you forgot me, *Beaugard*?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

So now, to her again; I say, to her, to her and be hang'd. Ah Rogue! ah Rogue! now, now, have at her now have at her; there it goes, there it goes, Hey—Boy!

Lady DUNCE.

Methinks this Face should not so much be alter'd, as to be nothing like what I once thought it, the Object of your Pleasure, and Subject of your Praises.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Cunning Toad! wheedling Jade! you shall see now how by degrees she'll draw him into the Whirl-pool of Love; now he leers upon her, now he leers upon her. O law! there's Eyes! there's Eyes! I must pinch him by the Calf of the Leg.

BEAUGARD.

Madam, I must confess I do remember that I had once an Acquaintance with a Face, whose Air and Beauty much

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resembled yours; and if I may trust my Heart, you are call'd *Clarinda*.

Lady DUNCE.

Clarinda I was call'd till my ill Fortune wedded me; Now you may have heard of me by another Title; your Friend there, I suppose, has made nothing a Secret to you.

BEAUGARD.

And are you then that kind enchanted fair one, who was so passionately in love with my Picture, that you could not forbear betraying me to the Beast your Husband, and wrong the Passion of a Gentleman that languish'd for you, only to make your Monster merry? Hark you, Madam, had your Fool been worth it, I had beaten him, and have a Month's mind to be exercising my Parts that way upon your Go-between, your Male-Bawd there.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ah Lord! ah Lord! all's spoil'd again, all's ruin'd, I shall be undone for ever! Why, what the Devil is the matter now? what have I done? what Sins have I committed?

[*Aside.*

Lady DUNCE.

And are you the passionate Adorer of our Sex, who cannot live a Week in *London* without loving? Are you the Spark that sends your Picture up and down to longing Ladies, longing for a Pattern of your Person?

BEAUGARD.

Yes, Madam, when I receive so good Hostages as these are, [*Shows the Gold.*] that it shall be well us'd. Cou'd you find no body but me to play the Fool withal?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Alack-a-day!

Lady DUNCE.

Could you pitch upon no body but that wretched Woman, that has lov'd you too well, to abuse thus?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

That ever I was born!

BEAU.

BEAUGARD.

Here, here, Madam, I'll return you your Dirt, I scorn your Wages, as I do your Service.

Lady DUNCE.

Fy for Shame, what, refund? that is not like a Soldier to refund: Keep, keep it to pay your Semstrefs withal.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

His Semstrefs, who the Devil is his Semstrefs Odd, what would I give to know that now! [*Aside.*]

Lady DUNCE.

There was a Ring too, which I sent you this Afternoon; if that fit not your Finger, you may dispose of it some other way, where it may give no occasion of Scandal, and you'll do well.

BEAUGARD.

A Ring, Madam!

Lady DUNCE.

A small Trifle; I suppose Sir *Davy* deliver'd it to you, when he return'd you your Miniature.

BEAUGARD.

I beseech you, Madam!

Lady DUNCE.

Farewel, you Traitor.

BEAUGARD.

As I hope to be fav'd, and upon the Word of a Gentleman.

Lady DUNCE.

Go, you are a false ungrateful Brute; and trouble me no more. [*Exit.*]

BEAUGARD.

Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ah, thou Rebel!

BEAUGARD.

Some Advice, some Advice, dear Friend, ere I'm ruin'd.

H 5

Sir

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ev'n two pennyworth of Hemp for your Honour's Supper, that's all the Remedy that I know.

BEAUGARD.

But pr'ythee hear a little Reason.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

No, Sir, I have done; no more to be said, I have done; I am asham'd of you, I'll have no more to say to you, I'll never see your Face again, good b'w'y.

[*Exit Sir Jolly.*]

BEAUGARD.

Death and the Devil, what have my Stars been doing to-day? a Ring! deliver'd by Sir Davy—what can that mean?—Pox on her for a Jilt, she lyes, and has a mind to amuse and laugh at me a day or two longer. Hift, here comes her Beast once more: I'll use him civilly and try what Discovery I can make.

Enter Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ha, ha, ha! here's the Captain's Jewel; very well: In troth I had like to have forgotten it. Ha, ha, ha!—how damnable mad he'll be now, when I shall deliver him his Ring again, ha, ha!—Poor Dog, he'll hang himself at least, ha, ha, ha!—Faith, 'tis a very pretty Stone, and finely set: Humph! if I should keep it now?—I'll say I have lost it: No, I'll give it him again, o'purpose to vex him, ha, ha, ha.

BEAUGARD.

Sir Davy, I am heartily sorry—

Sir Davy DUNCE.

O Sir, 'tis you I was seeking for, ha, ha, ha. What shall I say to him now to terrify him? [*Aside.*]

BEAUGARD.

Me, Sir!—

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, you, Sir, if your Name be Captain Beaugard. Now like a Fool he looks already?—

[*Aside.*]

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

What you please, Sir.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sir, I would speak a word with you, if you think fit.
What shall I do now to keep my Countenance? [*Afide.*]

BEAUGARD.

Can I be so happy, Sir, as to be able to serve you in any thing?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No, Sir; ha, ha, ha: I have Commands of Service to you, Sir; O Lord, ha, ha, ha.

BEAUGARD.

Me, Sir!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, Sir; you, Sir: But put on your Hat, Friend, put on your Hat; be cover'd.

BEAUGARD.

Sir, will you please to sit down on this Bank?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No, no, there's no need, no need; for all I have a young Wife, I can stand upon my Legs, Sweet-heart.

BEAUGARD.

Sir, I beseech you.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

By no means; I think Friend, we had some hard Words just now, 'twas about a paltry Baggage, but she's a pretty Baggage, and a witty Baggage, and a Baggage that——

BEAUGARD.

Sir, I am heartily asham'd of all Misdemeanor on my Side.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

You do well; tho' are you not a damn'd Whore-master, a devilish Cuckold-making Fellow? here, here, do you see this! here's the Ring you sent a roguing; Sir, do you think my Wife wants any thing that you can help her to?——Why I'll warrant you this Ring cost
fifty

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fifty Pounds; What a Prodigal Fellow are you to throw away so much Money; or didst thou steal it, old Boy? I believe thou may'st be poor, I'll lend thee Money upon't, if thou think'st fit, at thirty in the hundred, because I love thee, ha, ha, ha.

BEAUGARD.

Sir, your humble Servant, I am sorry 'twas not worth your Lady's Acceptance. Now what a Dog am I!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I should have given it thee before, but faith I forgot it, tho' it was not my Wife's Fault in the least; for she says, as thou likest this Usage, she hopes to have thy Custom again Child; ha, ha, ha.

BEAUGARD.

Then Sir, I beseech you tell her, that you have made a Convert of me, and that I am so sensible of my insolent Behaviour towards her——

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Very well, I shall do it.

BEAUGARD.

That 'tis impossible I shall ever be at peace with myself, till I find some way how to make her Reparation.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Very good, ha, ha, ha.

BEAUGARD.

And that if ever she find me guilty of the like Offence again——

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No, Sir, you had not best; but proceed, ha, ha, ha.

BEAUGARD.

Let her banish all good Opinion of me for ever.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No more to be said, your Servant, good b'w'y.

BEAUGARD.

One Word more, I beseech you, Sir Davy.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

What's that?

BEAU.

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BEAUGARD.

I beg you tell her that the generous Reproof she has given me has so wrought upon me——

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Well, I will.

BEAUGARD.

That I esteem this Jewel not only as a Wreck redeem'd from my Folly, but that for her sake I will preserve it to the utmost Moment of my Life.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

With all my Heart, I vow and swear.

BEAUGARD.

And that I long to convince her I am not the Brute she might mistake me for.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Right; well, this will make the purest sport [*Aside.* Let me see; first you acknowledge yourself to be a very impudent Fellow.

BEAUGARD.

I do so, Sir.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

And that you shall never be at rest, till you have satisfy'd my Lady.

BEAUGARD.

Right, Sir.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Satisfy'd her! very good, ha, ha, ha, and that you will never play the Fool any more. Be sure you keep your word, Friend.

BEAUGARD.

Never, Sir.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

And that you will keep that Ring for her sake, as long as you live, ha!——

BEAUGARD.

To the Day of my Death, I'll assure you.

Sir

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Sir Davy DUNCE.

I protest that will be very kindly done—and that you long mightily, long to let her understand that you are another-guess Fellow than she may take you for.

BEAUGARD.

Exactly Sir, that is the Sum and End of my Desires.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

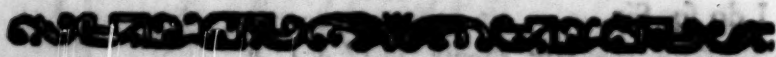
Well I'll take care of your Business, I'll do your Business, I'll warrant you; this will be the purest sport when I come home! [*Aside.*] Well your Servant, remember, be sure you remember: Your Servant. [*Exit.*]

BEAUGARD.

So, now I find a Husband is a delicate Instrument rightly made use of;—To make her old jealous Coxcomb pimp for me himself, I think is as worthy an Employment as such a noble Consort can be put to.

Ah were ye all such Husbands and such Wives,

We younger Brothers should lead better Lives. [*Exit.*]



A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *Covent-Garden.*

Enter SYLVIA and COURTINE.

SYLVIA.

TO fall in love, and to fall in love with a Soldier, nay a disbanded Soldier too, a Fellow with the Mark of *Cain* upon him, which every body knows him by, and is ready to throw Stones at him for.

COURTINE.

Damn her, I shall never enjoy her without ravishing; if she were but very rich and very ugly, I would marry her. Ay, 'tis she, I know her mischievous Look too well to be mistaken in it—Madam!—

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

Sir.

COURTINE.

'Tis a very hard Case, that you have resolv'd not to let me be quiet.

SYLVIA.

'Tis very unreasonably done of you, Sir, to haunt me up and down every where at this scandalous rate; the World will think we are acquainted, shortly.

COURTINE.

But, Madam, I shall fairly take more care of my Reputation, and from this time forward shun and avoid you most watchfully.

SYLVIA.

Have you not haunted this Place these two Hours?

COURTINE.

'Twas because I knew it to be your Ladyship's Home then, and therefore might reasonably be the place you least of all frequented; one would imagine you were gone a Coxcomb hunting by this time, to some place of public Appearance or other; 'tis pretty near the Hour, 'twill be Twilight presently, and then the Owls come all abroad.

SYLVIA.

What need I take the Trouble to go so far a Foul-ing, when there's Game enough at our own Doors?

COURTINE.

What, Game for your Net, fair Lady?

SYLVIA.

Yes, or any Woman's Net else, that will spread it.

COURTINE.

To shew you how despicably I think of the Business, I will here leave you presently, tho' I lose the Pleasure of railing at you.

SYLVIA.

Do so, I would advise you; your Raillery betrays your Wit, as bad as your clumsy Civility does your Breeding.

COURTINE.

Adieu!

SYL

SYLVIA.

Farewel! ———

COURTINE.

Why do not you go about your Business?

SYLVIA.

Because I would be sure to be rid of you first, that you might not dog me.

COURTINE.

Were it but possible that you could answer me one Question truly, and then I should be satisfy'd.

SYLVIA.

Any thing for composition to be rid of you handsomly.

COURTINE.

Are you really very honest? Look in my Face, and tell me that.

SYLVIA.

Look in your Face and tell you, for what? To spoil my Stomach to my Supper?

COURTINE.

No, but to get thee a Stomach to thy Bed, Sweet-heart; I would if possible be better acquainted with thee, because thou art very ill-natur'd.

SYLVIA.

Your only way to bring that Business about effectually, is to be more troublesome; and if you think it worth your while to be abus'd substantially, you may make your personal Appearance this Night.

COURTINE.

How? where? and when? and what Hour, I beseech thee?

SYLVIA.

Under the Window, between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve exactly.

COURTINE.

Where shall those lovely Eyes and Ears Hear my Complaints, and see my Tears.

SYL

The SOLDIER'S FORTUNE. 185

SYLVIA.

At that kind Hour thy Griefs shall end,
If thou canst know thy Foe from—Friend. *[Exit.]*

COURTINE.

Here's another Trick of the Devil now; under that Window between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve exactly. I am a damn'd Fool, and must go; let me see; suppose I meet with a lusty beating: pish, that's nothing for a Man that's in love; or suppose she contrive some way to make a public Coxcomb of me, and expose me to the scorn of the World, for an Example to all amorous Block-heads hereafter? why if she do, I'll swear I have lain with her; beat her Relations, if they pretend to vindicate her; and so there's one love Intrigue pretty well over. *[Exit.]*

Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE and VERMIN.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Go get you into your Lady now, and tell her I am coming.

VERMIN.

Her Ladyship, Right-worshipful, is pleas'd not to be at home.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

How's that? my Lady not at home! run, run in and ask when she went forth, where she is gone, and who is with her; run and ask, *Vermin.*

VERMIN.

She went out in her Chair presently after you this Afternoon.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Then I may be a Cuckold still for ought I know: What will become of me? I have surely lost, and ne'er shall find her more; she promis'd me strictly to stay at home till I came back again; for ought I know she may be up three Pair of Stairs in the *Temple* now.

VERMIN.

Is her Ladyship in Law then, Sir?

Sir

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Sir Davy DUNCE.

Or it may be taking the Air as far as *Knights-Bridge* with some smooth-fac'd Rogue or another: 'Tis a damn'd House, that *Swan*, that *Swan* at *Knights-bridge* is a confounded House, *Vermin*.

VERMIN.

Do you think she is there then?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No, I do not think she is there neither; but such a thing may be, you know; would that *Barn-Elms* was under Water too, there's a thousand Cutkolds a Year made at *Barn-Elms*, by *Resamond's Ponds*: the Devil if she shou'd be there this Evening, my Heart's broke.

Enter Sir JOLLY.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

That must be *Sir Davy*; ay, that's he, that's he, ha, ha, ha, was ever the like heard of? was ever any thing so pleasant?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I'll lock her up three Days and three Nights without Meat, Drink, or Light; I'll humble her in the Devil's Name.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Well, cou'd I but meet my Friend *Sir Davy*, it would be the joyfullest News for him——

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Who's there that has any thing to say to me?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ah my Friend of Friends, such News, such Tidings!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I have lost my Wife, Man.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Lost her! she's not dead, I hope?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Yes. Alas, she's dead, irrecoverably lost.

Sir

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Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Why I parted with her within this half Hour.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Did you so, are you sure it was she? where was it?
I'll have my Lord Chief-Justice's Warrant and a Constable presently.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

And she made the purest Sport now with a young Fellow, Man, that she met withal accidentally.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Oh Lord! that's worse and worse! a young Fellow! —my Wife making Sport with a young Fellow! Oh Lord! here are Doing's, here are Vagaries! I'll run mad. I'll climb *Bow-Steeples* presently, beside the Dragon, and preach Cuckoldom to the whole City.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

The best of all was too, that it happen'd to be an idle Coxcomb that pretended to be in love with her, Neighbour.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Indeed, in love with her! who was it? what's his Name? I warrant you won't tell a Body. —I'll indite him in the Crown-Office; no I'll issue Warrants to apprehend him for Treason upon the Statute of *Edw. 19.* won't you tell me what young Fellow it was? was it a very handsom young Fellow, hah——

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Handsom? Yes, hang him. The Fellow's handsom enough; he is not very handsom neither, but he has a devilish leering black Eye.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Oh Lord!

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

His Face too is a good riding Face; 'tis no soft effeminate Complexion indeed, but his Countenance is ruddy sanguine, and chearful; a devilish Fellow in a Corner I'll warrant him.

Sir

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Bless us! what will become of me? why the Devil did I marry a young Wife? Is he very well shap'd too, tall, straight and proportionable, hah!——

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Tall? No, he's not very tall neither, yet he is tall enough too: he's none of your overgrown lubberly *Flanders* Jades, but more of the true *English* Breed, well knit, able and fit for Service, old Boy; the Fellow is well shap'd truly, very well proportion'd, strong and active. I have seen the Rogue leap like a Buck.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Who can this be? Well, and what think you, Friend, has he been there! Come, come, I'm sensible she's a young Woman; and I am an old Fellow, troth, a very old Fellow, I signify little or nothing now. But do you think he has prevail'd? am I a Cuckold, Neighbour?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Cuckold! what, a Cuckold in *Covent-Garden*? No, I'll assure you, I believe her to be the most virtuous Woman in the World; but if you had but seen——

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, wou'd I had, what was it?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

How like a Rogue she us'd him: First of all comes up the Spark to her, Madam, says he——and then he bows down, thus——How now, says she, what would the impertinent Fellow have?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Humph? ha! well, and what then?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Madam, says he again (bowing as he did before) my Heart is so entirely yours, that except you take pity of my Sufferings, I must here die at your Feet.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

So, and what said she again, Neighbour, hah!

Sir

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Go, you are a Fop.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ha, ha, ha, did she indeed? Did she say so indeed? I am glad on't, troth I am very glad on't; well, and what next? And how, and well, and what? ha!—

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Madam, says he, this won't do, I am your humble Servant for all this; you may pretend to be as ill-natur'd as you please, but I shall make bold.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Was there ever such an impudent Fellow?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

With that, Sirrah, says she, you are a saucy Jackanapes, and I'll have you kick'd.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ha, ha, ha! Well, I wou'd not be unmarried again to be an Angel.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

But the best Jest of all was, who this should be at last.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, who indeed! I'll warrant you some silly Fellow or other, poor Fool!

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

E'en a scandalous Rake-hell that lingers up and down the Town by the Name of Captain *Beaugard*; but he has been a bloody Cuckold-making Scoundrel in his time.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Hang him, Sot, is it he? I don't value him this, not a wet Finger, Man; to my Knowledge she hates him, she scorns him, Neighbour, I know it, I am very well satisfy'd in the Point; besides, I have seen him since that, and have out-hector'd him: I am to tell her from his own Mouth, that he promises never to affront her more.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Indeed!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, ay——

Enter

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Enter Lady DUNCE, paying her Chairman.

CHAIRMAN.

God bless you, Madam, thank your Honour.

Sir Jolly YUMBLE.

Hush, hush, there's my Lady, I'll be gone, I'll not be seen, your humble Servant, God b'w'y.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No Faith, Sir *Jolly*, e'en go into my House now, and stay Supper with me, we han't supp'd together a great while.

Sir Jolly YUMBLE.

Ha! say you so? I don't care if I do, faith, with all my Heart; this may give me an Opportunity to set all things right again. *[Aside]*

Sir Davy DUNCE.

My Dear,

Lady DUNCE.

Sir!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

You have been abroad, my Dear, I see.

Lady DUNCE.

Only for a little Air, truly I was almost stifled within Doors, I hope you will not be angry, Sir *Davy*, will you?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Angry, Child! no Child, not I; what should I be angry for?

Lady DUNCE.

I wonder, Sir *Davy*, you will serve me at this rate. Did you not promise me to go in my behalf to *Beaugard*, and correct him according to my Instructions for his Insolence?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

So I did, Child; I have been with him, Sweetheart, I have told him all to a Tittle, I gave him back again the Picture too; but as the Devil would have it, I forgot the Ring, faith I did.

Lady

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Lady DUNCE.

Did you purpose, Sir, *Sedem*, to render me ridiculous to the Man I abominate? what scandalous Interpretation, think you, must he make of my retaining any Trifle of his, sent me on so dishonourable Terms?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Really, my Lamb, thou art in the right; yes, I went back afterwards, dear Heart, and did the Business to some purpose.

Lady DUNCE.

I am glad that you did, with all my Heart.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I gave him his Lesson, I'll warrant him.

Lady DUNCE.

Lesson! what Lesson had you to give him?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Why, I told him as he lik'd that Usage he might come again; ha, ha, ha.

Lady DUNCE.

Ay, and so let him.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

With all my Heart, I'll give him free leave, or hang me; tho' thou wouldst not imagine how the poor Devil's alter'd. La, you there now, but as certainly as I stand here, that Man is troubled that he swears he shall not rest Day nor Night, till he has satisfied thee; pr'ythee be satisfied with him if it is possible, my Dear, pr'ythee do. I promis'd him before I left him to tell thee as much: for the poor Wretch looks so simply, I cou'd not chuse but pity him, I vow and swear, ha, ha, ha.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Nbw, now, you little Witch, now you Chitsface; odd I could find in my Heart to put my little Finger in your Bubbica.

Lady DUNCE.

Sir Davy, I must tell you, that I cannot but resent your so soon Reconcilement with a Man that I hate worse
than

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than Death, and that if you lov'd me with half that Tenderness which you profess, you wou'd not forget an Affront so palpably and so basely offer'd me.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Why Chicken, where's the Remedy? What's to be done? How wouldst thou have me deal with him?

Lady DUNCE.

Cut his Throat.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Bless us for ever! cut his Throat! what, do Murder?

Lady DUNCE.

Murder, yes, any thing to such an incorrigible Enemy of your Honour, one that has resolv'd to persist in abusing of you; see here this Letter, this I receiv'd since I last parted with you; just now it was thrown into my Chair by an impudent Lacquey of his, kept o' purpose for such Employments.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Let me see: A Letter indeed!—for the Lady Dunces damn'd Rogue, treacherous Dog, what can he say in the Inside now? here's a Villain.

Lady DUNCE.

Yes, you had best break it open, you had so; 'tis like the rest of your Discretion.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Lady, if I have an Enemy, it is best for me to know what Mischief he intends me; therefore, with your Leave, I will break it open.

Lady DUNCE.

Do, do, to have him believe that I was pleas'd enough with it to do it myself: if you have the Spirit of a Gentleman in you, carry it back, and dash it, as it is, in the Face of that audacious Fellow.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

What can be the Meaning of this now?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

A Gentleman, yes, Madam, I am a Gentleman, and the

the World shall find that I am a Gentleman,——
I have certainly the best Woman in the World.

Lady DUNCE.

What do you think must be the end of all this? I have no Refuge in the World, but your Kindness: had I a jealous Husband now, how miserable must my Life be?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ah Rogues Nose! ah Devil! ah Toad! cunning Thief, wheedling Slut, I'll bite her by and by.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Poor Fool! no Dear, I am not jealous, nor never will be jealous of thee: Do what thou wilt thou shall not make me jealous: I love thee too well to suspect thee.

Lady DUNCE.

Ah, but how long will you do so?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

How long? as long as I live I warrant thee, I—— don't talk to a Body so: I cannot hold if thou dost, my Eyes will run over, poor Fool! poor Birdsnies! poor Lambkin!

Lady DUNCE.

But will you be so kind to me to answer my Desires? will you once more endeavour to make that Traitor sensible that I have too just an Esteem of you, not to value his Addresses as they deserve?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, ay, I will.

Lady DUNCE.

But don't stay away too long, Dear; make what haste ye can, I shall be in pain till I see you again.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

My Dear, my Love, my Babby, I'll be with thee in a Moment: How happy am I above the rest of Men! Neighbour, dear Neighbour, walk in with my Wife, and keep her Company 'till I return again. Child, don't be troubled, pr'ythee don't be troubled, was there ever such a Wife? well, da, da, da: don't be troubled, pr'ythee don't be troubled, pr'ythee don't be troubled, da, da. [Ex.

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Lady DUNCE.

Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Don't be troubled, pr'ythee don't be troubled, da, da.

Lady DUNCE.

But Sir, Jolly, can you guess whereabouts my wand'ring Officer may be probably found now?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Found, Lady? he is to be found, Madam, he is to be at my House presently, Lady, he's certainly one of the finest Fellows in the World.

Lady DUNCE.

You speak like a Friend, Sir Jolly.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

His Friend, Lady; no Madam, his Foe, his utter Enemy, I shall be his Ruin, I shall undo him.

Lady DUNCE.

You may, if you please: then come both and play at Cards this Evening with me for an Hour or two; for I have contriv'd it so, that Sir Davy is to be abroad at Supper to-night, he cannot avoid it; I long to win some of the Captain's Money strangely.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Do you so, my Gamester? Well, I'll be sure to bring him, and for what he carries about him I'll warrant you ——— odd he's a pretty Fellow, a very pretty Fellow, he has only one Fault.

Lady DUNCE.

And what is that I beseech you, Sir?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Only too loving, too good-natur'd, that's all; 'tis certainly the best-natur'd Fool breathing, that's all his Fault,

Lady DUNCE.

Hist, hist, I think I see Company coming; if you please, Sir Jolly, we'll go in.

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Enter BEAUGARD followed by Sir DAVY and VERMIN.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Mum, mum, 'tis he himself, the very same; odds so, Sir Davy after him too, hush, hush, hush, let us be gone, let us retire; do but look upon him now, mind him a little, there's a Shape, there's an Air, there's a Motion! Ah Rogue, ah Devil, get you in, get you in I say, there's a Shape for you.

[Exit Sir Jolly Jumble and L. DUNCE.]
BEAUGARD.

What the Devil shall I do to recover this Day's Loss again? my honourable Pimp too, my Pander Knight has forsaken me; methinks I am quandary'd, like one going with a Party to discover the Enemy's Camp, but had lost his Guide upon the Mountains: Curse on him, old *Argos* is here again: there can be no good Fortune towards me when he's at my Heel.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sir, Sir, Sir, one Word with you, Sir! Captain, Captain, noble Captain, one Word I beseech you.

BEAUGARD.

With me, Friend?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Yes with you, my no Friend.

BEAUGARD.

Sir Davy, my Intimate, my Bosom Physician—

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ah Rogue! damn'd Rogue!

BEAUGARD.

My Confessor, my dearest Friend I ever had—

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Dainty Wheedle, here's a Fellow for ye.

BEAUGARD.

One that has taught me to be in love with Virtue, and shewn me the ugly Inside of my Follies.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Your humble Servant.

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BEAUGARD.

Is that all? if you are as cold in your Love as you are in your Friendship, Sir *Davy*, your Lady has the worst time on't of any one in *Christendom*.

Sir Davy DUNC E.

So she has, Sir, when she cannot be free from the insolent Sollicitations of such Fellows as you are, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

As me, Sir? why, who am I, good Sir Domine Doddle-pate?

Sir Davy DUNC E.

So, take notice he threatens me, I'll have him bound to the Peace instantly; will you never have remorse of Conscience, Friend? have you banish'd all Shame from your Soul? Do you consider my Name is Sir *Davy Dunc*? that I have the most virtuous Wife living? Do you consider that? Now how like a Rogue he looks again? what a Hang-dog Leer was that?

BEAUGARD.

Your virtuous Wife, Sir! you are always harping upon that String, Sir *Davy*.

Sir Davy DUNC E.

No, 'tis you wou'd be harping upon that String, Sir; see you this? cast your Eyes upon this, this Letter, Sir; did not you promise this very Day, to abandon all manner of Proceedings of this Nature, tending to the Dishonour of me and my Family?

BEAUGARD.

Letter, Sir? what the Devil does he mean now? Let me see, for the Lady *Dunc*; this is no Scrawl of mine, I'll be sworn; by *Jove*, her own Hand! What a Dog was I! forty to one but I had play'd the Fool, and spoil'd all again. Was there ever so charming a Creature breathing?—Did your Lady deliver this to your Hands, Sir.

Sir Davy DUNC E.

Ev'n her own self in Person, Sir, and bade me tell you, Sir, that she has too just an Esteem of me, Sir, not to value such a Fellow as you are, as you deserve.

BEAU.

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BEAUGARD.

Very good: [*Reads the Letter.*] I doubt not But this Letter will surprize you——(in troth, and so it does extremely) but reflect upon the manner of conveying it to your Hand as kindly as you can.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay a damn'd Thief, to have it thrown into the Chair by a Footman.

BEAUGARD.

[*Reads.*] Would Sir Davy were but half so kind to you as I am.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Say you so, insinuating Knave!

BEAUGARD.

But he, I am satisfy'd, is so severely jealous, that except you contrive some way to let me see you this Evening, I fear all will be hopeless.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Impudent Traitor, I might have been a Monster yet before I had got my Supper in my Belly.

BEAUGARD.

In order to which either appear yourself, or somebody for you, half an Hour hence in the Piazza, when more may be consider'd of. Adieu.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Thanks to you, noble Sir, with all my Heart; you are come I see accordingly, but as a Friend I am bound in Conscience to tell you the Business won't do, the Trick won't pass, Friend; you may put up your Pipes, and march off: Oh Lord! he lie with my Wife, Pugh, he makes Sir Davy Dance a Cuckold, poor Wretch, ha, ha, ha.

[*Exit Beau.*]

Sir Jelly JUMBLE.

Hift, hift, hift.

Enter Lady DUNCE, and FOURBIN disguised.

Lady DUNCE.

That's he, there he is: succeed, and be rewarded.

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FOURBIN.

Other People may think what they please; but in my own Opinion, I am a very pretty Fellow now; if my Design but succeed upon this old Baboon, I'll be canoniz'd. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Friend! with me? Wou'd you speak with me, Friend?

FOURBIN.

Sir, my Commands were to attend your Worship.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Beaugard, Beaugard, hist, hist, here, here, quickly, hist.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Where do you live, Sweet-heart, and who do you belong to?

FOURBIN.

Sir, I am a small Instrument of the City, I serve the Lord-Mayor in his Office there.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

How! the Lord-Mayor!

FOURBIN.

Yes, Sir, who desires you by all means to do him the Honour of your Company at Supper this Evening.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

It will be the greatest Honour I ever receiv'd in my Life; what, my Lord-Mayor invite me to Supper? I am his Lordship's most humble Servant.

FOURBIN.

Yes, Sir, if your Name be *Sir Davy Dunces*, as I have the honour to be inform'd it is: he desires you more over to make what haste you can, for that he has some Matters of Importance to communicate to your Honour, which may take some time.

Lady DUNCE.

I hope it will succeed.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Communicate with me! he does me too noble a Favour;

your ; I'll fly upon the Wings of Ambition to lay myself at his Footstool : My Lord-Mayor sends himself to invite me to Supper, to confer with me too : I shall certainly be a great Man.

FOURBIN.
What Answer will your Worship charge me back withal ?

Sir Davy DUNCE.
Let his Lordship know, that I am amaz'd and confounded at his Generosity ; and that I am so transported with the Honour he does me, that I will not fail to wait on him in the roasting of an Egg.

FOURBIN.
I am your Worship's lowly Slave.

Sir Davy DUNCE.
Vermin, go get the Coach ready ; get me the Gold Medal too and Chain, which I took from the Roman Catholic Officer for a Popish Relic : I'll be fine ; I'll shine, and drink Wine that's divine. My Lord-Mayor invites me to Supper !

Lady DUNCE.
My dearest, I'm glad to see thee return'd in Safety, from the bottom of my Heart : hast thou seen the Traitor ?

Sir Davy DUNCE.
Seen him ! hang him, I have seen him ; Pox on him, seen him !

Lady DUNCE.
Well, and what is become of him ; Where is he ?

Sir Davy DUNCE.
Why dost thou ask me where he is ? What a Pox care I what becomes of him ? pry'thee don't trouble me with thy Impertinence, I am busy.

Lady DUNCE.
You are not angry, my Dear, are you ?

Sir Davy DUNCE.
No, but I am pleas'd, and that's all one ; very much pleas'd, let me tell you but that ; I am only to sup with my Lord-Mayor, that's all ; nothing else in the World,

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only the Business of the Nation calls upon me, that's all; therefore once more, I say, don't be troublesome; but stand off.

Lady DUNCE.

You always think my Company troublesome; you never stay at home to comfort me; what think you I shall do alone by myself all this Evening, moping in my Chamber? Pray, my Joy, stay with me for once. I hope he won't take me at my Word. *[Aside.*

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I say again and again, Tempter stand off, I will not lose my Preferment for my Pleasure; Honour is towards me, and Flesh and Blood are my Aversion.

Lady DUNCE.

But how long will you stay then?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I don't know, may be not an Hour, may be all Night, as his Lordship and I think fit; what's that to any Body?

Lady DUNCE.

You are very cruel to me.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I can't help it; go, get you in, and pass away the time with your Neighbour, I'll be back again before I die; in the mean time be humble and conformable, go. Is the Coach ready?

VERMIN.

Yes, Sir.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Well, your Servant; what, nothing to my Lady Mayorefs! You have a great deal of Breeding indeed, a great deal! nothing to my Lady Mayorefs!

Lady DUNCE.

My Service to her, if you please.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Well, Da, Da, the poor Fool cries o' my Conscience! adieu, do you hear, farewell. *[Exit.*

Lady DUNCE.

As well as what I love can make me.

Enter

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Enter Sir JOLLY JUMBLE.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Madam, is he gone?

Lady DUNCE.

In Post haste, I assure you.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

In troth, and Joy go with him.

Lady DUNCE.

Do you then, Sir *Jolly*, conduct the Captain hither, whilst I go and dispose of the Family, that we may be private. *[Exit.]*

Enter Sir DAVE DUNCE.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Troth, I had forgot my Medal and Chain, quite and clean forgot my Relic; I was forc'd to come up these Back-Stairs, for fear of meeting my Wife again; it is the troublefom'st loving Fool; I must into my Closet and write a short Letter too; 'tis Post-Night, I had forgot that: Well, I would not have my Wife catch me for a Guinea. *[Exit.]*

Enter BEAUGARD and Lady DUNCE.

BEAUGARD.

Are you certain, Madam, no Body is this way? I fancy as we enter'd, I saw the Glimpse of something more than ordinary.

Lady DUNCE.

Is it your Care of me, or your personal Fears, that make you so suspicious? Whereabouts was the Apparition.

BEAUGARD.

There, there, just at the very Door.

Lady DUNCE.

Fie for shame, that's Sir *Davy's* Closet; and he, I'm satisfy'd, is far enough off by this time. I'm sure I
15 heard.

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heard the Coach drive him away. But to convince you you shall see now : *Sir Davy, Sir Davy, Sir Davy.* [*knocking at the Closet-Door.*] Look you there ; you a Captain, and afraid of a Shadow ! Come, Sir, shall we call for the Cards ?

BEAUGARD.

And what shall we play for, pretty One ?

Lady DUNCE.

E'en what you think best, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

Silver Kisses, or Golden Joys ? Come, let us make Stakes a little.

Enter Sir JOLLY JUMBLE.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ah Rogue, ah Rogue ! are you there ? Have I caught you in Faith, now, now, now ?

Lady DUNCE.

And who shall keep them ?

BEAUGARD.

You, till *Sir Davy* returns from Supper.

Lady DUNCE.

That may be long enough ; for our Engine *Fourbin* has Orders not to give him over suddenly, I assure you.

BEAUGARD.

And is't to yourself then, I'm oblig'd for this blest'd Opportunity ? Let us improve it to Love's best Advantage.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ah, ha, ha, ha ! Ah, ha, ha, ha !

BEAUGARD.

Let's vow Eternal, and raise our Thoughts to Expectation of immortal Pleasures : in one another's Eyes let's read our Joys, till we've no longer Power o'er our Desires, drunk with this dissolving, Oh !

Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE from his Closet.

Lady DUNCE.

Ah !

[*Squaks.*
BEAU.

BEAUGARD.

By this Light, the Cuckold: *Preſſe*, nay then Halloo.

[Gets up, and runs away.]

Sir Davy DUNCE.

O Lord, a Man! a Man in my Wife's Chamber!
Murder, Murder! Thieves, Thieves, ſhut up my Doors!
Madam! Madam! Madam!

Enter Sir JOLLY JUMBLE.

Ay, ay, Thieves, Thieves, Murder, Murder, where
Neighbour, where, where?

Lady DUNCE.

Pierce, pierce this wretched Heart, hard to the Hilt,
dye this in the deepeſt Crimson of my Blood; ſpare not a
miſerable Woman's Life, whom Heav'n deſign'd to be
the unhappy Object of the moſt horrid Uſage Man e'er
acted.

*[Catches up Beaugard's Sword, which he had left be-
hind him in the Hurry, and preſents it to Sir Davy.]*

Sir Davy DUNCE.

What, in the Name of Satan, does ſhe mean now?

Lady DUNCE.

Curſe on my fatal Beauty! blaſted ever be theſe two
baneful Eyes, that could inſpire a barbarous Villain to
attempt ſuch Crimes as all my Blood's too little to atone
for: Nay, you ſhall hear me——

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Hear you, Madam! No, I have ſeen too much, I
thank you heartily; hear you, Quotha!——

Lady DUNCE.

Yes, and before I die too, I'll be juſtify'd.

Davy DUNCE.

Juſtify'd, oh Lord, juſtify'd!

Lady DUNCE.

Notice being given me of your Return, I came with
ſpeed to this unhappy Place, where I have oft been bleſt
with your Embraces, when from behind the Arras out
ſtarts *Beaugard*; how he came there Heav'n knows.

Sir

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Sir Davy DUNCE.

I'll have him hang'd for Burglary ; he has broken my House, and broke the Peace upon my Wife : Very good.

Lady DUNCE.

Streight in his Arms he grasp'd me fast ; with much ado I plung'd and got my Freedom, ran to your Closet-Door, knock'd and implor'd your Aid, call'd on your Name ; but all in vain——

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Hah !

Lady DUNCE.

Soon again he seiz'd me, stopp'd my Mouth ; and, with a Conqueror's Fury——

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Oh Lord ! oh Lord ! no more, no more, I beseech thee, I shall grow mad, and very mad ! I'll plough up Rocks and Adamantine Iron-Bars ; I'll crack the Frame of Nature, sally out like *Tamerlane* upon the *Trojan Horse*, and drive the Pigmies all like Geese before me. Oh Lord, stop her Mouth ! Well, and how ? and what then ! stopp'd thy Mouth ! Well ! Hah !

Lady DUNCE.

No, tho' unfortunate, I still am innocent ; his cursed Purpose could not be accomplish'd ; but who will live so injur'd ? No, I'll die to be reveng'd on myself ; I ne'er can hope that I may see his streaming Gore ; and thus I let out my own—— [Offers to run upon the Sword.]

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ha ! what wouldst thou do my Love ? pr'ythee don't break my Heart : If thou wilt kill, kill me ; I know thou art innocent, I see thou art ; tho' I had rather be a Cuckold a thousand times, than lose thee, poor Love, poor Deeree, poor Baby.

Sir Jolly YUMBLE.

Alack-a-day——

[Weeps.]

Lady DUNCE.

Ah me !——

Sir

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Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ah, pr'ythee be comforted now, pr'ythee do; why, I'll love thee the better for this, for all this, man: Why shouldst be troubled for another's ill Doings? I know it was no Fault of thine.

Sir Jelly JUMBLE.

No, no more it was not, I dare swear.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

See, see, my Neighbour weeps too; he is troubled to see thee thus.

Lady DUNCE.

Oh, but Revenge!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Why, thou shalt have Revenge; I'll have him murder'd: I'll have his Throat cut before to-morrow Morning, Child; Rise now, pr'ythee rise.

Sir Jelly JUMBLE.

Ay, do, Madam, and smile upon Sir Davy.

Lady DUNCE.

But will you love me then as well as ere you did?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, and the longest Day I live too.

Lady DUNCE.

And shall I have Justice done me on that prodigious Monster?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Why, he shall be Crows-Meat by to-morrow-Night; I tell thee he shall be Crows-Meat by Midnight, Chicken.

Lady DUNCE.

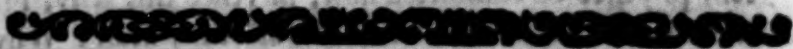
Then I will live; since so, 'tis something pleasant:
Whence I in Peace may lead a happy Life
With such a Husband——

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I with such a Wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *The Tavern.*

Enter Captain BEAUGARD, COURTINE, and DRAWER.

DRAWER.

Welcome, Gentlemen, very welcome, Sir; will you please to walk up one Pair of Stairs?

BEAUGARD.

Get the Room ready presently; carry up too a good Stock of Bottles before-hand, with Ice to cool our Wine, and Water to refresh our Glasses.

DRAWER.

It shall be done, Sir. Coming, coming there, coming: Speak up in the *Dolphin*, some Body.

BEAUGARD.

Ah, *Courtine*, must we be always idle! Must we never see our glorious Days again! When shall we be rolling in the Lands of Milk and Honey, encamp'd in large luxuriant Vineyards, where the loaded Vines cluster about our Tents; drink the rich Juice, just prest from the plump Grape; feeding on all the fragrant Golden Fruit that grow in fertile Climes, and ripen'd by the earliest Vigour of the Sun?

COURTINE.

Ah, *Beaugard*! those Days have been, but now we must resolve to content ourselves at an humble Rate: Methinks it is not unpleasant to consider how I have seen thee in a large Pavilion; drowning the Heat of the Day in *Champaine* Wines, sparkling sweet as those charming Beauties, whose dear Remembrance every Glass recorded, with half a dozen honest Fellows more, Friends, *Beaugard*; faithful hearty Friends; things as hard to meet with

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as Preferment here: Fellows that would speak Truth boldly, and were proud on't; that scorn'd Flattery, lov'd Honesty, for 'twas their Portion; and never yet learn'd the Trade of Ease and Lying: but now——

BEAUGARD.

Ay, now we are at home in our natural Hives, and sleep like Drones; but there's a Gentleman on the other side the Water, that may make work for us all one day.

COURTINE.

But in the mean while——

BEAUGARD.

In the mean while Patience, *Courtine*; that is the *English* Man's Virtue: Go to the Man that owes you Money, and tell him you are necessitated; his answer shall be, A little Patience, I beseech you, Sir: Ask a cowardly Rascal Satisfaction for a sordid Injury done you; he shall cry, Alas-a-day Sir, you are the strangest Man living, you won't have Patience to hear one speak. Complain to a great Man that you want Preferment, that you have forsaken considerable Advantages abroad, in obedience to public Edicts; all you shall get of him is this, You must have Patience, Sir.

COURTINE.

But will Patience feed me, or clothe me, or keep me clean?

BEAUGARD.

Pr'ythee, no more hints of Poverty: 'Tis scandalous; 'sdeath, I would as soon chuse to hear a Soldier brag, as complain: Dost thou want any Money?

COURTINE.

*True indeed, I want no Necessaries to keep me alive; but I do not enjoy myself with that Freedom I would do; there is no more Pleasure in living at flint, than there is in living alone. I would have it in my Power, (when he needed me) to serve and assist my Friend; I would to my Ability deal handsomly too by the Woman that pleas'd me.

BEAU

BEAUGARD.

Oh, fy for shame! you would be a Where-masters Friend; go, go, I'll have no more to do with you.

COURTINE.

I would not be forc'd neither at any time to avoid a Gentleman that had oblig'd me, for want of Money to pay him a Debt contracted in our old Acquaintance: it turns my Stomach to wheedle with the Rogue I scorn, when he uses me so scurvily, because he has my Name in his Shop-Book.

BEAUGARD.

As for Example, to endure the Familiarities of a Rogue that shall cock his greasy Hat in my Face, when he duns me, and at the same time veil it to an overgrown Deputy of the Ward, tho' a frouzy Fellmonger.

COURTINE.

To be forc'd to concur with his Nonsense too and laugh at his Parish-Jests.

BEAUGARD.

To use Respects and Ceremonies to the Milch-Cow his Wife, and praise her pretty Children, tho' they stink of their Mother, and are uglier than the Issue of a Baboon, yet all this must be endur'd.

COURTINE.

Must it, *Beaugard*.

BEAUGARD.

And since 'tis so, let's think of a Bottle.

COURTINE.

With all my Heart, for railing and drinking do much better together than by themselves; a private Room, a trusty Friend or two: good Wine and bold Truths, are my Happiness. But where's our dear Friend and Intimate, *Sir Jolly* this Evening

BEAUGARD.

To deal like a Friend, *Courtine*, I parted with him but just now; he's gone to contrive me a Meeting, if possible, this Night, with the Woman my Soul is most fond

fond of: I was this Evening just entering upon the Palace of all Joy, when I met with so damnable a Disappointment — in short, that Plague to all well-meaning Women, the Husband, came unseasonably, and forc'd a poor Lover to his Heels, that was fairly making his Progress another way. *Courtine*, the Story thou shalt hear more at large hereafter.

COURTINE.

A Plague on him, why didst thou not murder the presumptuous Cuckold? saucy intruding Clown! to dare to disturb a Gentleman's Privacies. I would have beaten him into Sense of his Transgression, enjoy'd his Wife before his Face, and taught the Dog his Duty.

BEAUGARD.

Look you, *Courtine*, you think you are dealing with the Landlord of your Winter-Quarters in *Alsatia* now? Friend, Friend, there is a Difference between a Free-born *English* Cuckold, and a sneaking Wittal of a conquer'd Province.

COURTINE.

Oh, by all means there ought to be a Difference observ'd between your arbitrary Whoring, and your limited Fornication.

BEAUGARD.

And but reason: For tho' we may make bold with another Man's Wife in a friendly Way; yet nothing upon Compulsion, dear Heart

COURTINE.

And now, Sir *Jolly*, I hope, is to be the Instrument of some immortal Plot; some Contrivance for the Good of the Body, and the old Fellow's Soul, *Beaugard*: for all Cuckolds go to Heaven, that's most certain.

BEAUGARD.

Sir *Jolly*! Why, on my Conscience, he thinks it as much his undoubted Right to be Pimp-Master-General to *London* and *Middlesex*, as the Estate he possesses is: By my Consent his Worship should e'en have a Patent for it.

COUR-

COURTINE.

He is certainly the fittest for the Employment in Christendom; he knows more Families by their Names and Titles, than all the Bell-men within and without the Walls.

BEAUGARD.

Nay, he keeps a Catalogue of the choicest Beauties about Town, illustrated with a particular Account of their Age, Shape, Proportion, Colour of Hair and Eyes, Degrees of Complexion, Gun-powder Spots and Moles.

COURTINE.

I wish the old Pander were bound to satisfy my Experience; what Marks of Good-Nature my *Sylvia* has about her.

Enter Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

My Captains! my Sons of *Mars*, and Imps of *Venus*! well encounter'd; what, shall we have a sparkling Bottle or two, and use Fortune like a Jade? *Beaugard*, you are a Rogue, you are a Dog, I hate you; get you gone, go.

BEAUGARD.

But, *Sir Jolly*, what News from *Paradise*, *Sir Jolly*? Is there any hopes I shall come there to-night?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

May be there is, may be there is not; I say let us have a Bottle, and I will say nothing else without a Bottle; After a Glass or two my Heart may open.

COURTINE.

Why then we will have a Bottle, *Sir Jolly*.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Will? we'll have Dozens, and drink till we are wise, and speak well of no body, till we are leuder than Midnight Whores, and out-rail'd disbanded Officers.

BEAUGARD.

Only one thing more, my noble Knight, and then we are entirely at thy disposal.

Sir

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Sir Jolly JUMBLE

Well, and what's that? What's the Business?

BEAUGARD.

This Friend of mine here stands in need of thy Assistance; he's damnably in love, *Sir Jolly.*

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

In Love! is he so! In Love! Ods, my Life! Is she! What's her Name? Where does she live? I warrant you I know her; she's in my Table-Book I'll warrant you: Virgin, Wife, or Widow! [*Pulls out a Table-Book.*

COURTINE.

In troth, *Sir Jolly*, that's something of a difficult Question; but as Virgins go now, she may pass for one of them.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Virgin, very good: let me see; Virgin, Virgin, Virgin; oh, here are the Virgins; truly, I meet with the fewest of this sort of any: Well, and the first Letter of her Name now! For a Wager I guess her.

COURTINE.

Then you must know, *Sir Jolly*, that I love my Love with an S.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

S. S. S. O here are the Esses; let me consider now—
Sapbe.

COURTINE.

No, Sir.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Selinda.

COURTINE.

Neither.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Sophronia.

COURTINE.

You must guess again, I assure you.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Sylvia.

COURTINE.

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COURTINE.

Ay, ay, Sir *Jolly*, that's the fatal Name; *Sylvia*, the Fair, the Witty, the Ill-natur'd; do you know her, my Friend?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Know her, why she is my Daughter, and I have adopted her these seven Years: *Sylvia*! let me look; light brown Hair, her Face oval and nose roman, quick sparkling Eyes, plump pregnant ruby Lips, with a Mole on her Breast, and the perfect Likeness of a Heart-Cherry on her Left Knee. Ah Villain! Ah sly Cap! have I caught you? Are you there, i'faith? Well, and what says she? Is she coming? Do her Eyes betray her? Does her heart beat, and her Bubbles rise, when you talk to her, hah?—

BEAUGARD.

Look you, Sir *Jolly*, all things consider'd, it may make a shift to come to a Marriage in time——

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

I'll have nothing to do in it; I won't be seen in the Business of Matrimony. Make me a match-Maker? a filthy Marriage-Broker! Sir I scorn it, I know better things; look you, Friend, to carry her a Letter from you or so, upon good Terms, tho' it be in a Church, I'll deliver it; or when the Business is come to an Issue, if I may bring you handsomely together, and so forth, I'll serve thee with all my Soul, and thank thee into the Bargain; thank thee heartily, dear Rogue; I will, you little Cock-Sparrow, faith and troth I will; but no Matrimony, Friend, I'll have nothing to do with Matrimony; 'tis a damn'd Invention, worse than a Monopoly, and a Destroyer of civil Correspondence.

Enter D R A W E R.

D R A W E R.

Gentlemen, your Room is ready, your Wine and Ice upon the Table, will your Honours please to walk in?

Sir

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ay, Wine, Wine, give us Wine: a Pox on Matrimony;
Matrimony in the Devil's Name!

COURTINE.

But if an honest Harlot or two chance to enquire for
us, Friend.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Right, Sirrah, if Whores come never so many, give
'em Reverence and Reception, but nothing else; let no-
thing but Whores and Bottles come near us, as you ten-
der your Ears.

*[They go within the Scene, where is discover'd Table
and Bottles.]*

BEAUGARD.

Why, there's, there's the Land of *Canaan* now in lit-
tle; hark you Drawer, Dog, shut, shut the Door, Sir-
rah, do you hear? Shut it so close, that neither Cares
nor Necessities may peep in upon us.

*Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE, FOURBIN, BLOODY-
BONES, and DRAWER.*

FOURBIN.

Bloody-Bones, be sure to behave yourself handsomely,
and like your Profession; shew yourself a Cut-throat of
Parts, and we'll fleece him.

BLOODY-BONES.

My Lady says, we must be expeditious; *Sir Jolly* has
given notice to the Captain by this time, so that nothing
is wanting but the Management of this over-grown
Gull to make us Hectors at large, and keep the Whore
Fortune under.

DRAWER.

Welcome, Gentlemen, very welcome, Sir; will't
please you to walk into a Room? Or shall I wait upon
your Honours Pleasure here?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sweet-heart let us be quiet, and bring us Wine hither:
So—

From this Moment, War, War; and mortal Dudgeon
against

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against that Enemy of my Honour, and Thief of my good Name, call'd *Beaugard*. You can cut a Throat upon occasion, you said, Friend?

FOURBINE.

Sir, cutting of Throats is my hereditary Vocation; my Father was hang'd for cutting of Throats before me, and my Mother for cutting of Purfes.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No more to be said; my Courage is mounted like a little *French* Man upon a great Horse, and I'll have him murder'd.

FOURBIN.

Murder'd you say, Sir?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, murder'd I say, Sir; his Face flay'd off, and nail'd to a Post in my great Hall in the Country; amongst all the other Trophies of wild Beasts slain by our Family since the Conquest, there's never a Whore-Master's Head there yet.

FOURBIN.

Sir, for that let me recommend this worthy Friend of mine to your Service; he's an industrious Gentleman, and one that will deserve your Favour.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

He looks but something ruggedly tho' methinks.

FOURBIN.

But, Sir, his Parts will atone for his Person; Forms and Fashions are the least of his study: he affects a sort of philosophical Negligence indeed. But, Sir, make trial of him, and you'll find him a Person fit for the work of this World.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

What Trade are you, Friend?

BLOODY-BONES.

No Trade at all, Friend; I profess Murder: Rascally Butchers make a Trade on't; 'tis a Gentleman's Divertisement.

Sir

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Do you profess Murder?

BLOODY-BONES.

Yes, Sir, 'tis my Livelihood: I keep a Wife and six Children by it.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Then, Sir, here's to you with all my Heart: Wou'd I had done with these Fellows. *[Aside,*

FOURBIN.

Well, Sir, if you have any Service for us, I desire we may receive your Gold and your Instructions so soon as is possible.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Soft and fair, Sweet-heart, I love to see a little how I lay out my Money: Have you very good trading now-a-days in your way, Friend?

BLOODY-BONES.

In peaceable times a Man may eat and drink comfortably upon't: A private Murder done handsomely, is worth Money; but now that the Nation's unsettled there are so many general Undertakers, that 'tis grown almost a Monopoly; you may have a Man murder'd almost for little or nothing, and no body e'er know who did it neither.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Pray what Countryman are you? where were you born, most noble Sir?

BLOODY-BONES.

Indeed my Country is foreign, I was born in *Algier*; my Mother was an *Apostate Greek*, my Father a *Renegade Englishman*, who by oppressing of Christian Slaves grew rich; for which when he lay sick, I murder'd him one day in his Bed, made my Escape to *Malta*; where, embracing the Faith, I had the Honour given me to command a thousand Horse aboard the Gallies of that State.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Oh Lord, Sir? my humble Service to you again.

FOUR-

FOURBIN.

He tells you, Sir, but the naked Truth.

*Sir Davy DUNCE.*I doubt it not in the least, most worthy Sir. These are devilish Fellows, I'll warrant 'em. [*Aside.*]*FOURBIN.*

War, Friend, and shining Honour has been our Province, till rusty Peace reduc'd us to this base Obscurity. Ah *Bloody-Bones!* ah, when thou and I commanded that Party at the Siege of *Phillipsburgh!* where, in the face of the Army, we took the impenetrable Half-Moon.

BLOODY-BONES.

Half-Moon, Sir! by your Favour 'twas a Whole Moon.

FOURBIN.

Brother, thou art in the right; 'twas a full Moon and such a Moon, Sir! —

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I doubt it not in the least, Gentlemen; but, in the mean while, to our Business.

FOURBIN.

With all my Heart, so soon as you please.

*Sir Davy DUNCE.*Do you know this *Beaugard?* He's a devilish Fellow, I can tell you that; he's a Captain.*FOURBIN.*

Has he a Heart, think you, Sir?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

O, like a Lion! he fears neither God, Man, nor Devil.

BLOODY-BONES.

I'll bring it you for your Breakfast to-morrow: Did you never eat a Man's Heart, Sir?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Eat a Man's Heart, Friend?

FOURBIN.

Ay, ay, a Man's Heart, Sir, it makes absolutely the best Ragoust in the World: I have eaten forty of 'em in my time without Bread.

Sir

Sir Davy DUNCE.

O Lord, a Man's Heart! my humble Service to you both, Gentlemen.

BLOODY-BONES.

Why, your *Algerine* Pirates eat nothing else at Sea; they have them always potted up like Venison; your well-grown *Dutchman's* Heart makes an excellent Dish with Oil and Pepper.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

O Lord, O Lord! Friend, Friend, a word with you: How much must you and your Companion have to do this Business?

FOURBIN.

What, and bring you the Heart home to your House?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No, no, keeping the Heart for your own eating. I'll be rid of 'em as soon as possible I can. [*Aside.*]

FOURBIN.

You say Sir, he's a Gentleman? —

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, such a sort of Gentlemen as are about this Town: The Fellow has a pretty handsome Outside; but I believe little or no Money in his Pockets.

FOURBIN.

Therefore we are like to have the honour to receive the more from your Worship's Bounty.

BLOODY-BONES.

For my part I care for no Man's Bounty: I expect to have my Bargain perform'd, and I'll make as good a one as I can.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Look you, Friend, don't you be angry, Friend, don't be angry, Friend, before you have occasion: You say you'd have — let's see how much you will have now — I warrant the Devil and all by your good Will.

FOURBIN.

Truly, Sir *Davy*, if as you say, the Man must be well murder'd,

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murder'd, without any remorse for Mercy ; betwixt *Turk* and *Jew*, 'tis honestly worth two hundred Pounds.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Two hundred Pounds ! why I'll have a Physician shall kill a whole Family for half the Money.

BLOODY-BONES.

Damme, Sir, how do ye mean ?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Damme, Sir, how do I mean ? Damme, Sir, not to part with my Money.

BLOODY-BONES.

Not part, Brother !

FOURBIN.

Brother, the Wight is improvable, and this must be borne withal.

BLOODY-BONES.

Have I for this dissolv'd *Circean* Charms ? broke Iron Durance, whilst from these firm Legs the well-fil'd useless Fetters dropp'd away, and left me Master of my native Freedom ?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

What does he mean now ?

FOURBIN.

Truly, Sir, I am sorry to see it with all my Heart ; 'tis a Distraction that frequently seizes him, tho' I am sorry it should happen so unluckily at this time.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Distracted, say you ! is he so apt to be distracted ?

FOURBIN.

Oh, Sir, raging mad : We that live by Murder are all so ; Guilt will never let us sleep. I beseech you, Sir, stand clear of him, he's apt to be very mischievous at these unfortunate Hours.

BLOODY-BONES.

Have I been drunk with tender Infants Blood, and ripp'd up teeming Wombs ? Have these bold Hands ransack'd the Temples of the Gods, and stabb'd the Priests before their Altars ? Have I done this ? hah !

Sir

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No, Sir, not that I know, Sir, I would not say any such thing for all the World, Sir: Worthy Gentleman, I beseech you, Sir, you seem to be a civil Person, I beseech you, Sir, to mitigate his Passion, I'll do any thing in the World; you shall command my whole Estate.

FOURBIN.

Nay, after all, Sir, if you have not a mind to have him quite murder'd, if a swinging Drubbing to bedrid him, or so, will serve your Turn, you may have it at a cheaper Rate a great deal.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Truly, Sir, with all my Heart; for methinks, now I consider Matters better, I wou'd not by any means be guilty of another Man's Blood.

FOURBIN.

Why, then let me consider—to have him beaten substantially, a Beating that will stick by him, will cost you—half the Money.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

What, one hundred Pounds! Sure the Devil's in you, or you would not be so unconscionable.

BLOODY-BONES.

The Devil! where? where is the Devil? Shew me; I'll tell thee, *Belzebub*, thou hast broke thy Covenant; didst not thou promise me eternal Plenty, when I resign'd my Soul to thy Allurements?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ah, Lord!

BLOODY-BONES.

Touch me not yet; I've yet ten thousand Murders to act before I'm thine: With all those Sins I'll come with full Damnation to thy Caverns of endless Pain, and howl with thee for ever.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Bless us! what will become of this mortal Body of mine? Where am I? is this a House? do I live? am I Flesh and Blood?

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BLOODY-BONES.

There, there's the Fiend again! don't chatter so, and grin at me; if thou must needs have Prey, take here, take him, this Tempter that would bribe me with shining Gold, to stain my Hands with new Iniquity.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Stand off, I charge thee, Satan: whosoe'er thou art, thou hast no Right nor Claim to me; I'll have thee bound in Necromantic Charms. Hark you, Friend, has the Gentleman given his Soul to the Devil?

FOURBIN.

Only pawn'd it a little; that's all.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Let me beseech you, Sir, to dispatch, and get rid of him as soon as you can. I would gladly drink a Bottle with you, Sir, but I hate the Devil's Company mortally: As for the hundred Pounds, here, it is ready; no more Words, I'll submit to your good Nature and Discretion.

FOURBIN.

Then, Wretch, take this, and make thy Peace with the infernal King; he loves Riches, sacrifice and be at rest.

BLOODYBONES.

'Tis done, I'll follow thee, lead on; nay, if thou smile, I more defy thee; Fee, Fau, Fum. *[Exit.]*

FOURBIN.

'Tis very odd, this.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Very odd, indeed; I'm glad he's gone tho'.

FOURBIN.

Now, Sir, if you please, we'll refresh ourselves with a chearful Glas, and so *Chaque un chez lui*——I wou'd fain make the Gull drink a little, to put a little Mettle into him. *[Aside.]*

Sir Davy DUNCE.

With all my Heart, Sir; but no more Words of the Devil if you love me.

FOUR.

FOURBIN.

The Devil's an Ass, Sir, and here's a Health to all those that defy the Devil.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

With all my Heart, and all his Works too.

FOURBIN.

Nay, Sir, you must do me right, I assure you,

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Not so full, not so full, that's too much of all Conscience: In troth, Friend, these are sad Times, very sad Times; but here's to you.

FOURBIN.

Pox o'the Times, the Times are well enough, so long as a Man has Money in his Pocket.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

'Tis true, here I have been bargaining with you about a Murder, but never consider that Idolatry is coming in full speed upon the Nation. Pray what Religion are you of, Friend?

FOURBIN.

What Religion am I of, Sir? Sir, your humble Servant.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Truly a good Conscience is a great Happiness; and so I'll pledge you, hemph, hemph: But shan't the Dog be murder'd this Night?

FOURBIN.

My Brother Rogue is gone by this time to sett him, and the Business shall be done effectually, I'll warrant you. Here's rest to his Soul.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

With all my Heart, Faith; I hate to be uncharitable.

Enter COURTINE and Drawer.

COURTINE.

Look you, tis a very impudent thing not to be drunk by this time: Shall Rogues stay in Taverns to sip Pints,

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and be sober, when honest Gentlemen are drunk by Gallions? and I'll have none on't.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

O Lord, who's there? *[Sits up in his Chair.]*

DRAWER.

I beseech your Honour, our House will be utterly ruin'd by this means.

COURTINE.

Damn your House, your Wife and Children, and all your Family, you Dog.—Sir, who are you?

[To Sir Davy Duncie.]

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Who am I, Sir? what's that to you, Sir? Will you tickle my Foot, you Rogue?

COURTINE.

I'll tickle your Guts, you Poltroon, presently.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Tickle my Guts, you Mad-cap! I'll tickle your Toby if you do.

COURTINE.

What, with that circumcis'd Band? that grave hypocritical Beard of the Reformation-cut? Old Fellow, I believe you are a Rogue.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sirrah, you're a Whore, an errant Bitch-Whore; I'll use you like a Whore; I'll kiss you, you Jade; I'll ravish you, you Buttock; I am a Justice of the Peace, Sirrah, and that's worse.

COURTINE.

Damn you, Sir, I care not if you were a Constable and all his Watch: What, such a Rogue as you send honest Fellows to Prison, and countenance Whores in your Jurisdiction for Bribery, you Mongrel! I'll beat you, Sirrah, I'll brain you; I'll murder you, you Moon-Calf.

[Throws the Chair after him.]

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sir, Sir, Sir, Constable, Watch, Stokes, Stokes, Stokes, Murder——

[Exit.]

COUR-

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COURTINE.

Huzza, *Beaugard*!

Enter BEAUGARD and Sir JOLLY JUMBLE.

FOURBIN.

Well, Sir, the Business is done, we have bargain'd to murder you.

BEAUGARD.

Murder'd! who's to be murder'd, ha, *Fourbin*?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

You are to be murder'd, Friend; you shall be murder'd, Friend.

BEAUGARD.

But how am I to be murder'd? who's to murder me, I beseech you.

FOURBIN.

Your humble Servant, *Fourbin*; I am the Man, with your Worship's leave: Sir *Davy* has giv'n me this Gold to do it handsomly.

BEAUGARD.

Sir *Davy*! uncharitable Cur; what! murder an honest Fellow for being civil to his Family! What can this mean, Gentlemen.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

No, 'tis for not being civil to his Family, that it means, Gentlemen; therefore are you to be murder'd to night, and bury'd a-bed with my Lady, you *Yack* *Strew* you.

BEAUGARD.

I understand you, Friends; the old Gentleman has design'd to have me butcher'd, and you have kindly contriv'd it to turn it to my Advantage in the Affair of Love. I am to be murder'd but as it were, Gentlemen, hah!

FOURBIN.

Your Honour has a piercing Judgment. Sir, Captain *Courtine*'s gone.

BEAUGARD.

No matter, let him go: he has a Design to put in

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practice this Night too, and would perhaps but spoil ours.
But when, Sir Jolly, is this Business to be brought about?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Presently, 'tis more than time 'twere done already;
go, get you gone, I say, hold, hold, let's see your
left Ear first, hum——ha——you are a Rogue, y'are a
Rogue; get you gone, get you gone, go. *[Exitunt.]*

SCENE *changes to* Covent-Garden Piazza.

Enter SYLVIA and her Maid in the Balcony.

MAID.

But why, Madam, will you use him so inhumanly?
I'm confident he loves you.

SYLVIA.

Oh! a true Lover is to be found out like a true
Saint, by the trial of his Patience. Have you the Cords
ready?

SYLVIA.

Here they are, Madam.

MAID.

Let 'em down, and be sure when it comes to Trial, to
pull lustily. Is Will the Footman ready?

WILL.

At your Ladyship's Command, Madam.

SYLVIA.

I wonder he should stay so long, the Clock has struck
Twelve.

Enter COURTINE.

COURTINE, *sings.*

And was she not frank and free,

And was she not kind to me?

To lock up her Cat in her Cupboard,

And give her Key to me, to me:

To lock up her Cat in her Cupboard,

And give her Key to me.

SYL.

SYLVIA.

This must be he: Ay, 'tis he, and as I am a Virgin, roaring drunk; but if I find not a way to make him sober——

COURTINE.

Here, here's the Window: Ay, that's Hell-door, and my Damnation's in the Inside. *Sylvia, Sylvia, Sylvia;* dear Imp of Satan, appear to thy Servant.

SYLVIA.

Who calls on *Sylvia* in this dead of Night,
When Rest is wanting to her longing Eyes?

COURTINE.

'Tis a poor Wretch can hardly stand upright,
Drunk with thy Loves, and if he falls he lies.

SYLVIA.

Courtine, is it you?

COURTINE.

Yes, Sweet-heart, 'tis I; art thou ready for me?

SYLVIA.

Fasten yourself to that Cord there; there it is.

COURTINE.

Cord! where? Oh, oh, here, here; so now to Heav'n
in a String.

SYLVIA.

Have you done?

COURTINE.

Yes, I have done, Child, and would fain be doing
too, Huffy.

SYLVIA.

Then pull away, ho! up, ho! up, ho! up: So, away
there, Sir.

COURTINE.

Madam.

SYLVIA.

Are you very much in love, Sir?

COURTINE.

Oh, damnably, Child, damnably.

SYLVIA.

I am sorry for't with all my Heart: Good night,
Captain.

COURTINE.

Ha, gone! what, left in *Erasmus's* Paradise, between
Heav'n and Hell? if the Constable should take me now
for a stragling Monkey hung by the Loins, and hunt
me with his Cry of Watchmen! Ah Woman, Woman,
Woman! Well, a merry Life and a short, that's all.

Sings. *God prosper long our Noble King,*

Our Lives and Safeties all.

I am mighty loyal to night.

*Enter FOURBIN and BLOODY-BONES, as from Sir Davy
DUNCE's House.*

FOURBIN.

Murder, Murder, Murder! Help, help, Murder!

COURTINE.

Nay, if there be Murder stirring, 'tis high time to
shift for myself. *{Climbs up to the Balcony.*

SYLVIA [Squeaking.]

Ah, h, h, h, h!

BLOODY-BONES.

Yonder, yonder he comes; Murder, Murder, Murder!

[Exit Blood. and Fourbin.]

Enter Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

'Tis very late; but Murder is a melancholy Business,
and Night is fit for't. I'll go home. *{Knocks.*

VERMIN.

Who's there?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Who's there? open the Door, you Whelp of *Babylon.*

VERMIN.

Oh Sir! y'are welcome home; but here is the saddest
News! here has been Murder committed, Sir.

Sir

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Sir Davy DUNCE.

Hold your Tongue, you Fool, and go to sleep; get you in, do you hear; you talk of Murder, you Rogues? you meddle with State Affairs! Get you in.

The Scene opens in the middle of the House, and discovers Sir JOLLY JUMBLE and the Lady putting Captain BEAUGARD in order as if he were dead.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Lie still, lie still, you Knave, close, close when I bid you: You had best quest and spoil the Sport, you had!

BEAUGARD.

But pray how long must I lie thus?

Lady DUNCE.

I'll warrant you'll think the time mighty tedious.

BEAUGARD.

Sweet Creature, who can counterfeit Death when you are near him?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

You shall, Sirrah, if a body desires you a little, so you shall; we shall spoil all else, all will be spoil'd else, Man, if you do not: Stretch out longer, longer yet, as long as ever you can. So, so, hold your Breath, hold your Breath; very well.

Enter MAID.

MAID.

Madam, here comes Sir Davy.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Odds so, now close again as I told you, close you Devil, now stir if you dare; stir but any Part about you if you dare now; odd I'll hit you such a Rap if you do; lie still, lie you still.

Enter Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

My Dear, how dost thou do, my Dear,? I am come.

Lady.

Lady DUNCE.

Ah, Sir! what is't y'ave done? Y'ave ruin'd me, your Family, your Fortune all is ruin'd; where shall we go, or whither shall we fly?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Where shall we go! why, we'll go to Bed, you little Jackadandy: Why, you are not a Wench, you Rogue, you are a Boy, a very Boy, and I love you the better for't: Sirrah, hey! —

Lady DUNCE.

Ah, Sir, see there.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Bless us! a Man! and bloody! what, upon my Hall-Table!

Lady DUNCE.

Two Russians brought him in just now, pronouncing this inhuman Deed was done by your Command: Sir Jolly came in the same Minute, or sure I had dy'd with my distracting Fears. How could you think on a Revenge so horrid.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

As I hope to be sav'd, Neighbour, I only bargain'd with 'em to bastinado him in a way, or so, as one Friend might do to another; but do you say that he is dead?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Dead, dead as Clay; stark stiff and useless all, nothing about him stirring, but all's cold and still; I knew him a lusty Fellow once, a very mettled Fellow; 'tis a thousand Pities.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

What shall I do? I'll throw myself upon him, kiss his wide Wounds; and weep till blind as Bazzard.

Lady DUNCE.

Oh, come not near him, there's such horrid Antipathy follows all Murders, his Wounds would stream afresh should you but touch him.

Sir

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Dear Neighbour, dearest Neighbour, Friend, Sir Jolly, as you love Charity, pity my wretched Case, and give me Counsel; I'll give my Wife and all my Estate to have him live again; or shall I bury him in the Arbour at the upper end of the Garden?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Alas-a-day, Neighbour, never think on't, never think on't; the Dogs will find him there, as they scrape Holes to bury bones in; there is but one way that I know of.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

What is it, dear Neighbour, what is it? You see I am upon my Knees to you, take all I have and ease me of my Fears.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Truly the best thing that I can think of, is putting of him to Bed, putting him into a warm Bed, and try to fetch him to life again, a warm Bed is the best thing in the World; my Lady may do much too, she's a good Woman, and I've been told understands a green Wound well.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

My Dear, my Dear, my Dear!

Lady DUNCE.

Bear me away, oh send me hence afar off, where my unhappy Name may be a Stranger; and this sad Accident no more remember'd to my Dishonour.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ah, but my Love! my Joy! are there no Bowels in thee?

Lady DUNCE.

What would you have me do?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Pr'ythee do so much as try thy Skill, there may be one Dram of Life left in him yet; take him up to thy Chamber, put him into thy own Bed, and try what thou can'st do with him; pr'ythee do; if thou canst but find
Motion

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Motion in him, all may be well yet; I'll go up to my Closet in the Garret, and say my Prayers in the mean while.

Lady DUNCE.

Will ye then leave this Ruin on my Hands?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Pray, pray, my Dear; I beseech you Neighbour, help to persuade her if it be possible.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Faith, Madam, do, try what you can do. I have a great fancy you may do him good; who can tell but you may have the Gift of Stroking? pray Madam, be persuaded.

Lady DUNCE.

I'll do whate'er's your Pleasure.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

That's my best Dear: I'll go to my Closet and pray for thee heartily. Alas, alas, that ever this should happen—

[*Exit.*]

BEAUGARD.

So, is he gone, Madam, my Angel!

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

What no Thanks, no Reward for old Jolly now? Come hither Huffy, you little Canary-Bird, you little Hopo'my-thumb, come hither: make me a Curt'fy, and give me a Kifs now, hah! give me a Kifs I say, odd I will have a Kifs, so I will, I will have a Kifs if I set on't; shoogh, shoogh, get you into a Corner when I bid you shoogh, shoogh, shoogh, what there already? [*She goes to Beaugard.*] Well, I ha' done; this 'tis to be an old Fellow now.

BEAUGARD.

And will you save the Life of him y'ave wounded?

Lady DUNCE.

Dare you trust yourself to my Skill for a Cure?

[*Sir Davy appears at a Window above.*]

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Hist! Hist! Close, close, I say again, yonder's Sir Davy, odds so!

Sir

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Sir Davy DUNCE.

My Dear! my Dear! my Dear! —

Lady DUNCE.

Who's that calls? my Love, is't you?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, some Comfort, or my Heart's broke! is there any Hopes yet? I've try'd to say my Pray'rs, and cannot: if he be quite dead, I shall never pray again; Neighbour, no Hopes?

Sir Jolly YUMBLE.

Truly, little or none, some small Pulse I think there is left, very little: there's nothing to be done if you don't pray; get you to prayers whatever you do, get you gone; nay, don't stay now, shut the Window I tell you.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Well, this is a great Trouble to me; but good night.

Sir Jolly YUMBLE.

Good night to you, dear Neighbour: Get ye up, get ye up, and be gone into the next Room presently, make haste: [*To Beaugard and Lady Dunc*] but don't steal away till I come to you, be sure you remember, don't ye stir till I come; pish, none of this bowing and fooling, it but loses time; I'll only bolt the Door that belongs to Sir Davy's Lodgings, that he may be safe, and be with you in a Twinkle: Ah, h, h, h! So, now for the Door, very well, Friend, you are fast. [*Bolts the Door.*

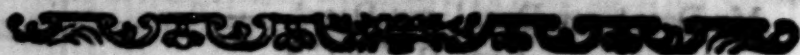
Sings.

Bonny Lass, gan thoo wert mine,

And twenty thousand Pounds about thee, &c.



ACT



A C T V. S C E N E I.

COURTINE bound on a Couch in SYLVIA's Chamber.

COURTINE.

HEigho! heigho! ha! Where am I? Was I drunk or no, last night? Something leaning that way. But where the Devil am I? Sincerely in a Bandy-house: Fogh! what a smell of Sin is here! Let me look about; if there be ever a *Geneva Bible* or a *Practice of Piety* in the Room, I am sure I have guess'd right. What's the matter now? Ty'd fast! bound too! What Tricks have I play'd to come into this Condition! I have lighted into the Territories of some merrily-dispos'd Chamber-maid or other; and she in a witty Fit, forsooth, hath truss'd me up thus: Has she pinn'd no Rags to my Tail, or chalk'd me upon the Back now? Would I had her Mistress here at a Venture.

SYLVIA.
What would you do with her, my enchanted Knight if you had her? You are too sober for her by this time; next time you get drunk, you may perhaps venture to scale her Balcony like a valiant Captain as you are.

COURTINE.

Hast thou done this, my dear Destruction? And am I in thy *Limbo*? I must confess, when I am in my Beer, my Courage does run away with me now and then: but let me loose, and thou shalt see what a gentle humble Animal thou hast made me. Fye upon't, what tie me up like an ungovernable Cur to the Frame of a Table! let, let thy poor Dog loose, that he may fawn and make much of thee a little.

SYLVIA.

What with those Paws which you have been ferreting *Moor-Fields* withal, and are very dirty still; after you
have

have been daggling yourself abroad for Prey, and can meet with none, you come sneaking hither for a Crust, do you?

MAID.

Shall I fetch the Wip and the Bell, Madam, and flash him for his Roguery soundly?

COURTINE.

Indeed, indeed! Do you long to be ferking of Man's Flesh, Madam Flea-trap? Does the Chaplain of the Family use you to the Exercise, that you are so ready for it?

SYLVIA.

If you should be let loose, and taken into Favour now, you would be for rambling again so soon as you had got your Liberty.

COURTINE.

Do but try me, and if ever I prove recreant more, let me be beaten and us'd like a Dog in good earnest.

SYLVIA.

Promise to grant me but one Request, and it shall be done.

COURTINE.

Hear me but swear.

SYLVIA.

That any body may do ten thousand times a-day.

COURTINE.

Upon the Word of a Gentleman, nay, as I hope to get Money in my Pocket.

SYLVIA.

There I believe him, *Lehe*; you'll keep your Word you say?

COURTINE.

If I don't, hang me up in that Wench's old Garter.

SYLVIA.

See, Sir, you have your Freedom.

COURTINE.

Well, now name the Price; what must I pay for't?

SYLVIA.

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SYLVIA.

You, know, Sir, considering our small Acquaintance, you have been pleased to talk to me very freely of Love-matters.

COURTINE.

I must confess I have been something to blame that way; but if ever thou hearest more of it from my Mouth after this Night's Adventure—would I were well out of this House.

SYLVIA.

Have a care of swearing, I beseech you; for you must understand, that spite of my Teeth, I am at last fallen in love most unmercifully.

COURTINE.

And dost thou imagine I am so hard-hearted a Villain as to have no Compassion of thee?

SYLVIA.

No, no, for I hope he's a Man you can have no Exceptions against.

COURTINE.

Yes, yes, the Man is a Man, I'll assure you, that's one Comfort.

SYLVIA.

Who do you think it may be now? try if you can guess him.

COURTINE.

Whoever he is, he's an honest Fellow I'll warrant him, and I believe will not think himself very unhappy neither.

SYLVIA.

If a Fortune of five thousand Pounds, pleasant Nights, and quiet Days can make him happy, I assure you he may be so; but try once to guess at him.

COURTINE.

But if I should be mistaken.

SYLVIA.

Why, who is it you would wish me to?

COUR-

COURTINE.

You have five thousand Pounds you say.

SYLVIA.

Yes.

COURTINE.

Faith, Child, to deal honestly, I know well enough who 'tis I wish for; but Sweet-heart, before I tell you my Inclinations, it were but reasonable that I knew yours.

SYLVIA.

Well, Sir, because I am confident you will stand my Friend in the Business, I'll make a Discovery; and to hold you in suspense no longer, you must know I have a Months-mind for an Arm-full of your dearly belov'd Friend and Brother Captain; what say you to't?

COURTINE.

Madam your humble Servant, good b'w'y, that's all.

SYLVIA.

What thus cruelly leave a Lady that so kindly took you in, in your last Night's pickle, into her Lodging? whither would you rove now, my Wanderer?

COURTINE.

Faith, Madam, you have dealt so gallantly in trusting me with your Passion, that I cannot stay here without telling you, that I am three times as much in love with an Acquaintance of yours, as you can be with any Friend of mine.

SYLVIA.

Not with my Waiting-Woman, I hope, Sir.

COURTINE.

No, But it is with a certain Kinswoman of thine, Child, they call her my Lady *Dunce*, and I think this is her House too; they say she will be civil upon a good occasion, therefore pr'ythee be charitable, and shew the way to her Chamber a little.

SYLVIA.

What, commit Adultery, Captain? sy upon't! What hazard your Soul?

COUR.

COURTINE.

No, no, only venture my Body a little, that's all; look you, you know the Secret, and may imagine my Desires, therefore as you would have me assist your Inclinations, pray be civil and help me to mine; look you no demurring upon the Matter, no Qualm, but shew me the way, or you, Hussy, you shall do't; any Band will serve at present, for I will go.

SYLVIA.

But you shan't go, Sir.

COURTINE.

Shan't go, Lady?

SYLVIA.

No, shan't go, Sir; did I not tell you when once you had got your Liberty, that you would be rambling again?

COURTINE.

Why, Child, wouldst thou be so uncharitable to tie up a poor Jade to an empty Rack in thy Stable, when he knows where to go else-where, and get Provender enough?

SYLVIA.

Any musty Provender I find will serve your Turn, so you have it but cheap, or at another Man's Charges.

COURTINE.

No, Child, I had rather my Ox should graze in a Field of my own, than live hide-bound upon the Common, or run the Hazard of being pounded every Day for Trespasses.

SYLVIA.

Truly, all things consider'd, 'tis a great Pity so good a Husband-man as you should want a Farm to cultivate.

COURTINE.

Wouldst thou be but kind, and let me have a Bargain in a Tenement of thine, to try how it would agree with me.

SYLVIA.

And would you be contented to take a Lease for your Life?

COUR-

COURTINE.

A pretty Lady of the Manor, and a moderate Rent.

SYLVIA.

Which you'll be sure to pay very punctually?

COURTINE.

If thou doubtest my Honesty, faith e'en take a little Earnest before-hand.

SYLVIA.

Not so hasty neither, good Tenant; *Imprimis*, You shall oblige yourself to a constant Residence, and not by leaving the House uninhabited, let it run to Repairs.

COURTINE.

Agreed.

SYLVIA.

Item, For your own sake you shall promise to keep the Estate well fenc'd and inclos'd, lest some time or other your Neighbour's Cattle break in and spoil the Crop on the Ground, Friend.

COURTINE.

Very just and reasonable, provided I don't find it lie too much too common already.

SYLVIA.

Item, You shall enter into strict Covenant, not to take any other Farm upon your Hands, without my Consent and Approbation; or if you do, that then it shall be lawful for me to get me another Tenant, how and where I think fit.

COURTINE.

Faith, that's something hard tho', let me tell you but that, Landlady.

SYLVIA.

Upon these Terms, we'll draw Articles.

COURTINE.

And when shall we sign 'em?

SYLVIA.

Why, this Morning, as soon as the ten o'Clock Office in *Covent-Garden* is open.

COUR-

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COURTINE.

A Bargain; but how will you answer your Entertainment of a drunken Red-coat in your Lodgings at these unseasonable Hours?

SYLVIA.

That's a Secret you will be hereafter oblig'd to keep for your own sake, and for the Family; your Friend *Beaugard* shall answer for us there.

COURTINE.

Indeed I fancy'd the Rogue had Mischief in his Head, he behav'd himself so soberly last Night, has he taken a Farm lately too?

SYLVIA.

A Trespasser, I believe, if the Truth were known, upon the Provender you would fain have been biting at just now.

Enter MAID.

MAID.

Madam, Madam, have a care of yourself: I see Lights in the great Hall; whatever is the matter, Sir *Davy* and all the Family are up.

COURTINE.

I hope they'll come, and catch me here: Well, now you have brought me into this Condition, what will you do with me, hah!

SYLVIA.

You won't be contented for awhile to be ty'd up like a Jade to an empty Rack without Hay, will you?

COURTINE.

Faith e'en take me, and put thy Mark upon me quickly, that if I light in strange Hands they may know me for a Sheep of thine.

SYLVIA.

What by your wanting a Fleece do you mean? If it must be so, come follow your Shepherd, B a a a.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE and VERMIN.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I cannot sleep, I shall not sleep again: I have pray'd too so long, that were I to be hang'd presently, I have never a Prayer left to help myself: I was no sooner laid upon the Bed just now and fall'n into a Slumber, but methought the Devil was carrying me down *Ludgate-Hill* a Gallop, six puny Fiends with flaming Fire-Forks running before him like Link-boys, to throw me head-long into *Fleet-Ditch*, which seem'd to be turn'd into a Lake of Fire and Brimstone: would it were Morning.

VERMIN.

Truly, Sir, it has been a very dismal Night.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

But didst thou meet never a white thing upon the Stairs.

VERMIN.

No, Sir, not I; but methoughts I saw our great Dog *Touzer*, with his great Collar on, stand at the Cellar Door as I came along the old Entry.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

It could never be, *Touzer* has a Chain; had this thing a Chain on?

VERMIN.

No, Sir, no Chain but it had *Touzer's* Eyes for all the World.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

What, ugly great frightful Eyes?

VERMIN.

Ay, ay, huge saucer Eyes, but mightily like *Touzer's*.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Hark! Hark!

VERMIN.

What! what I beseech you, Sir?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

What's that upon the Stairs? Didst thou hear nothing Hilt, hark, pat, pat, pat, hark, heu!

VER-

VERMIN.

Hear nothing! Where, Sir?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Look! Look! what's that? what's that in the Corner there?

VERMIN.

Where?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

There.

VERMIN.

What, upon the Iron Chest?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No, the long black thing up by the old Clock-Case.
See! see! Now it stirs, and is coming this way,

VERMIN.

Alas, Sir, speak to it, you are a Justice o'Peace; I beseech you; I dare not stay in the House: I'll call the Watch, and tell 'em Hell's broke loose; what shall I do?
Oh! *[Exit.]*

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Oh *Vermin*, if thou art a true Servant, have pity on thy Master, and do not forsake me in this distressed Condition. *Satan* be gone, I defy thee, I'll repent and be sav'd, I'll say my Prayers, I'll go to Church; Help! help! help! Was there any thing, or no? In what Hole shall I hide myself?

Enter Sir JOLLY JUMBLE, FOURBIN, and

BLOODY-BONES

Sir Jelly JUMBLE.

That should be *Sir Davy's* Voice; the Waiting woman indeed told me, he was afraid and could not sleep; pretty Fellows, pretty Fellows both, you've done your Business handsomly; what, I'll warrant you have been a Whoring together now; ha! You do well, you do well, I like you the better for't: What's o'Clock?

FOURBIN.

Near four, Sir; 'twill not be Day yet these two Hours.

Sir

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Very well, but how got you into the House?

FOURBIN.

A ragged Retainer of the Family, *Vermin* I think they call him, let us in as Physicians sent for by your Order.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Excellent Rogues! And then I hope all things are ready, as I gave Directions?

FOURBIN.

To a tittle, Sir; there shall not be a more critical Observer of your Worship's Pleasure than your humble Servant the Chevalier *Fourbin*.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Get you gone, you Rogue, you have a sharp Nose, and are a nimble Fellow; I have no more to say to you, stand aside, and be ready when I call: here he comes; hift, hem, hem, hem.

Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE.

Hah! what art thou?

Approach thou like the rugged *Bankside* Bear,
The *East-Cheap* Bull, or Monster, shewn in Fair,
Take any Shape but that, and I'll confront thee.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Alas, unhappy Man! I am thy Friend.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Thou canst not be my Friend, for I defy thee. Sir *Jolly*! Neighbour! Hah! Is it you? Are you sure it is you? Are you yourself? If you be, give me your Hand; Alas-a-day, I ha' seen the Devil.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

The Devil, Neighbour!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, ay, there's no help for't; at first I fancy'd it was a young white Bear's Cub dancing in the Shadow of my Candle; then it was turn'd to a Pair of blue
VOL. II. L Breeches

Breeches with wooden Legs on, stamp about the Room, as if all the Cripples in Town had kept their Rendezvous there; when all of a sudden it appear'd like a leathern Serpent, and with a dreadful Clap of Thunder flew out of the Window.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Thunder! Why I heard no Thunder.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

That may be too; what, were you asleep?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Asleep, quotha, no, no; no sleeping this Night for me I assure you.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Well, what is the best News then? How does the Man?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ev'n as he did before he was born, nothing at all; he's dead.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Dead! What, quite dead!

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

As good as dead, if not quite dead; 'twas a horrid Murder! and then the Terror of Conscience, Neighbour.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

And truly I have a very terrify'd one, Friend, tho' I never found I had any Conscience at all till now. Pray where-about was his Death's Wound?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Just here, just under his left Pap, a dreadful Gash.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

So very wide?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Oh, as wide as my Hat, you might have seen his Lungs, Liver and Heart, as perfectly as if you had been in his Belly.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Is there no way to have him privately bury'd, and conceal this Murder? Must I needs be hang'd by the Neck like

a Dog, Neighbour? Do I look as if I would be hang'd?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Truly, Sir Davy, I must deal faithfully with you, you do look a little suspiciously at present; but have you seen the Devil, say you?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, surely it was the Devil, nothing else could have frightened me so.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Bless us, and guard us all the Angels! what's that?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

*Potestati sempiternae cujus benevolentia servantur gentes,
& cujus misericordia.*

[Kneels, holding up his Hands, and mutt'ring as if he pray'd.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Neighbour, where are you, Friend, Sir Davy?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ah, whatever you do, be sure to stand close to me; where, where is it;

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Just, just there, in the Shape of a Coach and six Horses against the Wall.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Deliver us all, he won't carry me away in that Coach and six, will he?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Do you see it?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

See it! Plain, plain: dear Friend advise me what I shall do: Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly, do you hear nothing? Sir Jolly, ha! has he left me alone? *Vermin.*

VERMIN.

Sir.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Am I alive? Dost thou know me again? Am I thy Quondam Master, Sir Davy Dunc?

L 2

VERMIN.

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VERMIN.

I hope I shall never forget you, Sir.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Didst thou see nothing?

VERMIN.

Yes, Sir, methought the House was all o'fire, Fire as it were.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Didst thou not see how the Devils grin'd and gnash'd their Teeth at me, *Vermin*?

VERMIN.

Alas, Sir, I was afraid one of 'em would have bit off my Nose, as he vanish'd out of the Door.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Lead me away, I'll go to my Wife, I'll die by my own dear Wife; run away to the *Temple*, and call Counsellor my Lawer, I'll make over my Estate presently, I shan't live till Noon; I'll give all I have to my Wife. Hah, *Vermin!*

VERMIN.

Truly, Sir, she's a very good Lady.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ah much, much too good for me, *Vermin*; thou canst not imagine what she has done for me, Man; she would break her Heart if I should give any thing away from her, she loves me so dearly. Yet if I do die, thou shalt have all my old Shoes.

VERMIN.

I hope to see you live many a fair Day yet tho'.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ah, my Wife my poor Wife, lead me to my poor Wife. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE draws and discovers Sir JOLLY JUMBLE, Captain BEUGARD, and Lady, in her Chamber.

Lady DUNCE.

What think you now of a cold wet March over the

the Mountains, your Men tir'd, your Baggage not come up, but at Night a dirty watry Plain to encamp upon, and nothing to shelter you, but an old Leaguer Cloak as tatter'd as your Colours? Is not this much better now, than lying wet, and getting the *Sciatica*?

BEAUGARD.

The Hopes of this made all this easy to me; the Thoughts of *Clarinda* have a thousand times refresh'd me in my Solitude; when e'er I march'd, I fancy'd still it was to my *Clarinda*; when I fought, I imagin'd it was for my *Clarinda*; but when I came home, and found *Clarinda* lost! — How could you think of wasting but a Night in the rank surfeiting Arms of this soul-feeding Monster, this rotten Trunk of a Man, that lays claim to you?

Lady DUNCE.

The Persuasion of Friends, and the Authority of Parents!

BEAUGARD.

And had you no more Grace, than to be rul'd by a Father and Mother?

Lady DUNCE.

When you were gone, that should have given me better Counsel, how could I help myself?

BEAUGARD.

Methinks, then, you might have found out some cleaner Shift to have thrown away yourself upon, than nauseous old Age, and unwholesom Deformity.

Lady DUNCE.

What, upon some over-grown full-fed Country Fool, with a Horse Face, a great ugly Head, and a great fine Estate? one that should have been drain'd and squeez'd, and jolted up and down the Town in Hackneys with Cheats and Hectors, and so sent home at three o'Clock every Morning, like a lolling Booby, stinking, with a Belly-full of stumm'd Wine, and nothing in's Pockets.

BEAUGARD.

You might have made a tractable Beast of such a one; he would have been young enough for training.

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Lady DUNCE.

Is Youth then so gentle, if Age be stubborn? Young Men like Springs wrought by a subtle Work-man, easily ply to what their Wishes press 'em; but the Desire once gone that kept 'em down, they soon start straight again, and no signs left which way they bent before.

[*Sir Jolly at the Door peeping.*

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

So, so, who says I see any thing now? I see nothing, not I; I don't see, I don't see, I don't look, not so much as look, not I. [Enters.]

Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I will have my Wife, carry me to my Wife, let me go to my Wife, I'll live and die with my Wife, let the Devil do his worst; ah, my Wife, my Wife, my Wife!—

Lady DUNCE.

Alas! alas! we are ruin'd! shift for yourself; counterfeit the dead Corps once more, or any thing.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Hah! whosoe'er thou art thou canst not eat me; speak to me, who has done this? Thou canst not say I did it.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Did it? did what? Here's nobody says you did any thing that I know, Neighbour; what's the matter with you? what ails you? whither do you go? whither do you run? I tell thee here's nobody says a Word to you.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Did not you see the Ghost just now?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ghost! pr'ythee now, here's no Ghost; whither would you go? I tell you, you shall not stir one Foot farther Man, the Devil take me if you do, Ghost, pr'ythee here's no Ghost at all, a little Flesh and Blood indeed there is, some old, some young, some alive some dead, and so forth; but Ghost, pish, here's no Ghost.

Sir

Sir Davy DUNCE.

But, Sir, if I say I did see a Ghost, I did see a Ghost, an you go to that; why sure I know a Ghost when I see one: Ah my Dear, if thou hadst but seen the Devil half so often as I have seen him.

Lady DUNCE.

Alas, Sir *Davy*! if you ever lov'd me, come not, oh come not near me; I have resolv'd to waste the short remainder of my Life in Penitence, and taste of Joys no more.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Alas, my poor Child, but do you think there was no Ghost indeed?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ghost! Alas-a-day, what should a Ghost do here?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

And is the Man dead?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Dead, ay, ay, stark dead, he's stiff by this time.

Lady DUNCE.

Here you may see the horrid ghastly Spectacle, the sad Effects of my too rigid Virtue, and your too fierce Resentment—

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Do you see there?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, ay, I do see, would I had never seen him; would he had lain with my Wife in every House between *Charing-Cross* and *Aldgate*, so this had never happen'd.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

In troth, and would he had; but we are all mortal, Neighbour, mortal; to-day we are here, to-morrow gone like the Shadow that vanisheth, like the Grass that withereth, or like the Flower that fadeth; or indeed, like any thing, or rather like nothing: But we are all mortal.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Heigh!

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Lady DUNCE.

Down, down that Trap-door, it goes into a Bathing-room; for the rest leave it to my Conduct.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

'Tis very unfortunate, that you should run yourself into this Premunire, Sir Davy.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Indeed and so it is.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

For a Gentleman, a Man in Authority, a Person in Years, one that us'd to go to Church with his Neighbours.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Every Sunday, truly, Sir Jolly.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Pay Scot and Lot to the Parish.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Six Pounds a Year to the very Poor, without Abatement or Deduction: 'Tis very hard if so good a commonwealth's-Man should be brought to ride in a Cart, at last, and be hang'd in a Sun-shiny Morning to make Butchers and Suburb-Apprentices a Holiday; I'll e'en run away.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Run away! why then your Estate will be forfeited; you'll lose your Estate, Man.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Truly you say right, Friend; and a Man had better be half hang'd than lose his Estate, you know.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Hang'd! no, no, I think there's no great fear of hanging neither: What, the Fellow was but a sort of an unaccountable Fellow, as I heard you say.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, ay, a pox on him, he was a soldierly sort of a Vagabond; he had little or nothing but his Sins to live upon: If I could have had but Patience, he would have been hang'd within these two Months, and all this Mischievous fav'd.

[Beaugard

[Beaugard rises up like a Ghost at a Trap-door, just before Sir Davy.

Oh Lord! the Devil, the Devil, the Devil!

[Falls on his Face.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Why, Sir Davy, Sir Davy, what ails you? what's the matter with you?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Let me alone, let me lie still; I will not look up to see an Angel; Oh-h-h!

Lady DUNCE.

My Dear, why do you do these cruel things to affright me? Pray rise and speak to me.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I dare not stir, I saw the Ghost again just now.

Lady DUNCE.

Ghost again! what Ghost? where?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Why, there! there!

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Here has been no Ghost.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Why, did you see nothing then?

Lady DUNCE.

See nothing! no, nothing but one another.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Then I am enchanted, or my End is near at hand, Neighbour; For Heaven's sake, Neighbour, advise me what I shall do to be at rest.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Do! why, what think you if the Body were remov'd?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Remov'd! I'd give a hundred Pound the Body were out of my House; may be then the Devil wou'd not be so impudent.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

I have discover'd a Door-place in the Wall betwixt

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my Lady's Chamber and one that belongs to me; if you think fit we'll beat it down, and remove this troublesome Lump of Earth to my House.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

But will you be so kind?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

If you think it may by any means be serviceable to you.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Truly, if the Body was remov'd, and dispos'd of privately, that no more might be heard of the matter—I hope he'll be as good as his Word. [Aside.]

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Fear nothing, I'll warrant you; but in troth I had utterly forgot one thing, utterly forgot it.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

What's that?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Why, it will be absolutely necessary that your Lady staid with me at my House for one Day, till things were better settled.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ah, Sir Jolly! whatever you think fit; any thing of mine that you have a mind to; pray take her, pray take her, you shall be very welcome. Hear you, my dearest, there is but one way for us to get rid of this untoward Business, and Sir Jolly has found it out; therefore by all means go along with him, and be rul'd by him; and whatever Sir Jolly would have thee do, e'en do it: So Heav'n prosper ye, good b'w'y, good b'w'y, till I see you again. [Exit.]

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

This is certainly the civilest Cuckold in City, Town or Country.

BEAUGARD.

Is he gone?

[Steps out.]

Lady

Lady DUNCE.

Yes, and has left poor me here.

BEAUGARD.

In troth, Madam, 'tis barbarously done of him, to commit a horrid Murder on the Body of an innocent poor Fellow, and then leave you to stem the danger of it.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Odd, an I were as thee, Sweet-heart, I'd be reveng'd on him for it, so I would. Go get you together, steal out of the House as softly as you can, I'll meet you in the *Piazza* presently; go, be sure you steal out of the House, and don't let Sir *Davy* see you. *[The Scene shuts.]*

Sir JOLLY comes forward. Enter BLOODY-BONES.

Bloody-Bones.

BLOODY-BONES.

I am here, Sir.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Go you and *Fourbin* to my House presently; bid Monsieur *Fourbin* remember that all things be order'd according to my Directions. Tell my Maids to, I am coming home in a trice; bid 'em get the great Chamber, and the Banquet I spoke for, ready presently: And d'ye hear, carry the Minstrels with you too, for I'm resolv'd to rejoice this Morning. Let me see——Sir *Davy*!

Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, Neighbour, 'tis I; is the Business done? I cannot be satisfy'd till I am sure: Have you remov'd the Body? is it gone?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Yes, yes, my Servants convey'd it out of the House just now. Well, Sir *Davy*, a good Morning to you: I wish you your Health with all my Heart, Sir *Davy*; the first thing you do tho', I'd have you say your Prayers by all means, if you can.

Sir

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Sir Davy DUNCE.

If I can possibly, I will.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Well, good b'w'y. *[Exit Sir Jolly.]*

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Good b'w'y heartily, good Neighbour.——*Vermin, Vermin.*

Enter VERMIN

VERMIN.

Did your Honour call?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Go run, run presently over the Square, and call the Constable presently; tell him here's Murder committed, and that I must speak with him instantly—I'll e'en carry him to my Neighbour's, that he may find the dead Body there, and so let my Neighbour be very fairly hang'd in my stead; hah! a very good Jest, as I hope to live ha, ha, ha! hey, what's that?

WATCHMEN at the Door.

Almost Four-o'clock, and a dark cloudy Morning; good-morrow my Masters all, good-morrow.

Enter Constable and Watch.

CONSTABLE.

How's this, a Door open! Come in, Gentlemen—Ah, *Sir Davy*, your Honour's humble Servant, I and my Watch going my Morning-Rounds, and finding your Door open, made bold to enter, to see there were no Danger. Your Worship will excuse our Care; a good Morning to you, Sir.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Oh, Mr. Constable, I'm glad you're here, I sent my Man just now to call you. I have sad News to tell you, Mr. Constable.

CONSTABLE.

I am sorry for that, Sir; sad News!

Sir

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Oh, ay, sad News, very sad News truly: Here has been Murder committed.

CONSTABLE.

Murder! if that's all, we are your humble Servants, Sir, we'll bid you good-morrow: Murder's nothing at this time o' Night in *Covent-Garden*.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

O, but this is a horrid bloody Murder, done under my Nose; I cannot but take notice of it; tho' I am sorry to tell you the Authors of it, very sorry truly.

CONSTABLE.

Was it committed here near hand?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Oh, at the very next door; a sad Murder indeed. After they had done, they carry'd the Body privately into my Neighbour Sir *Jolly's* House here; I am sorry to tell it you, Mr. Constable, for I am afraid it will look but scurvily on his side; tho' I am a Justice o' Peace, Gentlemen, and am bound by my Oath to take notice of it; I can't help it.

WATCHMAN.

I never lik'd that Sir *Jolly*.

CONSTABLE.

He threatned me t'other day for carrying a little dirty draggel-tail'd Whore to *Bridewell*, and said she was his Cousin, Sir. If your Worship thinks fit, we'll go search his House.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

O, by all means, Gentlemen, it must be so; Justice must have its course; the King's liege Subjects must not be destroy'd. *Vermin*, carry Mr. Constable and his Dragons into the Cellar, and make 'em drink; I'll but step into my Study, put on my Face of Authority, and call upon ye instantly.

ALL WATCHMEN.

We thank your Honour.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Sir JOLLY JUMBLE's. A Banquet.*

Enter Sir JOLLY JUMBLE, Captain BEAUGARD, and Lady DUNCE.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

So, are ye come? I am glad on't; odd y'are welcome, very welcome, odd ye are; here's a small Banquet, but I hope 'twill please you; sit ye down, sit ye down both together, nay, both together: A pox o' him that parts ye, I say.

BEAUGARD.

Sir Jolly, this might be an Entertainment for *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, were they living.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Pish! a pox of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, they are dead and rotten long ago; come, come, time's but short, time's but short, and must be made the best use of; for

Youth's a Flower that soon does fade,

And Life is but a Span;

Man was for the Woman made,

And Woman made for Man.

Why now we can be bold, and make merry, and frisk and be brisk, rejoice, and make a Noise, and—odd, I am pleas'd, mightily pleas'd, odd I am.

Lady DUNCE.

Really, Sir Jolly, you are more a Philosopher than I thought you were.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Philosopher, Madam! yes, Madam, I have read Books in my time; odd, *Aristotle*, in some things, had very pretty Notions, he was an understanding Fellow. Why don't ye eat, odd anye don't eat—here Child, here's some Ringuoes, help, help your Neighbour a little; odd they are very good, very comfortable, very cordial.

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

Sir Jolly, your Health.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

With all my Heart, old Boy.

Lady DUNCE.

Dear Sir Jolly, what are these? I never tasted of these before.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

That! eat it, eat it, eat it when I bid you; odd, 'tis the Root Satyrion, a very precious Plant, I gather 'em every May myself; odd, they'll make an old Fellow of sixty five cut a Caper like a Dancing-Master; give me some Wine; Madam, here's a Health, here's a Health, Madam, here's a Health to honest Sir Davy, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha. [Dance.

Enter BLOODY-BONES.

BLOODY-BONES.

Sir, Sir, Sir! What will you do? Yonder's the Constable and all his Watch at the Door, and threatens Demolishment, if not admitted presently.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Odds so! Odds so! The Constable and his Watch! What's to be done now? Get you both into the Alcove there, get ye gone quickly, quickly; no Noise, no Noise; d'ye hear, the Constable and his Watch! A pox on the Constable and his Watch; What the Devil have the Constable and his Watch to do here?

Enter Constable, Watch, and Sir Davy DUNCE. Scene shuts. Sir JOLLY JUMBLE comes forward.

CONSTABLE.

This way, this way, Gentlemen; stay one of ye at the Door, and let no body pass, do you hear? Sir Jolly, your Servant.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

What, this Outrage, this Disturbance committed upon
my

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my House and Family; Sir, Sir, Sir! What do you mean by these Doings, sweet Sir? Hoh!——

**CONSTABLE.*

Sir, having receiv'd Information, that the Body of a murder'd Man is conceal'd in your House, I am come, according to my Duty, to make Search and discover the truth.——Stand to my Assistance, Gentlemen.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

A murder'd Man, Sir!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Yes, a murder'd Man, Sir: Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly, I am sorry to see a Person of your Character and Figure in the Parish, concern'd in Murder, I say.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Here's a Dog! Here's a Rogue for you! Here's a Villain! Here's a Cuckoldy Son of his Mother! I never knew a Cuckold in my Life, that was not a false Rogue in his Heart; there are no honest Fellows living, but Whoremasters. Hark you, Sir, what a pox do you mean? You had best play the Fool, and spoil all, you had; what's all this for?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

When your Worship comes to be hang'd, you'll find the meaning on't, Sir. I say once more, search the House.

CONSTABLE.

It shall be done, Sir; come along, Friends.

[Exit Constable and Watch.]

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Search my House! O Lord! Search my House! What will become of me? I shall lose my Reputation with Man and Woman, and no body will ever trust me again: O Lord! Search my House! all will be discover'd, do what I can; I'll sing a Song like a dying Swan, and try to give them Warning.

Go from the Window, my Love, my Love, my Love,

Go from the Window my Dear;

The Wind and the Rain

Has brought 'em back again,

And thou canst have no Lodging here.

O Lord!

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O Lord! Search my House!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Break down that Door, I'll have that Door broke open;
break down that Door, I say. *[Knocking within.]*

Sir Jolly YUMBLE.

Very well done, break down my Doors! break down
my Walls, Gentlemen! plunder my House! ravish my
Maids! Ah, curst be Cuckolds, Cuckolds, Constables;
and Cuckolds.

SCENE *dawns and discovers* BEAUGARD and Lady
DUNCE.

BEAUGARD.

Stand off, by Heav'n the first that comes here comes
upon his Death.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sir, your humble Servant, I'm glad to see you are alive
again with all my Heart; Gentlemen, here's no harm
done, Gentlemen, here's no body murder'd, Gentlemen,
the Man's alive again, Gentlemen; but here's my Wife,
Gentlemen, and a fine Gentleman with her, Gentlemen;
and Mr. Constable, I hope you'll bear me witness, Mr.
Constable.

Sir Jolly YUMBLE.

That he's a Cuckold, Mr. Constable. *[Aside.]*

BEAUGARD.

Hark ye, ye Curs, keep off from snapping at my
Heels, or I shall so seage ye.

Sir Jolly YUMBLE.

Get ye gone, ye Dogs, ye Rogues, ye Night-Toads
of the Parish Dungeon; disturb my House at these un-
seasonable Hours, get ye out of my Doors, get ye gone,
or I'll brain ye, Dogs, Rogues, Villains.

[Exeunt Constable and Watch.]

BEAUGARD.

And next for you, Sir, Coxcomb, you see I am not
murder'd tho' you paid well for the Performance; what
think you of bribing my own Man to murder me?

Enter

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Enter FOURBIN and BLOODY-BONES.

Look ye, Sir, he can cut a Throat upon occasion, and here's another dresses a Man's Heart with Oil and Pepper, better than any Cook in Christendom.

FOURBIN.

Will your Worship please to have one for your Breakfast this Morning.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

With all my Heart, Sweet-heart, any thing in the World, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha! this is the purest Sport, ha, ha, ha!

Enter VERMIN.

VERMIN.

Oh, Sir, the most unhappy and most unfortunate News! There has been a Gentleman in Madam Sylvia's Chamber all this Night, who just as you went out of Doors carry'd her away, and whither they are gone no body knows.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

With all Heart, I am glad on't, Child, I wou'd not care if he'd carry'd away my House and all, Man. Unhappy News, quotha! poor Fool, he does not know I am a Cuckold, and that any body may make bold with what belongs to me, ha, ha, ha! I am so pleas'd, ha, ha, ha, I think I never was so pleas'd in all my Life before, ha, ha, ha.

BEAUGARD.

Nay, Sir, I have a Hank upon you; there are Laws for Cut-throats, Sir; and as you tender your future Credit, take this wrong'd Lady home, and use her handsomely, use her like my Mistress, Sir, do you mark me, that when we think fit to meet again, I have no Complaint of you; this must be done, Friend.

Sir Jolly FUMBLE.

In troth, and it is but reasonable, very reasonable in troth.

Lady

Lady DUNCE.

Can you, my Dear, forgive me one Misfortune?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Madam, in one Word, I am thy Ladyship's most humble Servant and Cuckold, Sir *Davy Duncce*, Knt. living in *Covent-Garden*; ha, ha, ha! well this is mighty pretty, ha, ha, ha!

Enter SYLVIA follow'd by COURTINE.

SYLVIA.

Sir *Jolly*, ah Sir *Jolly*, protect me or I am ruin'd.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

My little Minikin, is it thy Squeek?

BEAUGARD.

My dear *Courtine*, welcome.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Well Child, and what would that wicked Fellow do to thee Child? hah Child, Child, what would he do to thee?

SYLVIA.

Oh, Sir, he has most inhumanly seduced me out of my Uncle's House, and threatens to marry me.

COURTINE.

Nay, Sir, and she having no more Grace before her Eyes neither, has e'en taken me at my Word.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

In troth, and that's very uncivilly done: I don't like these Marriages, I'll have no Marriages in my House, and there's an end on't.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

And do you intend to marry my Niece, Friend?

COURTINE.

Yes, Sir, and never ask your Consent neither.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

In troth, and that's very well said; I am glad on't with all my Heart, Man, because she has five thousand Pounds to her Portion, and my Estate's bound to pay it; well, this is the happiest Day, ha, ha, ha.

Here

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Here take thy Bride; like Man and Wife agree,
And may she prove as kind—as mine to me. *Ha, ha, ha.*

BEAUGARD.

Courtine I wish thee joy: thou art come opportunely to be a Witness of a perfect Reconcilement between me and that worthy Knight *Sir Davy Dunc*; which to preserve inviolate, you must, Sir, before we part, enter into such Covenants for Performance as I shall think fit.

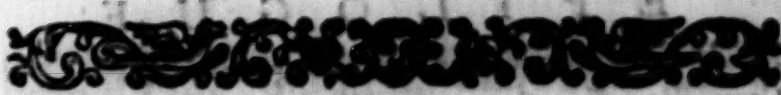
Sir Davy DUNC.

No more to be said, it shall be done, Sweet-heart: But don't be too hard upon me, use me gently as thou didst my Wife; gently, ha, ha, ha! a very good Jest, Pfaith, ha, ha, ha! or if he should be cruel to me, Gentlemen, and take this Advantage over a poor Cornuto, to lay me in a Prison, or throw me in a Dungeon, at least.

I hope amongst all you, Sirs, I shan't fail

To find one Brother-Cuckold out for Bail.





EPILOGUE.

WITH the discharge of Passions much oppress,
Disturb'd in Brain and Pensive in his Breast,
Full of those Thoughts which make th'Unhappy sad,
And by Imagination half grown mad,
The Poet led abroad his Mourning Muse,
And let her range, to see what Sport she'd chuse.
Straight like a Bird got loose, and on the Wing,
Pleas'd with her Freedom she began to sing;
Each Note was echo'd all the Vale along,
And this was what she utter'd in her Song:
Wretch, write no more for an uncertain Fame,
Nor call thy Muse, when thou art dull, to blame:
Consider with thyself how thou'rt unfit
To make that Monster of Mankind, a Wit:
A Wit's a Toad, who swell'd with silly Pride,
Full of himself, scorns all the World beside;
Civil would seem, tho' he good Manners lacks,
Smiles on all Faces, rails behind all Backs.
If e'er, good-natur'd, nought to ridicule,
Good-Nature melts a Wit into a Fool:
Plac'd high like some Jack-pudding, in a Hall,
At Christmas Revels he makes Sport for all.
So much in little Praises he delights,
But when he's angry draws his Pen, and writes:
A Wit to no Man will his Dues allow;
Wits will not part with a good Word that's due:
So whoever ventures on the ragged Coast
Of starving Poets, certainly is lost,
They rail like Porters at the Penny-Post.
At a new Author's Play see one but sit,
Making his snarling froward Face of Wit,

}
The

EPILOGUE.

*The Merit he allows, and Praise he grants,
Comes like a Tax from a poor Wretch that wants.
O Poets, have a care of one another,
There's hardly one amongst ye true to t'other :
Like Trincalo's and Stephano's, ye play
The leudest Tricks each other to betray.
Like Foes detract, yet flatt'ring friend-like smile,
And all is one another to beguile
Of Praise, the Monster of your barren Iste.
Enjoy the Prostitute ye so admire,
Enjoy her to the full of your Desire,
Whilst this poor Scribler wishes to retire,
Where he may ne'er repeat his Follies more,
But curse the Fate that wreck'd him on your Shore.*

*Now you, who this Day as his Judges sit,
After you've heard what he has said of Wit ;
Ought for your own sakes not to be severe,
But shew so much to think he meant none here.*





THE
A T H E I S T:
OR, THE
SECOND PART
OF THE
SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

—Hic noster Authores habet ;
Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam
Potius, quam istorum obscuram diligentiam.
Dehinc ut quiescant porro moneo, & desinat
Maledicere, malefacta ne noscant sua.

Terence.



THE END OF THE WORLD

THE
A T H E I S T
OR THE
SECOND PART
OF THE
SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

— His name, however, is
not mentioned in the
first part of the
Drama in question, but
Nathaniel, mentioned as
Tertius.

THE END OF THE WORLD



TO THE
LORD ELANDE,

Eldest Son to the Right Honourable the

Marquis of HALLIFAX.

My LORD,



T was not without a great deal of Debate with myself, that I could resolve to make this Present to your Lordship: For tho' Epistles dedicatory be lately grown so epidemical, that either sooner or later, no Man of Quality (whom the least Author has the least Pretence to be troublesome to) can escape them; yet methought your Lordship should be as much above the common Perplexities that attend your Quality, as you are above the common Level of it, as well in the most exalted Degrees of a noble generous Spirit, as in a piercing Apprehension, good Understanding, and daily ripening Judgment, all sweetned by an obliging Affability and Condescension; of which I have often, in the Honour of your Conversation, had particular cause to be proud; and for which therefore, a more than ordinary Reason, now, to be grateful.

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M

And

D E D I C A T I O N.

And it is upon that Pretence, I here presume to shelter this Trifle under your Protection; for indeed, it has great need of such Protection: having at its first coming into the World met with many Enemies, and very industrious ones too; but this way I was sure it must live: *Would He but once vouchsafe to espouse its Defence, whose Generosity will overthrow the ignoblest Envy; whose good Nature cannot but confound the most inveterate Malice; and whose Wit must baffle the sauciest Ignorance.*

My Lord, it would but argue me of the meanest Impertinence and Formality, to pretend here an Harangue of those Praises you deserve: For he who tells the World whose Son you are, has said enough to those who do not know you; and the happy few, whom You have pick'd and chosen for your Conversation, cannot but every Hour you are pleas'd to bestow upon them, be sensible of more than I could tell them in a Volume: Your Lordship being the best Panegyric upon yourself; the Son of that Great Father of his Country, who when all manner of Confusion, Ruin, and Destruction was breaking in upon us, like the Guardian Angel of these Kingdoms, stood up; and with the Tongue of an Angel too, confounded the Subtleties of that Infernal Serpent, who would have debauched us from our Obedience, and turned our *Eden* into a Wilderness. Certainly his Name must be for ever honourable, precious his Memory, and happy his Generation, who durst exert his Loyalty, when it was grown almost a Reproach to have any, and stem a Torrent of Faction, popular Fury, and fermenting Rebellion, to the preserving of the best of Kings in his Throne, and the happiest of People in their Liberties.

May he live long to compleat the Reparations he has made in our Defence; still by the strength of his Judgment, to foresee those Evils, that may yet threaten

DEDICATION.

threaten us, and by the Power of his Wisdom to prevent them; to root out the Footing and Foundations of the Kings open (nay, and bosom) Enemies: As a watchful, bold, and sincere Counsellor to his Master; to be a Driver of treacherous, grinning, self-ended Knaves, insinuating Spies, and useless unprofitable Fools from his Service: A Patron and Promoter of Honesty, Merit, and Ability, which else too often, by Neglect, are corrupted to their Contraries.

In fine to continue (as he is) a kind indulgent Father to your Lordship, so much every way his Son, and fit to inherit his Honours, as, in the strong and shining Virtues of your Mind, the fixt and steady Disposition of your Loyalty, the Goodness and obliging Temper of your Nature, is apparent; by which only I must ever humbly confess, and no presumptive Merit of my own, I have been encouraged to take this Opportunity of telling the World how much I desire to be thought

Your Lordship's

humble Servant to be commanded,

THO. OTWAY.



P R O L O G U E.

T*Hough Plays and Prologues ne'er did more abound,
Ne'er were good Prologues harder to be found.
To me the Cause seems eas'ly understood:
For there are Poets prove not very good,
Who, like base Sign-Post Drawers, wanting Skill,
Steal from great Master's Hands, and Copy ill.
Thus, if by Chance, before a noble Feast
Of Gen'rous Wit, to whet and fit your Taste,
Some poignant Satire in a Prologue rise,
And growing Vices handsomely chastise;
Each Poetaster thence presumes on Rules,
And ever after calls ye downright Fools.*

These Marks describe him.—

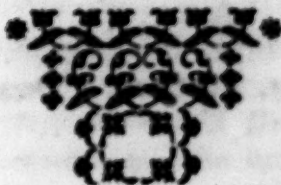
*Writing by rote; small Wit, or none to spare;
Jingle and Chime's his Study, Toil and Care:
He always in one Line upbraids the Age;
And a good Reason why; it rhymes to Stage.
With Wit and Pit he keeps a hideous Pother;
Sure to be damn'd by One, for want of T'other:
But if, by Chance, he get the French Word Rallery,
Lord, how he segues the Vixen-Masques with Gallery!*

*'Tis said, Astrologers strange Wonders find
To come in two great Planets lately join'd.
From our two Houses joining, most will hold
Vast Deluges of Dulness were foretold.
Poor Holborn Ballads now being borne away
By Tides of duller Madrigals than they;
Jockeys and Jennys set to Northern Airs,
While lowly Thespis chaunts at Country Fairs*

Politick

P R O L O G U E

Politick Ditties, full of Sage Debate,
 And merry Catches, how to Rule the State.
 Vicars neglect their Flocks, to turn Translators,
 And Barley-water Whey-fac'd Beau's write Satires;
 Though none can guess to which most Praise belongs,
 To the learn'd Versions, Scandals, or the Songs.
 For all things now by Contraries succeed;
 Of Wit or Virtue there's no longer need:
 Beauty submits to him who loudest rails;
 She fears the saucy Fop, and he prevails.
 Who for his best Preferment would devise,
 Let him renounce all Honesty, and rise.
 Villains and Parasites Success will gain;
 But in the Court of Wit, shall Dulness reign?
 No: Let th' angry 'Squire give his Iambick's o'er,
 Twirl Crewat-strings, but write Lampoons no more;
 Rhymesters get Wit, ere they pretend to show it,
 Nor think a Game at Cramboe makes a Poet:
 Else is our Author hopeless of Success,
 But then his Study shall be next time less:
 He'll find out Ways to your Applause more easy;
 That is, write worse and worse, 'till he can please ye.





Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Father to *Beaugard*,
Beaugard,
Courtine,
Daredevil,
Theodore,
Gratian,
Rosford, *Gratian's* Man,
Plunder, *Beaugard's* Man,

Mr. Leigh.
Mr. Betterton.
Mr. Smith.
Mr. Underbill.
Mr. Wiltshire.
Mr. Perin.
Mr. Saunders.
Mr. Richards.

W O M E N.

Porcia,
Lucretia,
Sylvia, *Courtine's* Wife,
Mrs. Furniss, an Exchange-Woman,
Phyllis, *Porcia's* Woman,
Chloris, *Lucretia's* Woman,

Mrs. Barry.
Mrs. Butler.
Mrs. Currer.
Mrs. Osborn.
Mrs. Percival.
Mrs. Norris.

Six Ruffians, Footmen, a Dwarf, and Page.



THE



THE
A T H E I S T:
Or, The SECOND PART of the
SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter BEAUGARD and his FATHER.

BEAUGARD.

SIR, I say, and say again, no Matrimony; I'll not be noos'd. Why, I beseech you, Sir, tell me plainly and fairly, what have I done, that I deserve to be marry'd.

FATHER.

Why, Sauce box, I, your old Father, was married before you were born.

BEAUGARD.

Ay, Sir; and I thank you, the next thing you did, was, you begot me; the Consequence of which was as follows: As soon as I was born you sent me to Nurse, where I suck'd two Years at the dirty Dugs of a foul-feeding Witch, that liv'd in a thatch'd Sty upon the neighb'ring Common; as soon as I was big enough, that you might be rid of me, you sent me to a Place call'd a School, to

be flafh'd and box'd by a thick-fisted Block-head, that cou'd not read himself; where I learned no Letters, nor got no Meat, but such as the old *Succubus* his Wife bought at a stinking Price, so over-run with Vermin, that it us'd to crawl home after her.

FATHER.

Sirrah, it was the more nourishing, and made such young, idle Whoresons as you fat, fat, you Rogue. I remember the young Dog at twelve Year old had a broad, shining, pufft, Bacon Face, like a Cherubim; and now he won't marry.

BEAUGARD.

My next Removal was home again; and then you did not know what to do with me farther, till after a Twelve-month's Deliberation, out of abundance of Fatherly Affection and Care of your Posterity, you very civilly and fairly turn'd me out of your Doors.

FATHER.

The impudent, termagant, unruly Varlet rebell'd with too much Plenty, and took up Arms against my Concubine. Turn'd you out of my Doors!

BEAUGARD.

Yes, turn'd me out of Doors, Sir.

FATHER.

Had I not reason, Master Hector?

BEAUGARD.

As I had then, so have I now too, Sir, more Manners than to dispute the Pleasure of a Father.

FATHER.

Nay, the Rogue has Breeding, that's the truth on't; the Dog would be a very pretty Fellow, if I could but persuade him to marry.

BEAUGARD.

Turn'd out of Doors as I was, you may remember, Sir, you gave me not a Shilling; my Industry and my Virtue was all I had to trust to.

FA

FATHER.

Bless us all! Industry and Virtue, quoth a! Nay, I have a very virtuous Son and Heir of him, that's the Truth on't.

BEAUGARD.

'Till at last a good Uncle, who now, Peace be with his Soul, sleeps with his Fathers, bestow'd a Portion of two hundred Pounds upon me, with which I took Shipping, and set Sail for the Coast of Fortune.

FATHER.

That is to say, you went to the Wars, to learn the liberal Arts of Murder, Whoredom, Burning, Ravishing, and a few other necessary Accomplishments for a young Gentleman to set up a Livelihood withal, in this Civil Government, where (Heaven be prais'd) none of those Virtues need grow rusty.

BEAUGARD.

Sir, I hope I have brought you no Dishonour home with me.

FATHER.

Nay, the *Scanderbeg*-Monkey has not behav'd himself unhandsomely, that's the Truth of the Business; but the Varlet won't marry: the Dog has got two thousand Pound a Year left him by an old curmudgeonly mouldy Uncle, and I can't persuade him to marry.

BEAUGARD.

Sir, that curmudgeonly mouldy Uncle you speak of, was your elder Brother, and never marry'd in all his Life: He dying, bequeath'd me two thousand Pound a Year: You, Sir, the younger Brother, and my honour'd Father, have been marry'd, and are not able, for ought I can perceive, to leave me a bent Nine-pence. So, Sir, I wish you a great deal of Health, long Life, and merry as it has been hitherto; but for Marriage, it has thriven so very ill with my Family already, that I am resolv'd to have nothing to do with it.

FATHER.

Here's a Rogue! here's a Villain! why, Sirrah, you

have lost all Grace; you have no Duty left; you are a Rebel: I shall see you hang'd, Sirrah. Come, come, let me examine you a little, while I think on't: What Religion are you of?—hah?—

BEAUGARD.

Sir, I hope you took care, after I was born, to see me Christen'd.

FATHER.

Oh Lord! Christen'd! here's an Atheistical Rogue, thinks he has Religion enough, if he can but call himself a Christian!

BEAUGARD.

Why, Sir, would you have me disown my Baptism?

FATHER.

No, Sirrah: but I would have you own what sort of Christian you are though.

BEAUGARD.

What sort, Sir?

FATHER.

Ay, Sir, what sort, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

Why, of the honestest sort.

FATHER.

As if there were not Knaves of all sorts!

BEAUGARD.

Why then, Sir, if that will satisfy you, I am of your sort.

FATHER.

And that for ought you know, may be of no sort at all.

BEAUGARD.

But, Sir, to make short of the matter, I am of the Religion of my Country, hate Persecution and Penance, love Conformity, which is going to Church once a Month, well enough; resolve to make this transitory Life as pleasant and delightful as I can; and for some sober Reasons best known to myself, resolve never to marry.

FA-

FATHER.

Look me in the Face; stand still, and look me in the Face. So; you won't marry!——

BEAUGARD.

No, Sir.

FATHER.

Oh Lord!

BEAUGARD.

But I'll do something that shall be more for your good, and perhaps may please you as well. Knowing Fortune of late has not been altogether so good-natur'd as she might have been, and that your Revenues are something anticipated, be pleas'd, Sir, to go home as well satisfy'd as you can, and my Servant shall not fail to meet you at your Lodgings, with a hundred smiling Smock-fac'd Guineas within this half Hour: Now who the Devil would marry?

FATHER.

No Body that has half an Ounce of Brains in his Noddle. The ungodly good-natur'd Rogue is in the right on't; damnably, damnably in the right on't.

BEAUGARD.

So, here's a Father for you now!

FATHER.

But look you *Jack* now, little *Jack*, two thousand Pounds a Year! Why thou wilt be a damnable rich Rogue now, if thou dost not marry; tho' I know thou wilt live bravely and deliciously, eat and drink nobly, have always half a dozen honest, jolly, true-spirited, sprightly Friends about thee, and to forth, hah! Then for Marriage, to speak the truth on't, it is at the best but a chargeable, vexatious, uneasy sort of Life; it ruin'd me, *Jack*, utterly ruin'd thy poor old Father, *Jack*. Thou wilt be sure to remember the hundred Pound, *Jackie-boy*, hah?

BEAUGARD.

Most punctually, Sir.

FATHER.

Thou shalt always, ever now and then, that is, lend thy old Father a hundred Pound, or so, upon a good Oe-casion, *Jack*, after this manner, in a Friendly way: You must make much of your old Daddy, *Jack*: But if thou has't no mind to't, the truth on't is, I would never have thee marry.

BEAUGARD.

Not marry, Sir?

FATHER.

No.

BEAUGARD.

No?

FATHER.

No. A hundred Pound, *Jack*, is a pretty little round Sum.

BEAUGARD.

I'll not fail of sending it.

FATHER

Then, *Jack*, it will do as well to let thy Man come to me to *Harry the Eighth's Head* in the Back-Street, behind my Lodgings: There's a Cup of smart Racy Canary, *Jack*, will make an old Fellow's Heart as light as a Feather. Ah, little *Jackie-Rogue*, it glorifies through the Glass, and the Nits dance about in't like Atoms in the Sun-shine, you young Dog.

BEAUGARD.

Do you intend to dine there, Sir?

FATHER.

Ay, Man; I have two or three bonny old *Tilbury Roy-sers*, with delicate red Faces, and bald Crowns, that have oblig'd me to meet 'em there; they help'd me to spend my Estate when I was young, and the Rogues are grateful, and don't forsake me now I am grown poorish and old.—Almost twelve o'Clock, *Jack*.

BEAUGARD.

I'll be sure to remember, Sir.

F A.

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FATHER.

And thou wilt never marry.

BEAUGARD.

Never, I hope, Sir.

FATHER.

Ah, you wicked-hearted Rogue, I know what you will do then, that will be worse; tho', I think, not much worse neither. Would I were a young Fellow again, but to keep him Company for one Week or a Fortnight. A hundred Guineas! e e e! Db'uy *Jack*, You'll remember! See thee again To-morrow, *Jack*,—Poor *Jack*! dainty Canary—and a delicate black-ey'd Wench at the Bar! Db'uy *Jack*.

BEAUGARD.

Adieu, Father.—*Fourbina.*

Enter FOURBINE.

FOURBINE.

Did your Honour call?

BEAUGARD.

Take a hundred Guineas out of the Cabinet, and carry 'em after the old Gentleman to his Place of Rendezvous. This Father of mine (Heaven be thank'd) is a very ungodly Father: He was in his Youth just such another wicked Fellow as his Son *John* here; but he had no Estate, there I have the better of him: For out of meer Opinion of my good Husbandry, my Uncle thought fit to disinherit the extravagant old Gentleman, and leave all to me. Then he was marry'd, there I have the better of him again; yet he marry'd a Fortune of ten thousand Pound, and before I was seven Years old, had broke my Mother's Heart, and spent three Parts of her Portion: Afterwards he was pleas'd to retain a certain Familiar Domestick, call'd a House-keeper, which I one Day to shew my Breeding, call'd Whore, and was fairly turn'd a starving for it. Now he has no way to squeeze me out of Contribution, but by taking up his fatherly Authority, and offering to put the Penal Law call'd Marriage in Execution.

ecution. I must e'en get him a Governor, and send him with a Pension into the Country: Ay, it must be so; For, Wedlock, I deny thee; Father, I'll supply thee; and, Pleasure, I will have thee. Who's there?

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Oh, Sir, the most fortunate Tidings!

BEAUGARD.

What's the Matter?

SERVANT.

Captain *Courtine*, your old Acquaintance, Friend, and Comrade, is just arriv'd out of the Country, and desires to see you, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

Courtine! Wait on him up, you Dog, with Reverence and Honour.

Enter COURTINE.

COURTINE.

Dear *Beaugard!*

BEAUGARD.

Ah, Friend!—from the very tenderest part of my Heart I was just now wishing for thee. Why thou look'st as like a marry'd Man already, with as grave a fatherly family Countenance, as ever I saw.

COURTINE.

Ay, *Beaugard*, I am marry'd, that's my Comfort: But you, I hear, have had worse Luck of late; an old Uncle dropp'd into the Grave, and two thousand Pound a Year into your Pocket, *Beaugard*.

BEAUGARD.

A small Conveniency, *Ned*, to make my Happiness hereafter a little more of a piece than it has been hitherto, in the Enjoyment of such hearty, sincere, honest Friends, and good-natur'd Fellows, as thou art.

COURTINE.

COURTINE.

Sincere, honest Friends! have a Care there, *Beaugard*—
I am, since I saw thee, in a few Words, grown an arrant
Rascal; and for Good-nature, it is the very thing I have
solemnly forsworn: No, I am marry'd, *Jack*, in the
Devil's Name, I am marry'd.

BEAUGARD.

Marry'd! That is, thou call'st a Woman thou likest by
the Name of Wife: Wife and t'other thing begin with a
Letter. Thou liest with her when thy Appetite calls
thee, keepest the Children thou begettest of her Body;
allowest her Meat, Drink, and Garments, fit for her
Quality, and thy Fortune; and when she grows heavy
upon thy Hands, what a Pox, 'tis but a separate Mainte-
nance, kiss and part, and there is an End of the Business.

COURTINE.

Alas, *Beaugard*, thou art utterly mistaken; Heaven
knows it is quite on the contrary: For I am forc'd to
call a Woman I do not like, by the Name of Wife; and
lie with her, for the most part, with no Appetite at all;
must keep the Children that, for ought I know, any
Body else may beget of her Body; and for Food and
Raiment, by her Good-will she would have them both
Fresh three times a Day: Then for kiss and part, I may
kiss and kiss my Heart out, but the Devil a bit shall I
ever get rid of her.

BEAUGARD.

Alas, poor Husband! but art thou really in this mis-
erable Condition?

COURTINE.

Ten times worse, if possible; By the Virtue of Matri-
mony, and long Cohabitation, we are grown so really one
Flesh, that I have no more Inclination to hers, than to
eat a piece of my own. Then her Ladyship is so jealous,
that she does me the Honour to make me Stallion-
general to the whole Parish, from the Parson's Importance,
in Paragon, to the Cocker's scolding Wife that drinks
Brandy and smokes loathsome Tobacco. In short, *Jack*,
she

she has so order'd the Bus'ness, that I am half weary of the World, with all Mankind hang'd, and have not laugh'd these six Months.

BEAUGARD.

Ha, ha, ha.

COURTINE.

Why, thou canst laugh, I see, though.

BEAUGARD.

Ay, *Ned*, I have two thousand Pound *per Annum*, *Ned*, old Rents and well Tenanted; have no Wife, nor never will have any, *Ned*; resolve to make my Days of Mortality all Joyful, and Nights Pleasurable, with some dear, lovesome young beautiful, kind, generous She, that every Night shall bring me all the Joys of a New Bride, and none of the Vexations of a worn-out, insipid, troublesome, jealous Wife, Wife, *Ned*.

COURTINE.

But where lies this Treasure? Where is there such a Jewel to be found?

BEAUGARD.

Ah, Rogue! Do you despise your own Manna indeed, and long after Quails? Why, thou unconscionable Hobnail, thou Country Coulstaff, thou absolute Piece of thy own dry'd Dirt, wouldst thou have the Impudence, with that hideous Beard, and grisly Countenance, to make thy Appearance before the Footstool of a *Bona Roba* that I delight in? For shame get off that *Smithfield* Horse-courser's Equipage; appear once more like *Courtine* the Gay, the Witty, and Unbounded, with Joy in thy Face, and Love in thy Blood, Money in thy Pockets, and good Clothes on thy Back, and then I'll try to give thee a *Recipe* that may purge away those foul Humours Matrimony has bred in thee, and fit thee to relish the Sins of thy Youth again. Bless us! What a Beard's there? It puts me in mind of the blazing Star.

COURTINE.

Beard, *Beaugard*! Why, I wear it on purpose, Man; I have

I have with'd it a Furze-bush a thousand times, when
I have been kissing my——

BEAUGARD.

Whom?

COURTINE.

Wife.—Let me never live to bury her, if the Word
Wife does not stick in my Throat.

BEAUGARD.

Then this Peruke! Why, it makes thee shew like the
Sign of a Head looking out at a Barber's Window.

COURTINE.

No, more, no more; all shall be rectified: For, to deal
with thee as honestly, as a Fellow in my damn'd Condition
can do, ere I resolv'd absolutely to hang myself, I
thought there might be some Remedy left; and that
was this dear Town, and thy dear Friendship: So that,
in short, I am very fairly run away; pretended a short
Journey to visit a Friend, but came to *London*; and if it
be possible, will not see Country, Wife, nor Children
again these seven Years. Therefore, pr'ythee, for my
better Encouragement, tell me a little what Sins are stir-
ring in this noble Metropolis, that I may know my Bu-
siness the better, and fall to it as fast as I can.

BEAUGARD.

Why, faith, *Ned*, considering the Plot, the Danger
of the Times, and some other Obstructions of Trade and
Commerce, Iniquity in general has not lost much Ground.
There's Cheating and Hypocrisy still in the City; Riot
and Murder in the Suburbs; Grinning, Lying, Fawning,
Flattery, and False-promising at Court; Assignations at
Covent-Garden Church; Cuckolds, Whores, Pimps,
Panders, Bawds, and their Diseases, all over the Town.

COURTINE.

But what Choice Spirits, what extraordinary Rascals
may a Man oblige his Curiosity withal?

BEAUGARD.

I'll tell thee. In the first place, we are over-run with a
Race

Race of Vermin they call Wits, a Generation of Insects that are always making a Noise, and buzzing about your Ears, concerning Poets, Plays, Lampoons, Libels, Songs, Tunes, soft Scenes, Love, Ladies, Perukes, and Cravat-strings, *French* Conquests, Duels, Religion, Snuff-boxes, Points, Garnitures, Mill'd Stockings, *Fourbet's* Academy, Politicks, Parliament-Speeches, and every thing else which they do not understand, or would have the World think they did.

COURTINE.

And are all these Wits?

BEAUGARD.

Yes, and be hang'd to 'em, these are the Wits.

COURTINE.

I never knew one of these Wits in my Life, that did not deserve to be Pillory'd; twenty to one if half of 'em can read, and yet they will venture at Learning as familiarly, as if they had been bred in the *Vatican*. One of them told me one Day, he thought *Plutarch* well done would make the best *English* Heroick Poem in the World. Besides, they will rail, cavil, censure, and what is worst of all, make Jest; the dull Rogues will jest, though they do it as awkwardly as a Tarpawling would ride the great Horse. I hate a pert, dull, jesting Rogue from the bottom of my Heart.

BEAUGARD.

But above all, the most abominable is your Witty Squire, your young Heir that is very Witty; who having newly been discharged from the Discretion of a Governor and come to keep his own Money, gets into a Cabal of Coxcombs of the third Form, who will be sure to cry him up for a fine Person, that he may think all them so.

COURTINE.

Oh, your Asses know one another's Nature exactly, and are always ready to nabble, because it is the certain way to be nabbed again: But above all the rest, what think you of the Atheist?

BEAU-

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BEAUGARD.

By this good Light, thou hast prevented me: I have one for thee of that Kind, the most inimitable Varlet, and the most insufferable Stinkard living; one that has Doubts enough to turn to all Religions, and yet would fain pretend to be of none: In short a Cheat, that would have you of Opinion that he believes neither Heaven nor Hell, and yet never feels so much as an Ague-fit, but he's afraid of being damn'd.

COURTINE.

That must be a very noble Champion, and certainly an Original.

BEAUGARD.

The Villain has less Sincerity than a Bawd, less Courage than a Hector, less Good-nature than a Hangman, and less Charity than a Fanatick; talks of Religion and Church-Worship as familiarly as a little Courtier does of the Maids of Honour; and swears the King deserves to be Chain'd out of the City, for suffering zealous Fools to build *Paul's*; again, when it would make so proper a Place for a Citadel.

COURTINE.

A very worthy Member of a Christian Commonwealth, that is the truth on't.

BEAUGARD.

I am intimately acquainted with him.

COURTINE.

I honour you for it with all my Heart, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

After all, the Rogue has some other little tiny Vices, that are not very ungrateful.

COURTINE.

Very probable.

BEAUGARD.

He makes a very good — odd Man at *Ballum rancum*, or so; that is, when the rest of the Company is coupled will take Care to see there's good Attendance paid; and when

when we have a Mind to make a *Ballum* of it indeed, there is no Lewdness so scandalous that he will not be very proud to have the Honour to be put upon.

COURTINE.

A very necessary Instrument of Damnation, truly.

BEAUGARD.

Besides, to give the Devil his Due, he is seldom Impertinent; but, barring his darling Topic, Blasphemy, a Companion pleasant enough. Shall I recommend him to thy Service? I'll enter into Bonds of five hundred Pounds, that he teaches thee as good a way to get rid of that Whip and a Bell, call'd thy Wife, as thy Heart would wish for.

COURTINE.

And that is no small Temptation, I assure you.

Enter Boy with a Letter.

BOY.

Sir!

BEAUGARD.

My Child!

COURTINE.

A Pimp, for a Guinea, he speaks so gently to him.

BEAUGARD.

Tell her she has undone me, she has chosen the only Way to enslave me utterly; tell her, my Soul, my Life, my future Happiness, and present Fortune, are only what she'll make 'em.

BOY.

At Seven, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

Most infallibly.

COURTINE.

Ay, ay, 'tis so: Now what a damn'd Country-itch have I, to dive into the Secret! *Beaugard, Beaugard*, are all things in a readiness? the Husband out of the Way, the Family dispos'd of? Come, come, come, no trifling; be free-hearted and friendly.

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

You are married, *Ned*, you are married; that's all I have to say : you are married.

COURTINE.

Let a Man do a foolish thing once in his Life-time, and he shall always hear of it——Married, quoth 'at Pr'ythee be patient: I was married about a Twelve month ago, but that's past and forgotten. Come, come, communicate, communicate, if thou art a Friend, communicate.

BEAUGARD.

Not a Tittle. I have Conscience, *Ned*, Conscience; tho' I must confess 'tis not altogether so Gentleman-like a Companion: But what a Scandal would it be upon a Man of my sober Demecanor and Character, to have the unmerciful Tongue of thy Legitimate Spouse roaring against me, for Debauching her Natural Husband!

COURTINE.

It has been otherwise, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

Ay, ay, the time has been, *Courtine*, when thou wert in possession of thy Natural Freedom, and mightest be trusted with a Secret of this dear Nature; when I might have open'd this Billet, and shew'd thee this bewitching Name at the bottom: But woe and alas! O Matrimony, Matrimony! what a Blot art thou in an honest Fellow's Scutcheon!

COURTINE.

No more to be said; I'll into the Country again, like any discontented Statesman; get drunk every Night with an adjacent School-master; beat my Wife to a down-right Housekeeper; get all my Maid Servants every Year with Bastards, 'till I command a *Seraglio* five Miles round my own Palace, and be beholden to no Man of two thousand Pounds a Year for a Whore, when I want one.

BEAUGARD.

Good Words, *Ned*, good Words, let me advise you;
none

none of your Marriage-qualites of Scolding and Railing, now you are got out of the turbulent Element. Come hither, come; but first let us capitulate: Will you promise me upon your Conjugal Credit, to be very governable, and very civil?

COURTINE.

As any made Spaniel, or hang me up for a Cur.

BEAUGARD.

Then this Note, this very Billet, *Ned*, comes from a Woman, who, when I was strowling very pensively last Sunday to Church, watched her Opportunity, and poach'd me up for the Service of Satan.

COURTINE.

Is she very handsom, *Beaugard*?

BEAUGARD.

These Country Squires, when they get up to Town, are as termagant after a Wench, as a ty'd-up hungry Cur, got loose from Kennel, is after Crufts. Very handsom, said you? Let me see: No, not very handsom neither; but she'll pass, *Ned*, she'll pass.

COURTINE.

Young?

BEAUGARD.

About Eighteen.

COURTINE.

Oh Lord!

BEAUGARD.

Her Complexion fair, with a glowing Blush always ready in her Cheeks, that looks as Nature were watching every Opportunity to seize and run away with her.

COURTINE.

Oh the Devil, the Devil! This is intollerable.

BEAUGARD.

Her Eyes black, sparkling, sprightly, hot, and piercing.

COURTINE.

The very Description of her shoots me through my Liver.

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

Her Hair of a delicate light Amber-brown, curling in huge Rings, and of a great Quantity.

COURTINE.

So.

BEAUGARD.

Her Forehead large, majestic, and generous.

COURTINE.

Very well.

BEAUGARD.

Her Nose neat, and well-fashion'd.

COURTINE.

Good.

BEAUGARD.

With a delicious, little, pretty, smiling Mouth.

COURTINE.

Oh!

BEAUGARD.

Plump, red, blub Lips.

COURTINE.

Ah h——

BEAUGARD.

Teeth whiter than so many little Pearls; a bewitching Neck, and tempting, rising, swelling Breasts.

COURTINE.

Ah h h h——

BEAUGARD.

Then such a Proportion, such a Shape, such a Waste—

COURTINE.

Hold: Go no lower, if thou lov'st me.

BEAUGARD.

But, by your leave, Friend, I hope to go something lower, if she loves me.

COURTINE.

But art thou certain, *Beaugard*, she is all this thou hast told me? So fair, so tempting, so lovely, so bewitching?

BEAU.

BEAUGARD.

No; for, you must know, I never saw her Face in my Life: But I love my own Pleasure so well, that I'll imagine all this, and ten times more, if it be possible.

COURTINE.

Where lives she?

BEAUGARD.

That I know not neither; but my Orders are to meet her fairly and squarely this Evening by Seven, at a certain civil Person's Shop in the upper Walk, at the New Exchange, where she promises to be very good-natur'd, and let me know more of her Mind.

COURTINE.

I'll e'en go home, like a miserable Blockhead as I am, to my Lodging, and sleep.

BEAUGARD.

No, *Ned*: Thou knowest my good Chances have always been lucky to thee: Who can tell but this Lady-errant that has seiz'd upon my Person, may have a straggling Companion, or so, not unworthy my Friend.

COURTINE.

'Tis impossible.

BEAUGARD.

Not at all; for, to deal heartily with thee in this Business, tho' I never saw her Face, or know who she is, yet thus far I am satisfy'd, she is a Woman very witty, very well bred, of a pleasant Conversation, with a generous Disposition, and what is better than all, if I am not extremely misinform'd, of noble Quality, and damnable Rich. Such a one cannot want good, pretty, little, Under-fanners, *Ned*, that a Man may fool away an Hour or two withal very comfortably.

COURTINE.

Why then I'll be a Man again. Wife, avaunt, and come not near my Memory; Impotence attends the very Thoughts of thee. At Seven, you say this Evening?

BEAU.

BEAUGARD.

Precisely.

COURTINE.

And shall I go along with thee, for a small Venture in this Love-Voyage?

BEAUGARD.

With all my Heart.

COURTINE.

But how shall we dispose of the burdensome Time, 'till the happy Minute smiles upon us?

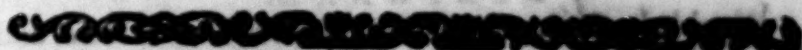
BEAUGARD.

With Love's best Friend, and our honest old Acquaintance, edifying *Champaign*, *Ned*; and for good Company, tho' it be a Rarity, I'll carry thee to dine with the best I can meet with, where we'll warm our Blood and Thoughts with generous Glasses, and free-hearted Converse, 'till we forget the World, and think of nothing but immortal Beauties, and eternal Loving.

COURTINE.

Then here I strike the League with thee: and now Methinks we're both upon the Wing together, Bound for new Realms of Joy, and Lands of Pleasure: Where Men were ne'er yet enslav'd by Wiving, But all their Cares are handsomly contriving, To improve the noble Arts of perfect Living.

[Ex.]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter COURTINE and BEAUGARD.

COURTINE.

BUT was that thy Father?

BEAUGARD.

Yes, that civil, sober, old Gentleman, *Courtine*, is my Father: And, to tell thee the Truth, as wicked and as poor as ever his Son was. I sent him a Cordial of

a hundred Guineas this Morning, which he will be sure to lose before to-morrow Morning, and not have a Shilling to help himself.

COURTINE.

Methought, as I look'd into the Room, he rattled the Box with a great deal of Grace, and swore half a dozen Rappers very youthfully.

BEAUGARD.

Pr'ythee no more on't, 'tis an irreverent Theme, and next to Atheism, I hate making merry with the Frailties of my Father.

COURTINE.

But then as to the Lady, *Beaugard*.

BEAUGARD.

'Tis near the Hour appointed, and that's the Shop we meet at; the Mistress of it, *Courtine*, is a hearty Well-wisher to the Mathematicks; and her Influence, I hope, may have no ill Effect o'er my Adventure.

COURTINE.

Methinks this Place looks as it were made for Loving; The Lights on each hand of the Walk look stately; and then the Rustling of Silk Petticoats, the Din and the Chatter of the pretty little party-colour'd Parrots, that hop and flutter from one side to th'other, puts every Sense upon its proper Office, and sets the Wheels of Nature finely moving.

BEAUGARD.

Would the Lady of my Motion would make haste, and be punctual; the Wheels of my Nature move so fast else, that the Weight will be down before she comes,

Mrs. FURNISH.

Gloves or Ribbands, Sir? Very good Gloves or Ribbands, Choice of fine Essences. Captain *Beaugard*, shall I sell you nothing to-day?

BEAUGARD.

Truly, Mistress *Furnish*, I am come to lay out a Heart at your Shop this Evening, if my pretty Merchant-Adventurer don't fail to meet me here.

Mrs.

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Mrs. FURNISH.

What, she that spoil'd your Devotion o'Sunday last
Captain?

BEAUGARD.

Dost thou know her, my little *Furnish*?

Mrs. FURNISH.

There is a certain Lady in the World, Sir, that has
done me the Honour to let me see her at my poor Shop
sometimes.

Enter PORCIA mask'd, and stands behind BEAUGARD.

BEAUGARD.

And is she very lovely?

Mrs. FURNISH.

What think you, Sir?

BEAUGARD.

Faith, cha'itably enough.

Mrs. FURNISH

I'll swear she is oblig'd to you.

BEAUGARD.

And I wou'd very fain be oblig'd to her too, if 'twere
possible. Will she be here to-night?

PORCIA.

Yes, marry will she, Captain.

BEAUGARD.

Are you there indeed, my little *Picaroon*? What, attack
a Man of War of my Burden in the Stern, Pirate!

PORCIA.

Lord, how like a Soldier you are pleas'd to express
yourself now? I warrant you, to carry on the Metaphor,
you have forty more merry things to say to me upon this
Occasion; as plying your Chase-guns, laying yourself
athwart my Harfet, boarding me upon the Forecastle,
clapping all under Hatches, carrying off the Prize to the
next Port of Security, and there rummaging and rifling
her. Alas, poor Captain!

COURTINE.

Poor, Madam! He has two thousand a Year, and nothing but an old Father to provide for.

PORCIA.

Sir, is this fine, sober, brown-bearded Gentleman to be your Steward, he understands your Affairs so well already?

BEAUGARD.

The Truth on't is, Madam, he does wait for an Office under me, and may in time, if he behave himself handsomely, come to Preferment.

COURTINE.

This I have got by my Beard already. If she should but know me now.

BEAUGARD.

Well, Madam, are your Commands ready? May I know the Task I am to undertake, before I lay claim to the Happiness of seeing that handsome, homely, fair, black, young, ancient, tempting, or frightful Face which you conceal so maliciously? For hang me, as I have deserved long ago, if I know what to make of this extraordinary proceeding of yours.

PORCIA.

In the first place, Captain, this Face of mine, be it what it will, if you behave yourself as you should do, shall never put you out of Countenance.

BEAUGARD.

In troth, and that's said kindly.

PORCIA.

For I am young, Captain.

BEAUGARD.

I'm glad on't with all my Heart.

PORCIA.

And if the World speaks truth, not very ugly.

BEAUGARD.

So much the better still.

PORCIA.

Next, I'm no Hypocrite.

BEAU.

BEAUGARD.

Ha!

PORCIA.

But love my Pleasures, and will hold my Liberty.

BEAUGARD.

Noble.

PORCIA.

I am rich too.

BEAUGARD.

Better and better.

PORCIA.

But what's worst of all—

BEAUGARD.

Out with it.

PORCIA.

I doubt I am fillily in Love.

COURTINE.

With whom, dear Miracle?

PORCIA.

Not with a marry'd Man, sweet Monsieur *Courtine*.

COURTINE.

Confound her, but she knows me——Why, good Madam——

BEAUGARD.

Nay, Friend, no ruffling; keep your Articles and keep your Distance.

PORCIA.

Have you then made your Escape, Sir, from your dear Wife, the Lady-Tyrant of your Enchanted Castle in the Country, to run a wand'ring after new Adventures here? Oh all the Windmills about *London*, beware!

COURTINE.

Ay, and the Watermills too, Madam.—In the Devil's Name, what will become of me.

PORCIA.

For the *Quixot* of the Country is abroad; Murder by his side, Enterprises in his Head, and Horror in his Face.

*The ATHEIST: Or,
COURTINE.*

Oh Lord!

BEAUGARD.

Do you know this Friend of mine then, Madam?

PORCIA.

I have heard of such a Hero, that was very famous about two Years since for selling himself to a Plantation in the Country, for five thousand Pound: Was not that the Price, Sir?

COURTINE.

Your Ladyship is pleas'd to be very free, Madam; that's all.

PORCIA.

So were you at that time, Sir, or you had ne'er parted with your dear Liberty on such reasonable Terms surely. Bless us! Had you but look'd about you a little, what a Market might have been made of that tall, proper, promising Person of yours! that—

COURTINE.

Hell confound thee, heartily, heartily.

PORCIA.

That Face, which now, o'er-grown with rueful Beard, looks as you had stole it from the Retinue of a *Russian* Embassy! Fough! I fancy all Fellows that are marry'd smell of Train-oil and Garlick.

BEAUGARD.

And yet twenty to one, that is a sinking Condition you'll have a Design to seduce some poor doating Monster or another into, one Day.

PORCIA.

Never, by that Badge of Slavery, his Beard there.

BEAUGARD.

How that dear Protestation has charm'd me!

COURTINE.

O' my Conscience I myself could be half reconcill'd to her again too.

PORCIA.

In short, to give you one infallible Argument, that I
never

never will marry, I have been marry'd already, that is fold: For, being the Daughter of a very rich Merchant, who dying left me the only Heiress of an immense Fortune, it was my ill Luck to fall into the Hands of Guardians, that, to speak properly, were Rascals; for in a short time they conspir'd amongst themselves, and for base Bribes, betray'd, sold, and marry'd me to a—Husband, that's all.

BEAUGARD.

In troth and that's enough of Conscience: But where is this Husband?

PORCIA.

Heav'n be thank'd, dead and bury'd, Captain.

BEAUGARD.

Amen, with all my Heart.

COURTINE.

A Widow, by my Manhood, a downright Bawdy Widow.

PORCIA.

What would your Cream-pot in the Country give for that Title, think you?

COURTINE.

Not more than I would, that thy Husband were alive again to revenge my Quarrel on thee.

BEAUGARD.

And what's to be done, thou dear One?

PORCIA.

Look upon me as a Lady in Distress, Captain; and by the Honour of a Soldier consider on some way for my Deliverance.

BEAUGARD.

From what? Where is the Danger?

PORCIA.

Every way it threatens me: For into the very Hands my ill Fortune threw me before, has it betray'd me again, Friend.

BEAUGARD.

Hah!

PORCIA.

The Principal is an Uncle, old, jealous, tyrannical, and covetous.

BEAUGARD.

Hell confound him for it.

PORCIA.

My Fortune lying most in his Hands, oblig'd me upon my Widowhood to give up myself again there too, where he has secur'd and confined me with more Tyranny, than if I had been a Pris'ner for Murder; guards me Day and Night with ill-look'd Rogues, that wear long, broad, terrible Swords, and stand Centinel up and down the House with Musquetoons and Blunderbusses.

COURTINE.

So, here's like to be some Mischief going forward, that's one Comfort.

PORCIA.

Murder and Marriage are the two dreadful things I seem to be threatned with: Now guess what Pity it is that ever either of those Mischiefs should fall upon me.

BEAUGARD.

By the gallant Spirit that's in thee, I'll fairly be Gibbeted first.

PORCIA.

No need of that, Captain, neither; For, to shew you I deserve your Protection, I have had the Courage to break Goal, run away, and make my Escape hither, purely to keep my Word with you. Deal like a Man of Honour by me; and when the Storm that will follow is a little blown over, here's a white Hand upon't, I'll not be ungrateful.

BEAUGARD.

And in token I believe thee, I'll kiss it most Religiously.

COUR.

COURTINE.

Why the Devil did I marry? Madam, one Word with you: Have you never a marry'd Lady of your Acquaintance, that's as good-natur'd as you, and would fain be a Widow as you are, too?

PORCIA.

Why do you ask, Sir?

COURTINE.

Because I would cut her Husband's Throat, and make her one for my own proper Use.

PORCIA.

I'll ask your own Lady, Sir, that Question, next time I see her, if you please.

COURTINE.

Why, dost thou know her then?

PORCIA.

Yes.

COURTINE.

Then I may chance shortly to have a fine time on't: I have made a pretty Evening's Work of this, Heaven's be prais'd.

Enter two Men disguis'd.

1 MAN.

Run away lendly! Damnation!

2 MAN.

Look?

1 MAN.

By Heav'n, it must be she.

2 MAN.

The Men are well arm'd.

1 MAN.

No matter; we must carry her, or all's lost else.

2 MAN.

I'll not shrink from you.

1 MAN.

That's well said—Sir, if you please a Word with you.

BEAUGARD.

With me, Sir?

I MAN.

Yes.

*BEAUGARD.**Courtine*, be civil a little.*I MAN.*

Sir, it is my Misfortune to be concerned for the Honour of a Lady that has not been altogether so careful of it herself as she ought to have been.

BEAUGARD.

I am sorry for't, Sir.

I MAN.

You being a Gentleman whose Character I have had an advantageous Account of, I would make it my Petition to you, if she be of your Acquaintance, not to engage yourself in any thing that may give me Occasion to be your Enemy.

BEAUGARD.

Sir, I should be highly glad of any brave Man's Friendship, and should be troubled if I appear concern'd in any thing that may hazard the Loss of yours.

I MAN.

That Lady Sir, you talk'd withal's—

BEAUGARD.

My Mistress, Sir.

I MAN.

Mistress!

BEAUGARD.

Yes, Mistress, Sir: I love her, doat on her, am damnable in love with her: she is under my Protection too, and whenever there's Occasion, as far as this sinful Body of mine will bear me out in it, I'll defend her.

I MAN.

Do you know her?

BEAUGARD.

Not so well as I would do, Sir.

I MAN.

1 MAN.

What's her Name?

BEAUGARD.

A Secret.

1 MAN.

She must along with me, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

No, that must not be, Sir.

2 MAN.

This Lady, Sir—

COURTINE.

You lie, Sir—Hah!—Beaugard!

Draw and fight. Porcia runs away squeaking. Courtine disarms his Adversary, and comes up to Beaugard.

BEAUGARD.

Stand fast, Ned.

COURTINE.

Hold thy dead-doing Hand, thou Son of Slaughter.

1 MAN.

Sir, there may come a time—

BEAUGARD.

When you'll learn Manners.

1 MAN.

And teach 'em you too.

COURTINE.

We are well known.

1 MAN.

And shall not be forgotten. Come, Friend.

[*Exeunt two Men.*]

BEAUGARD.

Confound 'em! This must be a Brother, a Kinsman, or a Rival, he ply'd me so warmly.

COURTINE.

'Tis a hard Case, that a Man cannot hold civil Correspondence with a good-natur'd Female, but presently some hot-headed Fellow of the Family or other runs horn mad with Jealousy, and fancies his Blood smarts as often as the Woman's itches.

BEAU.

BEAUGARD.

This heroick Person's Sister, Kinswoman, his Mistress, or what-e'er she be, is like to get much Reputation by his Hectoring and Quarrelling for her; and he as much Honour by being beaten for her.

COURTINE.

Nay, when Cuckolds or Brothers fight for the Reputation of a back-sliding Wife or Sister, it is a very pretty Undertaking, doubtless. As for Example; I am a Cuckold now.

BEAUGARD.

All in good time, *Ned*; do not be too hasty.

COURTINE.

And being much troubled in Spirit, meeting with the Spark that has done me the Honour, with a great deal of Respect I make my Address—as thus—*Most Noble Sir, you have done me the Favour to lie with my Wife.*

BEAUGARD.

Very Well.

COURTINE.

All I beg of you is, that you would do your best Endeavour to run me through the Guts to-morrow Morning, and it will be the greatest Satisfaction in the World.

BEAUGARD.

Which the good-natur'd Whore-master does very decently: so down falls the Cuckold at *Barn-Elms*, and rises again next Day at *Holborn* in a Ballad. But all this while, what is become of the Widow, *Ned*?

COURTINE.

Faith she has e'en done very wisely, I think; as soon as she had set us together by the Ears, she very fairly ran for't.

BEAUGARD.

A very noble Account of our first Evening's Enterprize. But Pox on't, take Courage; and since we have lost this Quarry, let us e'en beat about a little, and see what other Game we can meet with.

Enter

Enter LUCRECE Mask'd.

LUCRECE.

Sir, Sir! Captain!

COURTINE.

With you again, *Beaugard*. Agare ho!

BEAUGARD.

With me, my Mistress?

LUCRECE.

Yes, with you, my Master.

COURTINE.

I wonder when, o' the Devil's Name, it will come to my turn.

LUCRECE.

Being a particular Friend of yours, Captain, I am come to tell you, the World begins to talk very scandalously of you, Captain.

BEAUGARD.

Look thee, Sweet-heart, the World's an Ass, and common Fame a common Strumpet: so long as such pretty good-natur'd Creatures as thou seemest to be, think but well of me, let the World be hang'd, as it was once drown'd, if it will.

LUCRECE.

I must let you know too, Captain, that your Love-Intrigues are not so closely manag'd, but that they will shortly grow the Subject of all the Satire and Contempt in Town: Your holding Conversation with a draggle-tail'd Mask, in the Church-Cloysters, on *Sunday*; your meeting with the very Scandal here again, this Evening; suffering yourself to be impos'd upon, and jilted by her; and at last running the hazard of a damnable beating by a couple of plausible Hectors, that made you believe your Mistress had Honour enough to be concern'd for.

BEAUGARD.

Really, my little Wolf in a Sheep's Fleece, this sounds like very good Doctrine; but what Use must I make of it, Child?

LU,

LUCRECE.

Methinks, Captain, that should not be so hard to find out ; my setting upon you in a Mask myself, and railing at the last Woman that did so before me, might easily inform you, I have a certain Design of trying whose Heart's hardest, yours or mine.

COURTINE.

Then, my little Mischief, you should not enter the Lists upon unequal Terms, with that black Armour upon your Face, that makes you look as dreadfully as the Black Knight in a Romance.

LUCRECE.

Good Captain, what's that sober Gentleman's Name ? For certainly I have see him before now.

BEAUGARD.

His Name in the Flesh, my pretty one, is *Courtine* ; a very honest Fellow, good-natur'd, and wicked enough for thy purpose of all Conscience.

LUCRECE.

Courtine ! Bless us for ever ! What, the Man that's marry'd !

COURTINE.

The Man that's marry'd ! yes, the Man that's marry'd. 'Sdeath, though I be weary on't, I am not ashamed of my Condition. Why the Devil didst thou tell her my Name ? I shall never thrive with any Woman that knows me. The Man that's marry'd ! 'Zounds, I am as scandalous as the Man that's to be hang'd.

LUCRECE.

But you'll ne'er be thought so handsome. To make few Words with you, Sir, I am one that mean you fairer play than such an inconstant, fickle, false-hearted Wanderer as you deserves.

BEAUGARD.

Then why dost thou conceal thyself ? Those whose Designs are fair and noble, scorn to hide their Faces : Therefore give me leave to tell thee, Lady, if thou think'st to make use of me only to create some Jealousy
in

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in another Woman, I am no Instrument to be that way manag'd; no, I am constant, I—but if thou lov'st me—

LUCRECE.

Have you any more Doubts that trouble you?

BEAUGARD.

None, by this sweet Body of thine.

LUCRECE.

Know then, Sir, it has been my Misfortune to watch you, haunt you, and dog you these six Months; being, to my eternal Torment, jealous of that ravenous Kite your Widow, your Widow, Captain: Nay, since I have confest my Weakness, know from this Hour I'll defeat all her Ambushes, all the false Baits she lays to ensnare your Heart, 'till I obtain the Victory of it myself, much more my Due, in that I'm not beneath her in Beauty, Birth, or Fortune, or indeed any thing but her Years, Captain, therefore if you have that Merit the World reports of you, make the best use of this present Advice; and so farewell, 'till you hear from me further. [*Exit.*]

BEAUGARD

Now may I do by my Mistresses as the Boys do by their Farthings, hustle 'em in a Hat together, and go to Heads or Tails for 'em—Hah! Let me never see Day again, if yonder be not coming towards us the very Rascal I told thee of this Morning, our *faux* Atheist; now will I shew thee as notable a Spirit as ever past upon the ignorant Word for a fine Person, and a Philosopher.

Enter DAREDEVIL.

What, *Daredevil*, a good Evening to thee: Why, where hast thou been, old Blasphemy, these forty Hours? I shall never be converted from Christianity, if thou dost not mind thy bus'ness better.

DAREDEVIL.

Been, quoth a! I have been where I have half lost my honest Senses, Man: Would any Body that knows me, believe it? Let me be bury'd alive, if the Rogues of the Parish I live in have not indicted me for a Papist.

BEAU.

The Devil? a Papist!

DAREDEVIL.

Pox on 'em, a Papist; when the impudent Villains know, as well as I do, that I have no Religion at all.

COURTINE.

No Religion, Sir? Are you of no Religion?

DAREDEVIL.

Is he an honest Fellow, *Beaugard*?

BEAUGARD.

Oh, a very honest Fellow; thou may'st trust him with thy Damnation, I'll warrant the: Answer him, answer him.

DAREDEVIL.

I never go to Church, Sir.

COURTINE.

But what Religion are you of?

DAREDEVIL.

Of the Religion of the *Inner-Temple*, the Common-Law Religion; I believe in the Law, trust in the Law, enjoy what I have by the Law: For if such a Religious Gentleman as you are get fifty Pounds into my Debt, I may go to Church and pray 'till my Heart akes; but the Law must make you pay me at last.

COURTINE.

'Tis certainly the fear of Hell, and hopes of Happiness, that makes People live in Honesty, Peace, and Union one towards another.

DAREDEVIL.

Fear of Hell! Hark thee, *Beaugard*; this Companion of thine, as I apprehend is but a sort of a shallow Monster. Fear of Hell! No, Sir, 'tis fear of Hanging. Who would not steal or do murder, every time his Fingers itch'd at it, were it not for fear of the Gallows? Do not you, with all your Religion, swear almost as often as you speak; break and prophane the Sabbath? Lie with your Neighbours Wives? and covet their Estates, if they be

be better than your own? Yet those things are forbid by Religion, as well as Stealing and cutting of Throats are. No, had every Commandment but a Gibbet belonging to it, I should not have had four King's Evidences to-day, swear impudently I was a Papist, when I was never at Mass yet since I was born, nor indeed at any other Worship these twenty Years.

COURTINE.

Why then, Sir, between Man and Man, you are really of no Religion?

DAREDEVIL.

May be I am, Sir: may be I am not, Sir: When you come to know me better, twenty to one but you'll be better satisfy'd.

COURTINE.

Does your Honour think there may be a Devil?

DAREDEVIL.

I never saw him, Sir.

COURTINE.

Have you a Mind to see him?

DAREDEVIL.

I'd go fifty Miles barefoot, to see but a Fiend that belong'd to his Family.

BEAUGARD.

That's a damn'd Lye, to my Knowledge: For I saw the Rogue so scar'd, that his Hair stood upright, but at the sight of a poor black Water-Spaniel, that met him in the Dark once.

COURTINE.

What think you of Conscience?

DAREDEVIL.

I do not think of it at all, Sir; it never troubles me.

COURTINE.

Did you ever do a Murder.

DAREDEVIL.

I won't tell you.

COUR.

COURTINE.

Thou art the honestest Fellow for it; I love a friendly Rogue, that can keep such a Secret, at my Heart.

DAREDEVIL.

Do you?

COURTINE.

Ay.

BEAUGARD.

So, that's well said! now we'll to work with him presently. Dost thou hear, *Daredevil*, this honest Friend of mine is something troubled in spirit, and wants a little of thy ghostly Advice in a Point of Difficulty.

DAREDEVIL.

Well, and what is't? I shall be civil, and do him all the good I can.

BEAUGARD.

In few words, he's marry'd, plagu'd, troubled, and Hag-ridden by the eternally tormenting Witchcraft of a vexatious, jealous Familiar, call'd a Wife.

DAREDEVIL.

A Wife! that ever any Fellow that has but two grains of Brains in his Scull, should give himself the trouble to complain of a Wife, so long as there is Arsenick in the World!

BEAUGARD.

Nay, it is a mere shame, a scandalous shame, when it is so cheap too.

COURTINE.

Would you have me poison her?

DAREDEVIL.

Poison her! ay, what would you do with her else, if you are weary of her?

COURTINE.

But if I should be call'd to a terrible Account for such a thing hereafter!

DAREDEVIL.

Hereafter!——Cross my Hand with a piece of Silver,

ver, that is to say,—give me three Pence—three Pence,
my dearest——

COURTINE.

Well, and what then?

DAREDEVIL.

Why, for that inconsiderable Sum I'll be Security for
thee, and bear thee harmless for hereafter; that's all.

BEAUGARD.

Faith, and cheap enough of all Conscience.

COURTINE.

This is the honestest Acquaintance I ever met withal,
Beaugard.

BEAUGARD.

Oh, a very honest Fellow, very honest.

COURTINE.

Pr'ythee then, *Daredevil*, if that be thy Title, since
we have so happily met this Evening, let us grow more
intimate, and eat and drink together.

DAREDEVIL.

Faith and troth, with all my Heart: Pox on me, Boy,
but I love drinking mightily; and to tell ye the truth
on't, I am never so well satisfy'd in my out-of-the-way
Principles, as when I am drunk, very drunk. Drunken-
ness is a great Quieter of the Mind, a great Soother
of the Spirit.

BEAUGARD.

And shall we be very free, my little Atheistical dis-
believing Dog? Wilt thou open thy Heart, and speak
very frankly of Matters that shall be nameless?

DAREDEVIL.

Much may be done; I seldom hide my Talent, I am
no Niggard of my Parts that way.

BEAUGARD.

To tell thee a Secret then, *Daredevil*, we two are this
Night, for some weighty Considerations, to give a Treat
to the People of the *Duke's Theatre*, after the Play's
done, upon their Stage; we are to have the Musick

too; and the Ladies 'tis hop'd, will not deny us the Favour of their fair Company. Now my dear Iniquity, shall we not think't thou, if we give our Minds to it, pass an Evening pleasantly enough?

DAREDEVIL

Rot me, with all my Heart: I love the Project of Treating upon the Stage extremely too. But will there, will there be none of the Poets there? Some of the Poets are pretty Fellows, very pretty Fellows; they are most of 'em my Disciples in their Hearts, and now and then stand up for the Truth manfully.

BEAUGARD.

Much may happen: But in the next place, after Supper we have resolved to storm a certain enchanted Castle, where I apprehend a fair Lady, newly enter'd into League with an honest Friend of thine, call'd myself, is kept a Pris'ner, by an old, ill-natur'd, snarling Dog in a Manger, her Guardian. Thou wilt make one at it, wilt thou not, my little *Daredevil*?

DAREDEVIL.

Dam'me, we'll burn the House.

COURTINE.

Dam'me, Sir? Do you know what you say? You believe no such thing.

DAREDEVIL,

Words of course, Child, mere Words of course: We use a hundred of 'em in Conversation, which are indeed but in the nature of Expletives, and signify nothing; as *Dam'me, Sir; Rot me, Sir; Confound me, Sir;* which purport no more than *So, Sir; And, Sir; or Then, Sir,* at the worst: For my part, I always speak what I think; no Man can help thinking what he does think: So if I speak not well, the Fault's not mine.

BEAUGARD.

Distinguish'd like a Learned School-Divine.

COURTINE.

When meet we at the Play House then?

DARE.

DAREDEVIL.

Before the Clock strike Nine.

BEAUGARD.

Where we'll have Musick, Women, Mirth.

DAREDEVIL

And very much good Wine.

[Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter BEAUGARD, COURTINE, and DAREDEVIL.

BEAUGARD.

IS not this living now? Who that knew the Sweets
Of Liberty, the uncontroll'd Delights the Free-
man tastes of, Lord of his own Hours, King of his own
Pleasures, just as Nature meant him first;
Court'd each Minute by all his Appetites,
Which he indulges, like a bounteous Master,
That's still supply'd with various full Enjoyments;
And no intruding Cares make one Thought bitter.

DAREDEVIL.

Very well this; this is all but very well.

COURTINE.

Nay, not one Rub, to interrupt the Course
Of a long rolling, gay, and wanton Life.
Methinks the Image of it's like a Lawn
In a rich flow'ry Vale, its Measure long,
Beauteous its Prospect, and at the End
A shady peaceful Glade, where, when the pleasant Race
is over,

We glide away, and are at rest for ever.

BEAUGARD.

Who, that knew this, would let himself be a Slave
To the vile Customs the World's debauch'd in?
Who'd interrupt his needful Hours of Rest; to rise and
yaw

yawn in a Shop in *Cornhill*? Or, what's as bad, make a sneaking Figure in a great Man's Chamber, at his rising in a Morning? Who would play the Rogue, Cheat, Lie, Flatter, Bribe, or Pimp; to raise an Estate for a Blockhead of his own begetting, as he thinks, that shall waste it as scandalously as his Father got it? Or who, *Courtine*, would marry, to beget such a Blockhead?

COURTINE.

No body but such a Blockhead as myself, *Beaugard*, that's certain; but I will, if possible, atone for that Sin of mine in the future Course of my Life, and grow as zealous a Libertine as thou wouldst wish thy Friend to be.

DAREDEVIL.

These are Rogues that pretend to be of a Religion now! Well, all that I say is, Honest Atheism for my Money.

BEAUGARD.

No, grant me while I live the easy Being I am at present possess of; a kind, fair She, to cool my Blood, and pamper my Imagination withal; an honest Friend or two, like thee, *Courtine*, that I dare trust my Thoughts to; generous Wine, Health, Liberty, and no Dishonour, and when I ask more of Fortune, let her e'en make a Beggar of me. What sayst thou to this, *Daredevil*? Is not this coming as near thy Doctrine as a young Sinner can conveniently?

DAREDEVIL.

Nay, I have very great Hopes of you, that's my Comfort.

COURTINE.

But why did we part with the Women so soon?

BEAUGARD.

Oh, *Courtine*, Reputation Reputation! I am a young Spark, and must stand upon my Credit, Friend; the Rogues that cheat all the Week, and go to Church in clean Bands o'*Sunday*, will advance no necessary Sums upon my Revenues else, when there may be an Occasion: Besides I have a Father in Town, a grave, sober, serious old Gentleman, call'd a Father.

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DAREDEVIL.

One that will Drink, Rant, Whore, and Game, and is as full of Religion as his worshipful Son here.

BEAUGARD.

Ha!

Enter FATHER.

FATHER.

Very well, very noble, truly Son! This is the Care you are pleased to take of my Family! Sit up all Night, Drink, Whore, spend your Estate, and give your Soul to the Devil! a very fine—*Hickup*—This *Aquamirabilis* and the old Hock does not agree with my Stomach.

BEAUGARD.

Daredevil, stick to me now, and help me cut at a dead list, or I am lost for ever.—Sir, I hope my being here, has not done you, nor any Friend of yours, an Injury.

FATHER.

Injury! No, Sir, 'tis no Injury for you to take your swill in Plenty and Voluptuousness —*Hickup*— while your poor Father, Sirrah, must be contented to drink paltry Sack, with dry-bon'd, old, batter'd Rogues, and be thankful. You must have your fine, jolly, young Fellows, and bonny, buxom, brawny-bum'd Whores, you Dog, to revel with, and be hang'd to you, must you? Sirrah, you Rogue, I have lost all my Money.

BEAUGARD.

I am sorry for it, Sir.

FATHER.

Sorry for it, Sir!—*Hickup*—Is that all?

DAREDEVIL.

If thou art very poor, old Fellow, take a swinging Dose of *Opium* and sleep upon't; 'tis the best thing in the World for old Gentlemen that have no Money. Or wilt thou be good Company? wilt thou sit down and crack a Bottle, old Boy? Hah?

F A

FATHER.

Heh! crack a Bottle!

DAREDEVIL.

Ay, crack a Bottle: What say'st thou to that comfortable Proposition.

COURTINE

Come, Sir, here's your good Health, and to your better Fortune.

*FATHER.*A very honest Fellow, *Jack*: These are very honest Fellows. What is your Name, Friend?*DAREDEVIL.*My Name is *Daredevil*, Friend; of the ancient Family of the *Daredevils* in the North, that have not had a Church in their Parish, Chaplain in their House, Prayers Publick or Private, or Graces at Meals, since the Conquest.*FATHER.*

Sir, I have heard much of your Family; it is a very ancient honourable Family: and I am glad to find my Son has made choice of such a Noble Acquaintance.—Sir, my Service to you.—I protest, a Cup of pretty Claret, very pretty Claret.

COURTINE.

And he has top'd it off as prettily, I'll say that for him.

*FATHER.**Jack*, I have lost all my Mony, *Jack*.*BEAUGARD.*

Have you been robb'd, Sir?

FATHER.

Robb'd, Sir! No, Mr. Saucy-face, I have not been robb'd, Sir, but I have been nick'd, Sir, and that's as bad, Sir. You are a worthy Person, and I'll make you my Judge.

DAREDEVIL.

Come along then.

*FATHER.*The Main was Seven, and the Chance Four; I had just thirty Pound upon it, and my last Stake: The
Caster

Caster threw, nothing came of it; I chang'd his Dice; he threw again, to as little purpose as before.

DAREDEVIL.

Very strange, truly.

FATHER.

I chang'd his Dice again, he threw again: So he threw, and I chang'd; and I chang'd, and he threw, for at least half an Hour; till at last—Do you mark me?—the Dice powd'ring out of the Box—

DAREDEVIL.

That's plain.

FATHER.

One of 'em trips against the Foot of a Candlestick, and up comes two Duces, two Duces, Sir, do you hear? And so I lost my Money. No, Sir, I was not robb'd, Sir; but I lost it upon two Duces: and that was so hard Fortune, that I'll hold you, or any Man living, fifty Pounds to ten, that he does not throw two Duces before Seven again.

DAREDEVIL.

Two Duces afore Seven! Two Duces are not to be thrown, Sir, not to be thrown.

BEAUGARD.

I am glad to hear you are so rich, Sir.

FATHER.

Rich, quoth 'a! Pr'ythee be quiet, I am not worth a Shilling, Man. But, Sir, here you are a Lord at large, enjoy your Drink and your Drabs, sit up all Night in the fulness of Iniquity, with worthy Esquire *Daredevil* of the North here, with a Pox to you; whilst I must be kept without a Shilling in my Pocket.—But, Sir,——

BEAUGARD.

Sir, I sent you a hundred Pounds yesterday Morning.

FATHER.

Well, Sirrah, and I have had ill Luck, and lost it all: What then?

BEAUGARD.

Sir, to avoid Dispute, shall I make one Proposition to you?

FATHER.

Heh! With all my Heart. Look you, *Jacky-boy*, I am not against thy taking thy moderate Diversions, so long as I see thou keepest good Company, neither. But—sneak what Ready-money thou hast into my Hand, and send me the rest of t'other Hundred to my Lodging.

BEAUGARD.

Do you think it reasonable, that as often as two Duces are thrown before Seven, I must advance a hundred Pounds to make the Devil's Bones rattle, Sir?

FATHER.

Sirrah, you are a Rebel; and I could find in my Heart to cut your Throat. Sir, have you e'er a Father?

DAREDEVIL.

No, Sir.

FATHER.

No, Sir?

DAREDEVIL.

No, Sir; I broke his Heart long ago, before I came to be at years of Discretion: I hate all Fathers, and always did.

FATHER.

Oh Lord! Hark you, Sir, what's that Fellow's Profession?

COURTINE.

Oh, an Atheist, Sir; he believes neither God nor the Devil.

FATHER.

'Sbad, I'll bristle up to him. Are you an Atheist, Fellow? hoh?

DAREDEVIL.

Yes, Sir, I am an Atheist.

FATHER.

And what think you will become of you when you die? hoh?

DARE-

DAREDEVIL.

I shall be buried six Foot under Ground, to prevent
stinking, and there grow rotten,

FATHER.

Oh Lord !

DAREDEVIL.

If I chance to be hang'd being a lusty Sinewy Fellow,
the Corporation of Barber-Chirurgeons, may be, beg
me for an Anatomy, to set up in their Hall. I don't
take much care of myself while I am living; and when
I am dead, whatever happens to me will never trouble me.

FATHER

No more to be said; my Son's in a very hopeful way
to be damn'd, that's one Comfort. Impudent Rogue,
You keep Company with the Devil's Resident ! You con-
verse with Foreign Ministers, and deny your Father a
little dirty Money ! Fogh, Poltroon !

BEAUGARD.

This is very hard, Sir : But if Ten Guineas will do
you any Service——

FATHER.

Ten Guineas ? Let me see ; ten Guineas are a pretty
little pidling Sum, that's the truth on't: but what will
it do, *Jacky-boy* ? Serve, may be to play at Ticktack in
an Afternoon, three Hits up for a Piece, or so ; but
when will that recover my Hundred again ? Ten Gui-
neas ! Pox o'thy Ten Guineas.——Well, let me see
the Ten Guinea's though,——let me see 'em a little——
Jacky-boy, Jacky, Jack——You have drunk damnable
hard to-night, you Rogue ; you are a drunken Dog, I
believe——Han't you had a Whore too, *Jacky* ?——
e e e——You'll get the Pox, Sirrah, and then——But if
thou dost, I know a very able Fellow, an old Acquaint-
ance of mine——Ten Guineas, *Jacky* !

BEAUGARD.

There they are, Sir ; and long may they last you.

O 2

FATHER.

FATHER.

Make 'em twenty, *Jacky*-rogue ; ——— you Plump-cheek'd, Merry-ey'd Rogue, make 'em twenty——make 'em fifteen then——*Jacky*-boy, *Jacky*, *Jack*, Do faith.

BEAUGARD.

Upon my Duty, you have flipp'd me, Sir.

FATHER.

Then do you hear, Friend, you Atheist, that are so free of your Soul? let us see if you dare venture a little of your Money now——Come [*Draws out a Box and Dice.*] Seven's the Main: I'll hold you ten Pounds to two, two Duces does not come before Seven.

BEAUGARD.

At him, *Daredevil*; Beggar him once more, and then we shall be rid of him.

DAREDEVIL.

Done, Sir, done; down with your Money.

FATHER.

Here, you blasphemous Dog.——Dost thou love Hazard?

DAREDEVIL.

Dearly, from the bottom of my Heart, Sir.

FATHER.

I love thee the better for't: Come along——Seven——

DAREDEVIL.

Right.

FATHER.

Seven.

*[Throws two Duces.]**DAREDEVIL.*

Two Duces!——You have lost, Sir.

FATHER.

Damn me, Sir, lay your Hand upon my Money!

DAREDEVIL.

Damn me, Sir, 'tis my Money; I won it fairly.

BEAUGARD.

Now, *Courtine*, now——

COURTINE.

COURTINE.

Now look to't, Athiest!

FATHER.

Son of a Whore, you lye. Thus to my Hat, I sweep the yellow Scoundrels, and draw my Sword in witness th'are my own.

DAREDEVIL.

Nay then I'll—

COURTINE.

Hold, S'rs, no drawing Swords, no Quarrelling.

DAREDEVIL.

I am glad on't, with all my Heart; for though I am not much afraid of the Devil, I hate a drawn Sword mortally.

BEAUGARD.

Good Sir—

FATHER.

Stand off,——Dogs, Atheists win my Money!——
Rascal——Good-morrow. *[Exit.]*

BEAUGARD.

Till next time two Duces come before Seven; and then I am sure to see or hear from you again infallibly.

COURTINE.

How dost thou intend to dispose of this wild, extravagant, old Father of thine, *Beaugard*?

BEAUGARD.

I hope to find him run so far in Debt within this Fortnight, that to avoid the Calamity, he shall be forced to compound with me for his Freedom, and be contented with a comfortable Annuity in the Country; that's all my hopes of him.

COURTINE.

Which he'll sell in one Quarter of a Year, and return to old *London* again, for t'other Game at Hazard.

BEAUGARD.

No, like a wise Guardian, I'll take care of the contrary.

trary, lay it too far out of his reach, and tie it too fast for him. Why how now, *Daredevil*? What, in the dumps? 'Tis an unruly old Gentleman, but yet he has some Religion in him, *Daredevil*.

DAREDEVIL.

Yes, Pox on him, to cheat me of my Money. 'Tis well he was your Father, Sir.

COURTINE.

Why?

DAREDEVIL.

Had he been my own, by these Hilts I would have saw'd his old Windpipe asunder upon the Spot. Rob me of my Right!

COURTINE.

Does he love Fighting so well then? I thought most of your Atheists had not much car'd for that impertinent Exercise.

DAREDEVIL.

'Tis a little impertinent, that I'll grant you, for honest Fellows to fall out, squabble, and cut one another's Throats, to spoil good Company: But when my Honour's injur'd——

BEAUGARD.

Then, I know, thou art implacable. But for a foolish trifling Sum of Money——

DAREDEVIL.

Trash, Trash, Dunghil, and Filthiness! I give it away to my Wenches and my Servants; we part with it to every Body, upon all Occasions. He that values Money deserves never to have the Benefit of it.

BEAUGARD.

A very noble Fragment of Philosophy. But *Courtine*, the Morning is new risen again, and I have received Intelligence this Night by a certain Minister I keep for such Offices, where my poor distressed Widow is held in Durance: If thou thinkest there may be any Hopes for thee

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thee upon the Coast I am bound for, let us embark together, and good Luck attend us.

COURTINE.

No, I have other Projects o'foot: Marriage has crack'd my Credit so, that no body that knows my Condition cares to dwell with me. Therefore I am resolv'd to set out for new Discoveries, and try how I can thrive where my Name's a Stranger.

BEAUGARD.

What, this Morning!

COURTINE.

This very Morning: Fortified with *Bourdeaux*, as I am, will I issue forth; and let all straggling Wives, Widows, and Virgins have a care of their Cargoes.

BEAUGARD.

Nobly resolv'd, and good Fortune guide thee. Thou *Daredevil*, wilt not part with me: thou art more a Friend than to leave thy Disciple, when there is good substantial Sinning like to go forward. May be we may do a Murder before we part; something that is very wicked we'll not fail of.

DAREDEVIL.

With all my Heart, let us fire a House or two, poison a Constable and all his Watch, ravish six Cinder-women and kill a Beadle.

BEAUGARD.

Shall we do all this?

DAREDEVIL.

Do't! I'll do't myself.

BEAUGARD.

Thou art the very Spirit of Iniquity.

Enter FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

Sir, Captain *Beaugard*.

BEAUGARD.

With me, Friend?

FOOTMAN.

Sir, there is a Mask'd Lady, in a Chair, at the Corner of the Street, desires a Word with you instantly.

*BEAUGARD.*Tell her, I'm her Vassal, and will wait on her this Moment. *Courtine*, good-morrow.*COURTINE.*

Gone already?

*BEAUGARD.*Trading comes in, Friend, and I must mind my Calling, that's all. *Allons, Daredevil.**DAREDEVIL.*

Friend, farewell to thee; if either of us are run through the Lungs, or shot in the Head, before we meet again, let us hear from one another out of the Lower World, how matters go there, and what Entertainment they give us.

COURTINE.

You shall find me a very civil Correspondent, Sir.

DAREDEVIL.

Farewel.

COURTINE.

The same good Wish to you, Sir, Now will I out into the middle of the Street, play at Blind-mans-buff by myself, turn three times round, and catch who I can.

*SCENE changes to the Street. Enter BEAUGARD and DAREDEVIL.**BEAUGARD.*

This should be the Place, and yet I see no Chair.

DAREDEVIL.

Then let us all fall to Mischief.

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

Pr'ythee a little Patience, tho' it be a Virtue, dear Temptation.

Enter another FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

Sir, is your Name Captain *Beaugard*?

BEAUGARD.

Yes, my dear *Mercury*, I am the happy Man.

FOOTMAN.

Then, Sir, this Letter is for you.

BEAUGARD.

Stay 'till I read it, Friend.

FOOTMAN.

Sir, it requires no Answer.

BEAUGARD.

What Jilt's Trick now!—*Sir*,—to meet us with your Swords in your Hands this Morning behind the Corner House of—By my Stars, a Challenge from the termagant Sparks that fell upon us last Night. Why, what a deal of Love and Honour have I upon my Hands now? *Daredevil*, thou canst fight?

DAREDEVIL.

Why, is there any occasion?

BEAUGARD.

Only a Challenge, *Daredevil*, that's all. See, there's a Breakfast for thee, if thou hast any Stomach to't:

DAREDEVIL.

Idle Rogues, Rascals, Hectors! Never mind 'em; hang 'em, these are some hungry Varlets that want Dinners; let us break the next Windows, and never think on't.

Enter six Ruffians.

1 RUFFIAN.

These are our Quarry; be sure we seize 'em both. Is the Coach ready?

2 RUFFIAN.

At the next Corner.

1 RUFFIAN.

Fall on then. Sir, you are our Prisoner.

BEAUGARD.

Villains! Rogues! Thieves! Murder! Thieves! Rascals, you'll not murder me?

1 RUFFIAN.

Nay, Sir, no Noise, no Struggling, as you tender your Safety.

BEAUGARD.

Daredevil, Dog, Coward, draw thy Sword and rescue me.

DAREDEVIL.

I am terrify'd, amaz'd; some Judgment for my Sins is fallen upon me; alas, I am in Bonds too! Have mercy on my Soul, and don't slay me, Gentlemen.

BEAUGARD.

Damnation! Blinded! Rascals, Villains, Ruffians! Murder!

DAREDEVIL.

Oh *Daredevil*, *Daredevil*, what will become of thee!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter THEODORET and GRATIAN.

THEODORET.

This Generosity makes good thy Character,
That thou'rt the bravest Man, and truest Friend:
How shall I deserve this from thee?

GRATIAN.

I should be unjust, both to myself, and the dear Memory of thy Noble Brother, whose Friendship was so dear to me, should my true Sword be idle in thy Cause. Besides, the Love which I profess to *Percia*, Tells me a Rival must not tamely carry her.

THEO.

THEODORET.

She is thy Right: My dying Brother, her soon-forgotten Husband,

But thy remember'd Friend, with his last Breath thus told me:
I have a Friend, *Gratian*, the Man my Heart
Has cherish'd most; we from our Youth were Rivals
For my dear *Percia*: Tell him, if I die,
I left her to him, as the dearest Legacy
I could bequeath: Bid him be tender of her,
For she'll deserve it from him.—Would she did. [*Aside.*]

GRATIAN.

Heav'n knows, it is my Curse, spite of her Scorn, to
love her to Madness; nor shall this Man of War,
this *French*-bred Hero, win her with nothing but his Cap
and Feather: I wonder he's not come yet.

THEODORET.

I have heard the Man is gallant; but in honesty, as
thou art my Friend, I wish thou wouldst hear good Counsel.

GRATIAN.

Thine must be Noble.

THEODORET.

I'd have thee think no more of this proud Woman.

GRATIAN.

I wish 'twere possible.

THEODORET.

Their Sex is one gross Cheat; their only Study
How to deceive, betray, and ruin Man:
They have it by Tradition from their Mothers,
Which they improve each Day, and grow more exquisite.
Their Painting, Patching, all their Chamber-arts,
And public Affectations, are but Tricks
To draw fond Men into that Snare, their Love.

GRATIAN.

Would this could cure mine.

THEODORET.

When we're caught fast, 'tis then they shew their
Natures, Grow

Grow haughty, proud, to vex the Wretch they've conquer'd
 Tho' the same Hour they glance abroad for new Ones.
 Let but a Woman know you're once her Slave,
 Give her once Testimony that you love her,
 She'll always be thy Torment, Jilt, design,
 And practise Ends upon thy honest Nature;
 So strong is their Antipathy to Truth.

GRATIAN.

But let a Fool——

THEODORET.

Oh give 'em but a Fool,
 A senseless, noisy, gay, bold, bristling Blockhead,
 A Rascal with a Feather, and Cravat-string,
 No Brains in's Head; a vain, pert, empty Rogue,
 That can prim, dance, lisp, or lye very much,
 They're lost for ever: They'll give all they have
 To Fools, or for 'em.——

GRATIAN.

But, my Friend, this granted,
 Grant *Porcia* this, and more, as she's the Relict
 Of thy dear Brother, and my valued Friend,
 The Injury she brings upon thy Honour
 Must not be slighted; and that's my Cause now.

THEODORET.

There thou o'ercom'st me: Still our Men of Mettle
 Delay their Time; the Day grows late; let's walk
 Down by yon' Wall; may be they have miss'd the Place:
 Besides, I fancy Company is coming this way, and we
 may be prevented.
 Methinks I would not lose so fine a Morning, and do
 nothing.

GRATIAN.

Nor I.

[*Exit.*]

Enter

Enter SYLVIA and LUCRETIA.

SYLVIA.

Oh *Lucrece*, 'twas the Pangs of Jealousy, curst Jealousy, that brought me hither.

LUCRETIA.

Where lodg'd you then last Night?

SYLVIA.

Here, in this House, my Cousin *Portia*'s House: I met her late last Night, just as I alighted, harass'd with my Journey, and the Cause of it: Had she not took pity of me, Heaven knows how my Perplexities would have disposed me!

LUCRETIA.

What, in this House?

SYLVIA.

Here, in this very House.

LUCRETIA.

I'm glad I know it; I'll take such care, it shall not be long a Secret.

SYLVIA.

The Garden opening thus upon the Fields, invited me to take the Morning-air here; for Sleep's a Guest that stays but little with me. Why sighest thou, *Lucrece*?

LUCRETIA.

I'm thinking why my Cousin *Portia* should chuse this Residence.

SYLVIA.

'Tis for a Lover, *Lucrece*; *Beaugard* courts her, a Friend and lewd Companion of my false Husband's.

LUCRETIA.

I know him but too well.

SYLVIA.

Why, dost thou love him?

LUCRE-

LUCRETIA.

So much, that I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep in peace, for the tormenting Thoughts of him.

SYLVIA.

By Heavens I pity thee. Oh have a care of Marriage, *Lucrece*, Marriage; 'twill be thy Bane, and ruin thee for ever. Marriage spoils Faces; How I look with Marriage!

LUCRETIA.

I see no Change.

SYLVIA.

No Change! I have not slept six Nights in peace since the curst Day I wedded.

LUCRETIA.

Will then a Husband spoil ones Sleep so sadly?

SYLVIA.

A Husband's, *Lucrece*, like his Wedding-Clothes; Worn gay a Week, but then he throws 'em off, And with 'em too the Lover: Then his Days Grow gay abroad, and his Nights dull at home: He lies whole Months by thy poor longing Side Heavy and useless, comes faint and loth to Bed, Turns him about, grunts, snores: and that's a Husband.

LUCRETIA.

Is *Courtine* such a one?

SYLVIA.

'Tis pain to tell thee the Life I lead with him. He's colder to me, than Adamant to Fire; but let him loose among my Kitchen-Furniture, my Maids, never was seen so termagant a Towzer: He loves a nasty, foul-fed, falfome Drab, and scorns the tender Joys my Arms invite him to. To be despis'd at that rate, so dishonour'd, makes me even curse the Chance that made me Woman: Would I had been any Creature else—See yonder, yonder he comes: Thy Mask, thy Mask, dear *Lucrece*.

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LUCRETIA.

Farewel; I'll away, and leave ye fairly both together.

[Exit.]

Enter **COURTINE.**

COURTINE.

What, fly thy Ground, faint Soldier! How, another! Nay then 'twas nobly done; two to one had been odds else: Had it not, pretty one?

SYLVIA.

Why, who are you, Sir?

COURTINE.

E'en a wandering Knight, that have forsaken my Castle in the Country, and am come up to Town for Preferment truly.

SYLVIA.

And one would think so proper, a lusty, well-made Fellow as you are should not be long out of Employment.

COURTINE.

Dost thou know me, my Dearest?

SYLVIA.

No.

COURTINE.

Then I am sure thou canst have no Exception against me.

SYLVIA.

But suppose I had a Mind to a little farther Acquaintance with you; what then, Sir?

COURTINE.

Why, then thou may'st reasonably suppose that I'll make no evil Use of thy good Inclinations; Faith there are very pretty Gardens, hereabouts, let us commit a Trespass for once, break into one of 'em, and roll a Camomile-walk together this Morning.

SYLVIA.

O Lord, Sir!

COUR-

COURTINE.

She's coming already.

SYLVIA.

If I should let you make advantage of my Weakness now, you would be false afterwards, forsake me, and break my Heart.

COURTINE.

Pretty Fool! What innocent Scruples she makes!

SYLVIA.

Have you no other Mistress already? have you no Engagements that will return hereafter upon your Heart to my Prejudice?

COURTINE.

Shall I swear!

SYLVIA.

But han't you truly?

COURTINE.

If I have may that blue Mountain over our Heads there, fall down and crush me like a pelted Toad.

SYLVIA.

To shew you then that I deserve your Faith—

COURTINE.

What wilt thou shew me?

SYLVIA.

A Face which I am not asham'd of, tho' you'll perhaps be scandaliz'd when you see it.

COURTINE.

The Devil take me if I am tho', so it prove not very horrible indeed.

SYLVIA.

What think you then, Sir, is it such a one as you look'd for?

COURTINE.

My own Wife?

SYLVIA.

Yes, thy unhappy Wife.

Thou

Thou false, deceitful, perjur'd, shameless Wretch:
Have I deserv'd this from thee?

COURTINE.

Pox confound her—

[Takes out a Book and falls a reading.]

SYLVIA.

Is this the Recompence of all my Love?
Did I bestow my Fortune on thy Wants,
Humble myself to be thy Dove-like Wife?
And this is all I'm worth?

COURTINE.

Wealth is a great
Provocative to am'rous Heat:
For what is worth in any thing,
But so much Money as 'twill bring?
Nadibras, Part the Second, Canto the First.

[Reads.]

SYLVIA.

Patience direct me! have I wrought my Nature
To utmost Sufferance, and most low Contentment?
Set my poor Heart to cares? have I been blest
With Children by thee, to be left with Scorn,
Cast off, neglected, and abandon'd vilely?
Speak, is not this hard Usage?——

COURTINE.

Umph!

SYLVIA.

Umph! what's Umph?

COURTINE.

Umph, that's I, Child; Umph is I, I, I, my Dear.

SYLVIA.

Death; Death and Torments! Cut my wretched
Throat, don't treat me thus: By Heav'n I'll bear't no
longer.

COURTINE.

No more.

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

I have done, Sir.

*COURTINE.*What do you at *London*?*SYLVIA.*

Is it a Fault to follow what I am fond of?

COURTINE.

Can't I enjoy my Pleasure, take my Freedoms, but
 you must come, and spoil the high-season'd Dish, with
 your insipid, whining, senseless Jealousy?

SYLVIA.

Pr'ythee forgive me.——

COURTINE.

Where did you lodge last Night?

SYLVIA.

Here with a Kinswoman;

May be you know her not; her Name is *Percia*.*COURTINE.*

Death! *Beaugard's* Widow! now I am finely fitted,
 What, at this House?

SYLVIA.

This very House; that Door
 Opens into the Garden, let us walk there;
 Won't you go with me, *Courtine*?

COURTINE.

No.

SYLVIA.

Pr'ythee do, Love.
 Don't be thus cruel to me.

COURTINE.

Then promise one thing,
 And may be my Good-nature shall be wrought upon.

SYLVIA.

I'll grant thee any thing; speak, try m'Obedience.

COURTINE.

Then promise me, that during your Abode

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In this sweet Town, which I love very dearly,
That let me ramble, steer what Course I will,
Keep what late Hours, and as I please employ 'em,
That you'll be still an humble, civil Doxy,
And pry into no Secret to disturb me.

SYLVIA.

Well, 'tis granted.

COURTINE.

On then, I'll be dutiful.

SYLVIA.

Enter you first.

COURTINE.

No——

SYLVIA.

Oh, then you'll forsake me;
You seek but Opportunity again to leave me.

COURTINE.

Well, since I am trapt thus,
Like a poor Beast that wanted better Pasture,
There is no Replevin, and I must to Pound. [Exit.

Enter THEODORET, GRATIAN, and LUCRETIA.

THEODORET.

What, in this House?

LUCRETIA.

Here, in this very House;
My Cousin *Sylvia*, *Courtine's* jealous Wife,
Coming to Town, lodg'd with her here last Night.

THEODORET.

No more, I guess the cause we're disappointed.
Do thou go, *Gratian*, muster what Friends 'tis possible;
I'll try my Interest too; we'll storm your Fortress,
Enchanted Lady, though your Giant guard it.

SCENE

SCENE changes to the Inside of a very fair House, adorn'd with rich Furniture and Lights.

Enter Ruffians, with BEAUGARD and DAREDEVIL.

BEAUGARD.

Dogs! Rascals! Villains! how do you intend to deal with us?

RUFFIAN.

Much better than your Language has deserv'd, Sir.

[They unbind 'em.

BEAUGARD.

Sirs, for this noble Usage, had I a Sword or Pistol about me, I would reward ye most amply.

[They all bow and withdraw.

A Plague of your Civility! where the Devil are we?

DAREDEVIL.

Where are we, quotha! why, we are in a Palace, Man. Pr'ythee look about thee a little.

BEAUGARD.

By Heav'n here's a Paradise; hark *Daredevil!* Music too!

DAREDEVIL.

I'll be hang'd if 'tis not a bawdy Dancing-School; some better Whores than ordinary designing a private *Ballum rancum*, have pitch'd upon our two proper Persons for the Bus'ness; we are like to have a swinging time on't, *Beaugard.*

BEAUGARD.

A Plague o'your Cowardise! you were whining and praying just now, and be hang'd to you.

DAREDEVIL.

I praying! Pr'ythee be quiet Man, I never pray'd in my Life, nor ever will pray: Praying quotha! that's a merry Jest with all my Heart.

BEAUGARD.

Impudent *Poltroon!* he said two Dozen of *Pater-Nosters* within this half Hour, and every jolt the Coach gave

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gave was afraid the Devil would have torn him to pieces.

DAREDEVIL.

Odd, I like this Contrivance very well: Look, *Beaugard*, what comes yonder? 'sheart, two Devils in Petticoats, how my Guts shrink together!

Enter two black Women.

BEAUGARD.

Heyday! Lady *Blackamores*! nay then we are certainly enchanted. What are you two, Maids of Honour to the Queen of *Pomoukey*? and is this one of her Palaces? not a Word! —

DAREDEVIL.

How I long now to be familiar with one of those Sooty-fac'd Harlots! I would beget a chopping Black Son of a Whore upon her, in defiance to the Prince of Darkness.

Enter a Dwarf.

BEAUGARD.

What, another too of the same Complexion? this must be her Majesty's Page.

DAREDEVIL.

A Pimp, I'll warrant him; he's so very little, pert, and dapper, the Rogue looks as if he could insinuate himself through a Key-hole.

DWARF.

Welcome, thou best-lov'd Man of the fair World.

BEAUGARD.

Well, Sir, and what's the Service you have in order to command me?

DWARF.

My Orders are to lead you to repose on a rich Bed prepar'd for Rest and Love.

DAREDEVIL.

I said it was a Pimp; what a smooth-tongu'd little Rascal 'tis!

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

A very pretty sort of an Amusement this: But pr'y-
thee young *Domine*, why to Bed? 'tis but now Day,
and the Sun new risen; for I have not been a-bed all
Night, my little Monster; I know how the time goes
Child.

DWARF.

Such are the Orders of the Power I serve.
For you are come a long unmeasurable Journey.

DAREDEVIL.

Hah!

DWARF.

Drawn by wing'd Horses through the untract Air.

BEAUGARD.

A Pox upon thee for a little, black, lying, well-
instructed Rascal; but since it is the Custom of the Place,
and my last Night's Fatigue requires it, I'll accept of the
Offer, and dispense with an Hour or two of Sleep, to fit
me for better Exercise when I wake again.

[Sits down in a Chair to be undrest.]

DAREDEVIL.

Drawn by wing'd Horses through the Air, said he!
if this should be true now, what would become of us!
Methought indeed the Coach whew'd it away a little
faster than ordinary.

[While Beaugard is undressing the two Black Women dance.]

BEAUGARD.

A very notable Entertainment truly, and your little
Black Ladyships have tript it most featly.—

[The Women advance towards him.]

What, and must you take Charge of me now!—With
all my Heart. *Daredevil*, farewell to thee; but that I
am in hopes of a better, I'd invite thee for a Bedfellow.

[Women lead in Beaugard.]

DAREDEVIL.

Bedfellow, quotha! would I were a-bed with any
Bed-

Bedfellow that I was sure had but Flesh and Bones about him.

DWARF.

Come, Sir, you are my Charge.

DAREDEVIL.

I hope your little Impship will be civil to me: Pray, Sir, what Place is this?

DWARF.

A Crystal Castle built by Enchantment in a Land unknown to any but the Fair One that commands it; The Spirits of the Air keep guard about it, and all obey her Charms.

DAREDEVIL.

Oh Lord! and what Religion is the Lady of?

DWARF.

That's a Secret, you'll know more of hereafter.

DAREDEVIL.

Lead on then: Now in the lower World, whence I come lately, were this known,
How would the Fate in Ballad be lamented,
Of *Daredevil* the Atheist, that's enchanted. [*Exeunt.*]

~~THE END OF THE FIRST ACT~~

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter GRATIAN and THEODORET.

GRATIAN.

THESE are your Men of Honour now; I never knew a blustering, roaring, swashing Spark, that, at the bottom, was good for any thing.

THEODORET.

Your faux Braves always put on a shew of more Courage than ordinary; as your beggarly half-Gentlemen
always

The ATHEIST: Or,
always wear tawdry and finer Cloaths than their Fortune
will afford 'em.

GRATIAN.

But, to lie conceal'd in private in the House with
her!

THEODORET.

Dam' her, she's a Prostitute; has given herself already
to his Arms.

GRATIAN.

Yet, I'll warrant you, she has an Excuse for that too,
if it be so; as, alas! you know, Woman is but a weak
Vessel.

THEODORET.

A Pox o' the weakness of her Vessel! Dam' her!
would my Sword were in her Throat! But will our
Friends be ready?

GRATIAN.

Most punctually. It was an odd old Fellow, that
which we met with. Was he certainly *Beaugard's* Fa-
ther?

THEODORET.

No body can swear that, for his Mother was a
Woman; but that merry-conceited old Gentleman has
the honour of it; He has the Title, but whose was the
Property, that I dare not determine.

GRATIAN.

I hope he'll be as good as his Word with us.

THEODORET.

It will not be amiss if it prove so. See, here he
comes too.

Enter FATHER and FOURBINE.

FATHER.

You lye, you Dog; you *Scanderbeg* Varlet, you lye.
Do not I know that he sat up all Night with a
Consort of Whore-masters and Harlots; and have you
the

the Impudence to tell me he is not at Home? Do not I know, Villain, that, after a Debauch, he will out-snore a *Fleetstreet* Constable and all his Watch, for six Hours; and dare you tell me, he is not at home, you Caterpillar?

FOURBINE.

Upon the word of a true *Vallet de Chambre*, Sir, I deal sincerely and honestly with you.

FATHER.

No more to be said: But, Sirrah, do you take Notice in his Behalf, and tell him, he shall pay for this; pay for it, do you hear, you Mongril? Fob me off with ten stinking Guineas, when I had lost a hundred! Fiends and Furies, I'll not bear it. Good-morrow, my little Thunder-bolts! What say you, my tiny brace of Blunderbusses? can I be serviceable? shall we about the Business while it is practicable? hah?—

THEODORET.

Have you consider'd of it thoroughly, Sir?

FATHER.

Trouble thy Head no farther; I'll do't, my Darling.

THEODORET.

Have you consider'd, Sir, that she is your Son's Mistress?

FATHER.

So much the better still; I'll swinge her the stout-lier, for alienating his Affections from his natural Father.

GRATIAN.

But suppose you should meet him too there in her Defence, Sir?

FATHER.

Still better and better, and better for that very reason; for I would swinge him too with much fatherly Discipline, and teach him the Duty which a Son, with

a great deal of Money, owes an honest old Daddy that has none.

THEODORET.

Very piously resolv'd, this; that's the truth on't. But Sir, I would have you satisfy'd into the Bargain, that this will be no trifling matter. No Boys Play, old *Tilbury*.

FATHER.

Boys Play, Sir? I can fight, Sir; Though I am an old Fellow, I have a Fox by my side here, that will snarl upon Occasion. Boys Play! I don't understand your Boys Play, Sir——

THEODORET.

I would not have you take my plainness ill, Sir: I only hinted it, to deal with you according to an old fashion of Sincerity, which I profess: Sir, I hope you are not offended at it.

FATHER.

Then, to rectify all Mistakes, let us fairly have a Breakfast, *hoc Memento*. I have a sort of gnawing Courage, that when it is provoked, always gives me a Stomach to a savoury Bit, and a cheerful Bottle. I hate to be run through the Guts, with nothing in 'em to keep the Wind out.

GRATIAN.

Very well propos'd, I think; for we have more Friends to meet us at a Tavern hard by here, where we intend to wish our Enterprize well in a bonny Bottle or two, and then about it as cheerfully as we can.

FATHER.

Very well said, that: This is a pretty Fellow, I'll warrant him. Now, if my Rebel be run through the Midriff in this Business, I am the next Heir at Law, and the two thousand Pounds a Year is my own, *declare*. Come along, my little Spit-fires.

Nous allons.

Brave strippons.

Sans sçavoir ou nous allons.

Six Bumpers in a Hand to him that drills the first
Whore-Master through the small Guts.

GRATIAN.

We'll pledge it heartily, Sir.

FATHER.

You are both my honest Boys, my best Children,
march along then bravely and boldly.—I must borrow
Money of these Fellows before I part with 'em. *Nous*
allons, brave strippons. [Exeunt.]

Enter COURTINE.

COURTINE.

Oh the unconscionable Importunity of an unsavoury,
phlegmatick, cold, insipid Wife! By this good Day,
she has kiss'd me 'till I am downright sick; I have had
so much of her, that I shall have no Stomach to the Sex
this Fortnight.

Enter SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

My Dearest, pray my Dearest, don't thus leave me:
By this kind Kiss I beg it!

COURTINE.

Oh, the Devil!

SYLVIA.

Look kindly on me; speak to me.—

COURTINE.

Plague intollerable!—

SYLVIA.

Indeed, my Dear, I love you with such Fondness!
Pray speak.

COURTINE.

I cannot.

P 2

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

Why? an't you well?

COURTINE.

Oh, there's a sudden Faintness comes o'er my Spirits!
 Oh, I'm very sick! Leave me, if thou lov'st me, stand
 off, and give me Air; I die else. Oh h!—

SYLVIA.

I'll kiss thee then to Life again.

COURTINE.

Stand off, I say; I'll not be stifled! Murder! Help!
 Murder! Help!

SYLVIA.

Ill-natur'd Tyrant!

COURTINE.

Good-natur'd Devil! Kiss, i'th' Devil's Name!—

SYLVIA.

Come near me, Husband.

COURTINE.

Come not near me, Wife. How I am tortur'd!—

SYLVIA.

You must be kind; indeed, my Dear, you must.

COURTINE.

Indeed, my Dear, by your good Leave, I sha'not,—
 Damnation!

SYLVIA.

You long to be rid of me again.

COURTINE.

That I do most mightily; but how to bring it about,
 if I know, I am a Rascal.—Oh! Oh!

SYLVIA.

What's the matter, Dearee?

COURTINE.

Oh, I am sick again of the sudden! Give me the
 Chair there: Oh! my Heart beats, and my Head swims!
 Oh! oh!

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

Alas, I fear y'are very sick indeed! if my poor Loves should die, what will become of me!

COURTINE.

A Plague o'your whining! Would I were well out of the House once!

SYLVIA.

Shall I fetch thee some Cordial, my dearest Love, my Joy? Speak to me; shall I?—

COURTINE.

Ay if thou wilt, my Jewel. [*Exit Sylv.*] Jewel quotha!—what a Plague's this: Hush, is she gone!—Now for a convenient Balcony to venture the breaking of a Neck at.—

Enter a PAGE.

PAGE.

Sir, Sir, a word with you.

COURTINE.

With me, Sweetheart? thy Business?

PAGE.

A Lady, Sir, that dogg'd you hither this Morning—

COURTINE.

A Lady!—

PAGE.

Yes, a Lady, Sir.

COURTINE.

Hist: Get you in, you little Monkey; skip, skulk, or you'll spoil all else.—Here's the blessed Comfort of a Wife again now:—Oh, oh!— [*Ex. Page.*]

Enter SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

How is't, my Blessing? Here, take this: Heav'n guard thee.

COURTINE.

From thy confounded troublesome Company, if it be possible. [*Aside.*] [Drinks.]

SYLVIA.

How is't, my Dearee?

COURTINE.

If I had but a little more on't, Dearee.

SYLVIA.

I'll see what's left, my Joy.

COURTINE.

Do, Pr'ythee do, my Joy then. Joy in the Devil's Name. [*Aside.*] [Exit Sylvia.]
Hist, Sirrah Page, come hither.

Enter PAGE.

PAGE.

Is your Lady gone, Sir?

COURTINE.

Yes: But what News of the other Lady, my trusty Mercury?

PAGE.

She's now below, Sir; and desires to see you.

COURTINE.

Is she young? handsome?

PAGE.

I can't tell that, Sir; but she's rare and fine.

COURTINE.

Are her Clothes rich?

PAGE.

Oh Sir, all Gold and Silver; with a deep Point Tbingum Tbangum over her Shoulders: and then she mells as sweet as my Lady's Dressing-Box.

COURTINE.

Fly, little Sprite, and tell her, I'm impatient: tell her, I'll wait on her within a Moment: Tell her—

PAGE.

But Sir——

COUR

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COURTINE.

Be gone, be gone, you Knave, or you'll be caught
else. Oh!

[Exit Page.]

Re-enter SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

Here's all that's left, my Heart.

COURTINE.

I am sorry for it, it is very comfortable. [Drinks.] Oh,
oh, oh!

SYLVIA.

What ails my Life?

COURTINE.

Oh, I have a horrid Tremor upon my Heart! 'tis the
old Palpitation I us'd to be troubled with, return'd again.
Oh, if I were but—

SYLVIA.

Where, Love?

COURTINE.

Oh! but in a condition to go abroad, there is an
able Fellow of my Acquaintance, that always us'd to
relieve me in this Extremity.

SYLVIA.

Where does he live? I'll take a Coach myself, and
go to him.

COURTINE.

The Devil take me if I know.—Oh! 'tis a vast way
off—Oh! now it kills me again.

SYLVIA.

I shall not think it so, when it is my Duty,

COURTINE.

That's but too kind, my Sweetest; though, if I had
but one Bottle of his Elixir.—

SYLVIA.

How is it call'd?

COURTINE.

Specimen Vitæ.

SYLVIA.

Specimen Vitæ?

COURTINE.

Ay, *Specimen Vita*: 'tis a damn'd hard Name, but it is very good.

SYLVIA.

Where is't he lives then? Pr'ythee let me go thither.

COURTINE.

Oh, 'tis a horrid way off! Besides, it would trouble me now, in this Condition, to be so long without thee.

SYLVIA.

Pr'ythee let me go.

COURTINE.

Why, 'tis as far as *Grub-street* Child, as *Grub-street*?

SYLVIA.

I'll be back again instantly.

COURTINE.

I had rather, indeed, thou shouldst go thyself, than send a Messenger, because the business will be done more carefully.

SYLVIA.

How's the Direction then?

COURTINE.

In *Grub-street*, Child, at the Sign of the *Sun* and *Phoenix*, I think it is, there lives a Chymist; ask for him, and in my Name desire a Bottle of his *Specimen Vita*.
Oh!

SYLVIA.

Specimen Vita!

COURTINE.

Ay, *Specimen Vita*.—I'll try in the mean time if I can walk about the Room, and divert the Terror of my Fits.

SYLVIA.

Heav'n's blest my dearest Dearee.

COURTINE.

Thank you, my only Joy.—Would in the Devil's
Name

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Name she were gone once, and had her Guts full of
that Quack's *Specimen Vitæ*. [Aside.]

SYLVIA.

You'll be careful of yourself, Child?

COURTINE.

As careful as I can, Child.

SYLVIA.

God b'w'y *Courtee*.

COURTINE.

B'w'y my *Sylvie*—Oh, oh!

[Exit Sylvia.]

Enter PAGE.

Is she gone?

PAGE.

Yes, Sir.

COURTINE.

Where's the Lady?

PAGE.

Here; just entring up the Back-Stairs.

LADY appears at the Door.

COURTINE.

Madam, this Honour done your worthless Servant—

Re-enter SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

Oh, my dear Heart, I had forgot my Wages. Pray,
Courtee, kiss me before I go.

COURTINE.

Confound her, come again! [Aside.] Oh, my Love! I
have made hard shift to crawl to the Door here.

SYLVIA.

Who's that behind you?

COURTINE.

Nothing but a Page, come to know if I wanted any
thing. A Plague of her Hawk's Eyes! [Aside.]

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SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

Gud b'w'y, my dearest Love.

COURTINE.

Gud b'w'y, my Joy.

SYLVIA.

Nay, give me another. B'w'y, *Courtee*.

COURTINE.

B'w'y, *Sylvie*—So, is she gone again?—The Devil take me, if thou interruptest me any more.

[Locks the Door after her.]

Enter LADY.

LADY.

Is that your Lady, Sir?

COURTINE.

Yes; but I hope you'll not think the worse of me, pretty One, for keeping a Wife Company now and then, or want of better.

LADY.

Can you be so kind, Sir, not to forget me? Do you remember me still, Captain?

COURTINE.

Remember thee, Child! Is it possible for that Face to be ever blotted out of my Memory!—Though, the Devil eat me, if ever I saw it before, to the best of my Knowledge.

[Aside.]

LADY.

Where is your Lady gone, Sir?

COURTINE.

To *Grub-street*, Jewel, for some *Specimen Vitæ*.

LADY.

Specimen Vitæ, Sir! Oh dear, what's that?

COURTINE.

Oh, come but quietly into the next Room, and I will shew thee what *Specimen Vitæ* is presently.

LADY

LADY.

You may, perhaps, think strange of this Freedom I take with you, Sir.

COURTINE.

Not in the least, Child; it shews thy Generosity.— I love her now, for understanding her Business, and coming close to the matter quickly. [*Aside.*

LADY.

But, Sir, presuming on your *Quondam* Favours to me, I am come to beg your Advice in a matter of Law, which I am at present involv'd in: and if you please——

COURTINE.

To retire a little in private?—Oh, thou couldst not have pick'd out such another Man for thy purpose: I am, may be, the best Lawyer in the World for Chamber-practice. And if I do not find out the Merits of thy Cause as soon as——

LADY.

Really, you are so good-natur'd——

COURTINE.

Grub-street and *Specimen Vitæ*, quotha! He that has the Palpitation of the Heart, and an Armful of this won't cure him, let him die upon a Dunghill, and be bury'd in a Ditch, I say.—This is the rarest Adventure.

[*Exeunt Courtine and the Lady.*

The SCENE changes to a Bed-Chamber.

Enter BEAUGARD, as dressing himself.

BEAUGARD.

Heigho! Heigho! Boy, Imp, where art thou?

DWAF.

Here: Your Pleasure? What's your Pleasure, Sir?

BEAUGARD.

What is't o'Clock, Boy?

DWAF.

DWARF.

Sir, in your World, by Computation, I guess it may be Afternoon.

BEAUGARD

A very pretty little Rascal, this; and a very extraordinary way of Proceeding, I am treated withal here: I have been a-bed, 'tis true, but the Devil a wink of sound Rest came near my Senses all the while; but broken Slumbers, Dreams, Starts, and sprawling from one side to the other, in hopes the fair Unknown that keeps this Castle might have been so good-natur'd to have given a Stranger a Visit. This can be no less than some romantic Design of the little Fairy, that threatned she would cheat the Widow of me: Now will I, for once, if she does attempt me, put on that monstrous Virtue, call'd Self-denial, and be damnably constant,—What, Musick again! This is a merry Region, I'll say that for it, where ever it be. Boy!

DWARF.

Did you call, Sir?

BEAUGARD.

My Clothes, Monster, my Vestments: I hate a *Dishabilée* mortally: I long to be rigg'd, that I may be fit for Action, if Occasion should present itself.

[Dwarf dresses him.]

A S O N G.

I

*Welcome Mortal to this place,
Where smiling Fate did send thee:
Snatch thy happy Minutes, as they pass;
Who knows how few attend thee!*

II

*Floods of Joy about thee roul,
And flow in endless Measure.
Dip thy Wishes deep, and fill thy Soul
With Draughts of every Pleasure.*

III.

III.

*Feast thy Heart with Love's Desire,
Thy Eyes with Beauty's Charms :
With Imaginations fan the Fire,
Then stife it in thy Arms.*

IV.

*For, since Life's a slippery Guest,
Whose flight can't be prevented ;
Treat it, whilst it stays here, with the best,
And then 'twill go contented.*

V.

*Come you that attend on our Goddess's Will,
And sprinkle the Ground
With Perfumes around ;
Shew him your Duty, and shew us your Skill.*

*Enter four Black Women, that dance to the same
Measure of the Song, and sprinkle Sweets.*

*Circle him with Charms,
And raise in his Heart
Such Alarms,
As Cupid ne'er wrought by the Power of his Dart.*

They dance round him.

*Fill all his Veins with a tender Desire,
And then shew a Beauty to set 'em a-fire :
'Till kind panting Breasts to his Wound she apply,
Then on those white Pillows of Love let him die.*

[The Dance ends.

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

Faith, and with all my Heart; for I am weary of the lingring Disease, and long to taste my Mortality most mightily. Hah! a Banquet too, usher'd in by a couple of Cupids! [*Two Cupids run in a Table furnish'd*] Pretty innocent Contrivance! Well, here's no fear of starving, that's one Comfort. Now, my dear Musicians, would ye be but as good as your word, and shew me the Beauty you have so prepar'd me for! ——— But then, my Widow! my dear, generous, noble-hearted Widow! She that loves Liberty as I do. She that defies Matrimony as I do too. Shall I turn Recreant, and be false to her? Ah Daredevil, Daredevil! How I want thee to help me out in this Case of Conscience a little!

Enter DAREDEVIL.

DAREDEVIL.

Beaugard, where art thou?

BEAUGARD.

Ah, dear Damnation! I was just now heartily wishing for thee.

DAREDEVIL.

Such News! such Tidings! such a Discovery!

BEAUGARD.

Hah! What's the matter, Man?

DAREDEVIL.

Only six and fifty Virgins apiece for us, that's all, pretty little blushing opening Buds, you Rogue, that never had so much as a blast of Masculine Breath upon them yet. ——— What's here? A Banquet ready? Nay then I am satisfy'd. Never were Heroes so enchanted as we are.

BEAUGARD.

But where are the Virgins, Daredevil? the Virgins!

DARE-

DAREDEVIL.

There's only one of 'em, Child; only one;—but
such a one, my Soldier—

BEAUGARD.

Is there but one then?

DAREDEVIL.

That's no matter Man, I'll be contented, till thou
hast done with her: I hate a new Conveniency that was
never practised upon; 'tis like a new Shoe that was
never worn, wrings and hurts ones Foot basely and scur-
vily. I love my ease, I.

BEAUGARD.

But is she very lovely?

DAREDEVIL.

Such a Swinger, you Dog! she'll make thy Heart
bound like a Tennis Ball at the Sight of her: with a
majestic stately Shape and Motion.

BEAUGARD.

Well.

DAREDEVIL.

A Lovely, Angelical, Commanding Face.

BEAUGARD.

By Heav'ns.

DAREDEVIL.

With two Triumphant, Rolling, Murdering Eyes,
that swear at you ev'ry time you look upon her.

BEAUGARD.

Stand off, stand off, I say; she's mine this Minute.
But then again, my Widow!—

Enter a Lady Mask'd.

Hah!—Mask'd too! when the Devil shall I see a
Woman with her own natural Face again? Madam—

LADY.

Be pleas'd, Sir, to repose yourself a little; there is a
small

small Account, Sir, to be adjusted betwixt you and I,
Where are my Servants? Who is it waits there?

[Several Men vizarded, and arm'd, appear at the Doors.

BEAUGARD.

What the Devil can be the meaning of this now? I
am not to be murder'd, I hope, after all this Ceremony
and Preparation.

DAREDEVIL.

Murder'd, in the Devil's Name? Here is great fear
of being murder'd, truly.

LADY.

Come, Sir, sit down, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

Madam, I'll obey you.

LADY.

I doubt not, Sir, but since your coming hither,
You are much surpris'd, and wonder at your Treat-
ment.

DAREDEVIL.

So now the Fardle's opened, we shall see what is
in it.

[*Aside.*

BEAUGARD.

Madam, 't has been so very highly generous ———

LADY.

That you are prepar'd with Compliments to pay me
for it.

But, Sir, such Coin's adulterate and base :

I must have honest Dealing from your Heart.

DAREDEVIL.

Swear to her, swear to her a little, Man; pour out a
Bushel of Oaths upon her instantly: Swear, swear, if
thou wilt do any good upon her.

LADY.

I know my Rival.

BEAUGARD.

Ay, 'tis so, just so, just as I thought; my poor Widow
will run a damnable Hazard of losing this sweet Person
of

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of mine, if I do not take abundance of Care in the Business. Here are Rogues on each hand, with Blunderbusses too. I shall be ravish'd. [*Afide.*]

LADY.

She, by her Arts,
And the good Fortune to have first attempted it,
I know, 's possess'd already of your Heart.
But know too, I'm a Woman loath Refusal,
Scornful Refusal——

DAREDEVIL.

Swear to her, I tell thee: That ever a Fellow should
lose all this time for an insignificant Oath or two. [*Afide.*]

LADY.

Or, if my Fortune,
Which is not despicable, prove too weak
An Argument to tell you I deserve you;
Yet I have this to boast, I ne'er conceal'd myself,
Either for Shame or Ends; but rather chose
To run the Risk of being deny'd your Love,
Than win it by base Artifice and Practices.
What think you, Sir?——

BEAUGARD.

Hah!——

That, Madam, I'm most miserable,
Unless——

LADY.

Your Widow *Percia*, Sir, your Widow.

BEAUGARD.

Madam, I must confess——

LADY.

Well.

BEAUGARD.

That I love her, and will for ever.——

LADY.

Death! Do you confess it too?

See

See you not here yourself within my Power,
 And dare you still confess you love that Creature?
 Thus far I've kept my Word, I've cross'd her Stratagems;
 You are here my Pris'ner, and by what is past,
 You ought to think me capable of more.

DAREDEVIL.

If this Fellow would but swear a little, all this might
 be rectify'd. Madam, to my own Knowledge——

BEAUGARD.

Fool, stand off.

I'm sensible that you are the loveliest Creature,
 My Eyes e'er gaz'd on; but——

LADY.

But what?

BEAUGARD.

I'm sure

You'd yourself scorn, nor think me worth your Heart,
 Could I be faithless, could I be unconstant.
 Pity me, fair One; yet, methinks this Hand——

LADY.

Should send a Dagger to thy ungrateful Heart.
 By Heav'n, I'll never bear it——

BEAUGARD.

Madam!

DAREDEVIL.

Madam,

Could you but throw some favour on your Servant.

LADY.

By all the fury in a Woman's Heart,
 I'll be reveng'd on his. Make ready, Slaves,
 To do your Office——

DAREDEVIL.

Madam——

BEAUGARD.

Look you, Madam, your Ladyship may do your
 pleasure, you may command half a dozen of Bullets
 through my *Pericranium*, if you have a mind to have
 your

your Beauty spoke well of by the Criticks of *Helbourn* that once a Month swarm at their Windows to spy handſom Faces : Upon that conſideration you may murder a poor conſtant Monster if you pleaſe, Madam.

LADY.

Still am I ſcorn'd then !

BEAUGARD.

Would you kill me barbarouſly ?

Sure thoſe ſweet Eyes could not ſee ſuch a Sight.

LADY.

No, take your Life, and with't this ſatisfaction ;
Percia ſcorns you, as much as you do me :
And, till thou ſueſt upon thy humble Knees
To me for Pity, *Percia* ſhall deſpiſe thee.

BEAUGARD.

Madam, I ſwear !

LADY.

No more.

BEAUGARD.

By all thoſe Beauties.

LADY.

Be gone, for ever fly this. Ah h! — [Squeaks.

Enter COURTINE.

COURTINE.

Death, Damnation, Devils ! How came I hither ?
Beaugard !

BEAUGARD.

Friend *Courtine !* Speak Man : What's the matter ?

COURTINE.

Damnation ! Jilted, chous'd, betray'd —

Enter a WOMAN.

WOMAN.

A Midwife ! Run for a Midwife, run for ſome good Woman. — Oh Madam, an Accident.

BEAUGARD.

A Midwife !

LADY.

LADY.

Heav'ns! a Midwife.

[Exit.

COURTINE.

Yes, Friend, a Midwife. I am sweetly manag'd, I—
I thought I had been in private here, in this House,
with a civil Person of good Reputation, and it proves a
damn'd trappanning Strumpet. Just in the middle of all
our good Understanding together, she fetches a great
Shriek, and roars out for a Midwife: The Drab is full
gone with Bastard, and swears I am the Father of it.

BEAUGARD.

A very great Happiness, take my Word for't, Friend;
Children bring a great Honour with them, *Courtine*.
It may grow up to be a Comfort to thee in thy old
Age, Man.

DAREDEVIL.

Oh, your Olive Branches are unspeakable Blessings,
the Gift of Heav'n. I love to see Posterity go forward,
and Families encrease with all my Heart.

COURTINE.

Let me be hang'd and quarter'd, Gentlemen, if ever
I set Eyes on the Harlot in my Life before. My
sweet Wife, with a Pox to her, brought me hither.

BEAUGARD.

Why, is thy Wife in London?

COURTINE.

Yes, Hell confound her! she has hunted me full
Cry up to Town; seiz'd upon me this Morning, and
brought me hither, where it seems she lay all the last
Night.

DAREDEVIL.

Why then, for ought I know, we may be still
enchanted.

BEAUGARD.

I am glad to hear that with all my heart. Is she in
the House?

COURTINE.

No; I was forced to counterfeit Sickness, 'till I was
c'en

e'en sick indeed, to get rid of her, upon pretence of going to my Physician, in the Devil's name; that this confounded Bulker, with her Guts full of Bastard, and I might console together for half an Hour; and I am sweetly fitted with a Concubine, that's the truth on't.

BEAUGARD.

This comes of your Whoring, *Courtine*; if you had kept me Company, and liv'd virtuously, none of this had happened to you now. But you must be wandering. No reasonable Iniquity will serve your turn.

Enter LADY.

LADY.

Ha, ha, ha! Well, I'll swear, Captain *Courtine*, you are the happiest Gentleman! Yonder's the finest chopping Boy for you. Why, it will be able to carry a Musquet in your Company within this Fortnight. And then, I am so oblig'd to you for bringing the Lady to lie in at my House, that if your Wife will do me the Honour, I'll take it for a Favour to stand for Godmother with her.

COURTINE.

And, Madam, to return your Compliment, I wish with all my Heart you were pregnant with a Litter of nine such chopping Boys, upon Condition that I were bound to be Godfather to the whole Kennel—Confound your being witty, with a Plague to you. [*Aside.*]

BEAUGARD.

That's something coarse though, Friend, to a Lady that's so civil to you.

Enter several Maids of the Family, one with the Child.

1 *MAID.*

See Jenny, yon's the Man; that, that's the Father.

2 *MAID.*

I'll swear it is a proper Person,

3 *MAID.*

3. MAID.

Oh Sir, Heavens bless you, you're the happiest Man!
Here is my young Master, as like you as if you had bore
it yourself.

1. MAID.

What a pretty little Nose it has !

2. MAID.

And just its Father's Eyes for all the World.

1. MAID.

It would never grieve a Body to have a Child by such
a handsom Gentleman.

COURTINE.

Ye Whores ! ye Drabs ! ye fulsom, stinking Whores !
Clusters of Poxes on ye, and no Hospitals pity ye :—
Confound ye, leave me.

BEAUGARD.

Fy upon it, *Courtine* ; fy for Shame : give something
to the Nurse, Man ; that's but civil.

Enter SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

A Bastard ! Death, a Bastard ! Under my Nose too !
Where's the vile hateful Monster ?

BEAUGARD.

Have Patience, Lady.—

SYLVIA.

False, loathsom Traitor.

COURTINE.

Now my Joy's compleated.

SYLVIA.

Let me come at him, let me go.—

COURTINE.

Hold her fast, Friend, if thou lovest me.

SYLVIA

Thou Devil ! — Thou treach'rous, faithless, perjur'd
Wretch ! Thou Husband ! Look in my Face.

COUR-

COURTINE.

Well.——

SYLVIA.

Did ever I deserve this?

Degenerate Brute! thou, only in Falshood, Man!

Thou rampant Goat abroad, and Drone at home.

COURTINE.

Like a Dog with a Bottle, &c.

[Sings.]

SYLVIA.

Thou perfect Yoke-fellow! thou heavy Ox,
Thou want'st a Goad to make thee know thy Strength.
Death, Fiends, and Torments! I could dig those Eyes out.
I'll bear it no longer. *Bedlam! Bedlam! Bedlam!*

[Courtine sings, and dances a Jig.]

SYLVIA.

No more! I'll stay no more to be his Triumph.
Be warn'd by me, ye Virgins that are blest
With your first native Freedom: Let no Oaths
Of perjur'd Mankind woo you to your Ruin:
But when a creeping, fawning, weeping Crocodile
Moans at your Feet, remember then my Fall:
And when for Pity most his Tears implore,
Like me, your Virtue to your Hearts recall;
Resolve to scorn, and never see him more.

[Exit.]

COURTINE.

With all my Heart, thou dear, dear Wife and Plague.

BEAUGARD.

Methinks a very pitiful Case this, Madam.

LADY.

If your Widow were but here, Sir, now, she might
fairly see what she is like to trust to.

[Here the sham Scene.]

Enter a Woman and DAREDEVIL.

WOMAN.

Oh, Madam! Madam! what will become of us all?

LADY.

LADY.

Become of us, Woman! Pr'ythee, what's the Matter?
are we in any danger?

DAREDEVIL.

Only your Brother-in-law, Madam, and his Friend
with above a Dozen arm'd Men more, Madam, that's
all the Matter, Madam.

LADY.

My Brother-in-Law!

DAREDEVIL.

Yes, your Brother-in-Law, Lady, if your Name be
Porcia: Such a one they ask for.

BEAUGARD.

Porcia!

COURTINE.

Yes, *Porcia*: I could have told you she was *Porcia*
before.

PORCIA.

'Tis but too true, Sir; my unhappy Name is *Porcia*.

BEAUGARD.

Porcia, my Widow! my dear lovely Widow!
What an ill-natur'd Trick was this Concealment!

PORCIA.

Though, Sir, you never saw my Face before,
If now you think it worth your least Regard,
Protect me; for I dread my Brother's Fury,
Ev'n worse than Matrimony. Here, Sir, I yield myself
Up yours for ever.

BEAUGARD.

And shall I claim thee?

PORCIA.

From this Hour, for ever.

BEAUGARD.

And, by this happy Hour, I'll keep thee mine then.
Secure thyself in the next private Closet,

Peace

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Peace to thy Heart, poor Widow.

[*Exit Portia.*

Give us but Arms!——

DAREDEVIL.

Those I've provided for you.

I found our Swords in a certain private Corner that shall be nameless, where I was proposing some civil Familiarities to the Lady Governess of the Family, just as the Blusterers entered.

BEAUGARD.

Are they in the House, then?

DAREDEVIL.

Yes, and have bound the Servants too; the hungry Rogues were all surpris'd at Dinner; you'll hear more of them presently, I'll warrant you.

COURTINE.

Stand to your Arms, *Beaugard*; the Enemy's upon us.

DAREDEVIL.

We have had a Succession of very pretty Adventures here; first we are enchanted, then we are fiddled to sleep, then we are fiddled up again; then here's a Discovery of a very fair Lady, follow'd by another, of a bouncing brown Bastard; and when we might have thought all Fortune's Tricks had been over, we are in a very fair way at last of having our Throats cut. But I'll secure one Life, that shall be my Care——

[*Is stealing off.*

BEAUGARD.

Dog, stay and fight, or, by Heav'n, I'll rip your Heart out.

DAREDEVIL.

Well then, if I must fight I must: What a Pox, I have two good Seconds o'my side; and that has sav'd many a Coward's Credit before now.

[*Noise within.*

The ATHEIST: Or,
THEODORET.

Break open the Door there, force the Passage, down with it.

Enter THEODORET, GRATIAN, and FATHER.

BEAUGARD.

Well, Gentlemen, what farther? What means this Violence here?

THEODORET.

I hope, Sir, that's no Secret, when you see who we are.

FATHER.

We come, Sir, to demand a Lady, Sir; one *Percia*.

BEAUGARD.

How's that, my Father!

FATHER.

Father me no Fathers: I am none of thy Father, Fellow; but I am these Gentlemens Friend here.—Now, Atheist, will I murder thee.

DAREDEVIL.

Oh Lawd!

FATHER.

Jack, Jack, Jack! Come hither, *Jack!* a Word with thee, *Jack*: Give me a hundred Pieces now, and I'll be o'thy side, *Jack*; and help thee to beat off these impudent Fellows. Gentlemen, I cannot but own to you that this is my Son.—

BEAUGARD.

Sir, were you nick'd to your Shirt, I would not part with a single Shilling, Sir.

FATHER.

Though, if he were my Son ten thousand times, in such a Cause as yours, I'll draw my Sword against him.

[*Draws.*]

BEAUGARD.

You may remember, Gentlemen, a Challenge.

G.R.A.

GRATIAN.

Which you forgot, Sir.

COURTINE.

Hah! a Challenge, *Beaugard?*

BEAUGARD.

I'll tell thee more hereafter. To shew you I ha'not forgot it, the Lady you thus persecute is now under my Protection, and with my Sword I'll keep her so.

[*Draws.*

COURTINE.

If we don't, may my Wife get the better of me, and wear mine for a Bodkin.

THEODORET.

Come on then, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

For the Lady.

GRATIAN.

For my Honour.

COURTINE.

And for my Friend, Sir.

DAREDEVIL.

Old Brimstone-Beard, have at thee.

[*Fight. The rest of Theodore's Party falls in.*

COURTINE.

Base Traitors! Odds!

BEAUGARD.

Confound 'em! thrust.

[*Beaugard and Courtine driven off.*

DAREDEVIL.

Oh, I am slain! my Maw runs out: What will become of me! Oh!

[*Gratian and Daredevil fall.*

Enter THEODORET.

THEODORET.

Secure that Passage now: ————— How fares my Friend?

Q 2

GRA.

The ATHEIST: Or,
GRATIAN.

I'm wounded: Send for a Chirurgeon quickly, for I bleed much.

THEODORET.

Look to your Master, Sirrah; and you, Fellow, be careful of this Beast here.

DAREDEVIL.

Oh, a Parson! a Parson! dear Sir, a Parson! Some pious good Divine, if you have any Charity.

Enter FATHER *with* PORCIA.

FATHER.

Here, here she is; I ha' got her for you; let me alone for ferreting a Female's Quarters out.

THEODORET.

I'd have you, Sir, take care for your Security: There's Mischief done, Sir.

FATHER.

The more Mischief the better; thou shalt find me no Flincher, Boy: here, here; make sure of her.

PORCIA.

Inhuman Tyrant! Why am I abus'd thus? Help! Murder! Help!

THEODORET.

None of your Tricks; no Cries, no Shrieks for Succour.

By Hell, here's that shall silence you for ever.

Thou Woman: thou young, itching, wanton Devil!

Fly to base Cells of Lust! Give up thy Virtue,

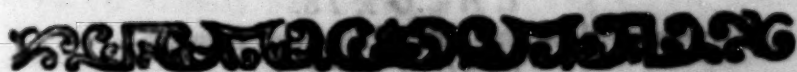
Disgrace thy Name, and triumph ev'n in Infamy.

On what a tott'ring Point his Honour stands,

That trusts the Treasure in such lavish Hands. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter LUCRETIA in Man's Clothes,
and CHLORIS.

LUCRETIA.

FROM this gay Minute farewell Love and Doating:
I have shook the lazy, stretching, wishing Folly
out of my Blood, and now my wandring Heart is at
home again. Let me see; I have a hundred and a
hundred times wish'd myself a Man; and now, in out-
ward Appearance, I am a very Fellow; nay, a very
pretty Fellow: For methinks Foppery, Impertinence,
Self-conceit, and other masculine Qualities grow up-
on me strangely.—Oh, Mischief, Mischief, Mischief!
thou art a very sweet Employment——But Opportu-
nity! bewitching, lovely, omnipotent Opportunity!
How shall I come at thee?——*Chloris!*

CHLORIS.

Madam.

LUCRETIA.

Give me my Sword.

CHLORIS.

Here, Madam: Bless us what will your Ladyship
do with yourself in this Equipage!

LUCRETIA.

Ladyship, Huzzy! take Notice from this important
Moment, I am no more your Mistress; but that im-
perial Creature, your Master: And therefore know too,
I will have my feminine Habiliments burnt instantly,
and an Operator sent for to make me a Beard grow.
I will learn to Ride, Fence, Vault, and make Fortifi-
cations in Dirt-Pies: Nay, if the Humour hold, I'll go
Volantier into Germany against the Turk.

Q 3

CHLO-

CHLORIS.

But what will be the end of all this, Madam?

LUCRETIA.

Why, if I go into the War, I shall have the Privilege, when I return home, to talk of Marches, Battles and Sieges, which I never was at, nor understand any more than the Fools I tell my Story to. If I stay at home, with the Privilege of good Clothes, Pertness and much Simplicity, will I set up for a Spark, grow familiar at *White-ball*, and impudent with some great Man there or another; run in Debt with a high Hand, be terrible in eating-Houses, and noisy all over the Town.

CHLORIS.

A very hopeful Resolution.

LUCRETIA.

As thus: When I and another Spark meet; Damn me, *Jack*, says I, What Times are there stirring? What Ready to be had? What Caravans have you met with, or what Loose lately managed? You Rogue, you look very high upon the Huckle.

CHLORIS.

Well, Madam; But what will all this Gibberish signify?

LUCRETIA.

Signify, you Fool! why what it signifies already; Wit, Courage, Martial Discipline, Interest at Court, Pretence to Preferment, Free Quarters in my Lodgings, and Free Booty in every Cuckold's Shop, who shall trust me against his palpable Knowledge, that I am not worth a Groat; and never have the Impudence to hope to be paid.

CHLORIS.

And must your Honour have a Mistress too?

LUCRETIA.

Yes, Hussy, and you shall be serviceable to me in the Matter: I'll have a Doxy this very Night, I have singled her out already; *Courtine's* Wife, that jealous, raging, insatiable Help-mate of the Captain's shall be my *Dulcinea del Toboso*. She's in Love with me already, that's my Comfort: As I passed through the Hall just
now,

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now, she coming into the House to pay a Visit to the Widow *Percia*, (who, by the way, is as wicked as myself, and my great Counsellor in this noble Project) we met: I, you must know, bow'd very respectfully; she taking me for a Stranger, curtsy'd as low; and viewing me strictly leer'd at me, as if that Minute she took Aim at my Heart, and design'd me for her Quarry.

CHLORIS.

But, Madam, she knows, and must discover you.

LUCRETIA.

'Thou art a Fool: she never saw me 'till yesterday in her Life-time, then too disguised: So that if I do not practise on her Frailty, and by that means find a Way to revenge myself on that Vizard-monger *Beaugard*, may I be condemn'd to wear Breeches as long as I live, and never know more than the present Use I make of them.

CHLORIS.

Hist, Madam, she's returning.

Enter SYLVIA.

LUCRETIA.

Hush then: Now my Cause is coming on, and have at her.

SYLVIA.

Sweet-heart, pray oblige me so far to shew me the way to the Gardens; I come to pay a Visit to Madam *Percia*, and am inform'd she's gone there for the Air.—
A very handsome Youth— *Aside.*

CHLORIS.

Madam, this young Gentleman here is come hither on the same kind Errand with your Ladyship, and waits 'till her Return.

LUCRETIA.

But, Madam, the good Fortune of seeing you is a Happiness would recompence the being disappointed of all the Conversation of your Sex besides.

Q 4

SYLVIA.

Indeed, Sir!

LUCRETIA.

Yes, indeed, Madam.

SYLVIA.

Are you a Relation to this Family, Sir?

LUCRETIA.

Madam, the greatest Advantage I hope from the Family is, henceforth to have oftener the Honour of kissing your fair Hands here: It is an Opportunity I should make no ungentlemanly use of.

SYLVIA.

Opportunity, Sir?

LUCRETIA.

Yes, Opportunity, Madam: I am not ashamed to mention so honest a Friend as Opportunity, to one that, by her Years and Beauty, should not, methinks, be a mortal Foe to Opportunity.

SYLVIA.

Do you know me, Sir?

LUCRETIA.

Why, Madam; do I treat you like a Stranger? Know you! By this good Hour, there has not been a Day or Night since I first saw you, that I have thought or dream'd of any thing else. Are not you the Wife of a certain swaggering 'Squire about this Town, who calls himself Captain Courtine?

SYLVIA.

Yes, Sir; such a Friend in a Corner I have, Sir; and what have you to say to him, Sir?—I'll swear, a very handsome Youth still.—

LUCRETIA.

What, Madam! what I have to say to you, rather than lose you, I would say to him; which is, t'at I like you, love you, languish for you; and would with all my Heart, Blood, Spirit and Flesh, I—

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

I'll swear, Sir, I am mightily oblig'd to you, and so is Mr. *Courtine*; ha, ha, ha!

LUCRETIA.

Mr. *Courtine*! Take notice, Madam, I receive that Expression as kindly as if you had call'd him what I wish him: For, pretty one, if my Intelligence be true, he lives with your Ladyship as much like Mr. *Courtine*, as much like a Gentleman——

SYLVIA.

Sir!

LUCRETIA.

Madam!

SYLVIA.

Oh Gad, he's very handsome. [*Aside.*]

LUCRETIA.

Shall we walk in these Gardens anon, for I have the Privilege of a Key that opens into the Fields: The Moon shines too.

SYLVIA.

Between Ten and Eleven does the Moon shine?

LUCRETIA.

As bright as any thing but yourself.

SYLVIA.

But you'll tell, young Gentleman.

LUCRETIA.

Only you how I love you.

SYLVIA.

Eleven's a late Hour.

LUCRETIA.

Not too late.

SYLVIA.

Indeed!

LUCRETIA.

Take this, and my Word for it. [*Kisses her.*]

Q5

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

Fie, how you use me, when you mean to forget me.

LUCRETIA.

Hush, no more; Company's coming. Eleven.

SYLVIA.

Ten, if you are kind enough.

LUCRETIA.

Well said, my chaste Sex.

[*Aside.*]*Enter* PORCIA.

PORCIA.

Oh, Cousin, art thou come! Thou art the welcomest Creature on the Earth; I have expected thee almost to Despair for these three Hours. Oh, Sir? your Servant.

LUCRETIA.

I am here, Madam, in order to your Commands.

SYLVIA.

Her Commands!

PORCIA.

Oh, Cousin, the prettiest best-natur'd Youth! He is something related to us a great way off; and by that means has the Privilege of visiting, without Offence to my jealous Brother-in-Law, and tyrannical Guardian. Have you contriv'd that Business?

LUCRETIA.

Madam, it is done.

SYLVIA.

Bus'ness! What Bus'ness, Cousin?

Lord, Cousin, you seem concern'd at it.

PORCIA.

I'll tell thee: Seeing myself here confin'd to the Rules and Limits of a very Prison, I am resolv'd to put as good a Face upon the Matter as it will bear, and make my Misfortune as easy as I can. Wherefore, for a little present Diversion, I have contriv'd a Letter in
an

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in unknown Name, by this young Agent here, and convey'd it to thy lewd Husband, with another in my own to *Beaugard*; and sent for thee, my Dear, to share in the Pleasure of the Consequence.

SYLVIA.

Ha, ha, ha! But what will be this Consequence, Cousin?

PORCIA.

Twenty to one but it occasions some new Alarm, and Divertisement to my Jailors; who are so very capricious, they would fancy a Rat behind the Hangings for a conceal'd Lover. It may too, by chance, produce me some lucky Opportunity once more to make my Escape out of their merciless Power. Nay, they are already half dispos'd to run away themselves; for by my Woman's Interest in the Chirurgeon, who has Care of the swearing Atheistical Fellow, yesterday hurt in the Scuffle, and afterwards convey'd hither, he gives it out that he fears his Wounds may be mortal. Upon which, my Lover *Gratian* sighs, and turns up his Eyes like a godly Brother at Exercise. My Brother *Theoderet* puffs, swells, grinds his Teeth, and stamps as if he would brain himself against the next Wall; while poor *Beaugard's* ne'er-be good Father has with pure Fear, lost a red Nose that has been his fast Friend for these forty Years; and every time he sees his Face in a Glass, fancies every Wrinkle there has the shape of a Gibbet.

Enter PHILLIS.

PHILLIS.

Oh, my dear, dear Lady, what will become of us! the most unhappy Accident!

PORCIA.

Hah!

PHILLIS.

Indeed, Madam, I could not possibly help it: I ha' lost it.

POR.

PORCIA.

Lost it, lost what? What hast thou lost? Would thou hadst lost thyself; lost a Leg or an Arm, or any thing, rather than have put me in this Fright. Speak, what is the matter?

PHILLIS.

Oh, Madam, the Billet; Madam, the Billet.

LUCRETIA.

How's this?

PORCIA.

What, the Note I sent to *Beaugard*?

PHILLIS.

As I hope to see you happy, Madam, I put it as fast here between these two poor naked Breasts here, as ever it could stick, so I did; when, just as I was going forth, who should meet me but the old, wicked, ranting, roaring Gentleman that lies hid here for fear of hanging, would he had been well hanged a Twelvemonth since; and there he fell a towzing and mowzing, and a meddling with me; I was never so afraid of being ravish'd in my Life, gad he knows: So in the struggle, I guess the Note was lost truly; though in my Heart, I wish I had been ravish'd six times over, rather than such a Misfortune had happen'd. Nevertheless, I have done your Bus'ness for you, so I have.

PORCIA.

Bus'ness! what Bus'ness? Uglinefs and ill Reputation light on thee. Thou hast undone and ruin'd me for ever.

PHILLIS.

Why, I have met with the Captain, and told him the whole matter, as well as if he had read it in the Letter himself. He's but too kind a Man to you, and I too faithful a Servant, so I am, to be thus reviled and cursed by you for all this.

PORCIA.

What then did he say? Fool, Beast and Blockhead; tell me.

PHIL-

PHILLIS.

Why, he said, he'd die a thousand and a thousand times for you, were it possible, so he did; and that he will not eat, drink or sleep 'till he has set you at Liberty, so he wo' not; and that he will be in the Garden before Ten.

LUCRETIA.

What's in this Case to be done, Madam?

PORCIA.

O dearest Cousin, retire if you love me; for, should the Lords of my Liberty get any Notice of this Billet, and find a Man here, notwithstanding your Relation, who knows what ill Usage it may aggravate!——To thy Chamber, dear *Lucretia*, e'er the Storm comes upon us.

[*Aside.*

LUCRETIA.

I am all Obedience: Sweet Creature, you'll remember.

[*To Sylvia.*

SYLVIA.

It is not possible to forget you, surely.

LUCRETIA.

Blessings on you for this Goodness.

[*Kisses her Hand, and Exit.*

Enter THEODORET in a Rage.

THEODORET.

Double bar up all the Doors and Windows: Load all the Arms in the House, and be ready for Execution instantly, all of ye. By those Devils that dance in your gogling Eyes, Madam, I'll try if you have given yourself over to Hell so far, that you can out at a Key-hole.

PORCIA.

What means the great He-brute?

THEODORET.

To cut off your Intelligence, Lady, and make thee, e'er I have done, to curse thy Father and Mother that let thee learn to write, Seest thou this, thou irreclaimable

ble profligate Wretch! fogh! send you the draggle tail'd Minister of thy lewd Affairs a hunting, full Cry about the Town, upon the rank Scent of a brawny back'd Hector! By Heavens! the thought of it makes me loath the House, and fancy it stinks of the foul Sins thou hast imagin'd in it.

PORCIA.

Thou barbarous, ill-manner'd, worse than Beast! Why am I abus'd thus; why made a Prisoner too, at your sawcy Will? setter'd up, and barr'd all Liberty and Converse?

THEODORET.

For the same Reason other too hot-blooded Females are; because, if possible, I would not have a good Breed spoil'd.

PORCIA.

What a Load of Dirt is thy Thick-Skull cram'd withal, if thy Tongue were able to throw it out!

THEODORET.

Filthy, filthy, fulsome filthy! What, be a *Doll-Cammon*, and follow the Camp! how lovelily would your fair Ladyship look, mounted upon a Baggage-Cart, presiding over the rest of the Captain's dirty Equipage!

SYLVIA.

If any thing in the World would make me follow a Camp, it would be a very strong fancy I have, that I should never see you in one, Sir.

THEODORET.

Your Ladyship has reason to defend the Soldier's Cause: You have married one, as I take it, Madam. Ha, ha, ha.

PORCIA.

He in a Camp! he has not Courage enough to animate half a Taylor, nor good Humour enough to make a Spaniel of, nor Sense enough, if he were that Animal, to learn to fetch and carry.

THEODORET.

This will open no Locks, Lady.

POR-

PORCIA.

But there are Instruments to be had, that will break open Locks, Sir.

THEODORET.

Will you please to retire, and consider farther of that in your Chamber.

PORCIA.

No, I'll not stir, Sir.

THEODORET.

Nay, by Heaven, but you shall, Madam.

SYLVIA.

Nay, by Heaven, but she shall not, Sir.

[Father at the Door.]

THEODORET.

How!

FATHER.

By *Jove*, and that's well said, I'll stand still a little and see what's the matter.

THEODORET.

Do not drive me to use Violence.

FATHER.

How! Violence to a fair Lady! that's not so well neither.

PORCIA.

Hark you, Sir, my Jailor or my Hang-man; for which of the two your Office will end in, by your Proceedings, I cannot imagine: do but touch me, or offer the least Violence to compel me to a closer Confinement; by this injur'd Heart, I'll fire the House about your Asses Ears: I'll sooner burn with you, to be reveng'd, than endure such Insolence and Torment any longer.

THEODORET.

Very well.

FATHER.

I'gad, a brave Girl, a delicate Wench! how my Fingers itch to take her part now! I have a Month's mind to espouse her Quarrel and make Friends with poor
Jacky

Jacky again. Honest *Jacky*! 'tis the best-natur'd Boy in the World, though I was such a Beast to fall out with him. [Aside.]

PORCIA.

Inhuman, cruel *Theodoret*! why do you afflict me thus? Why do you force the Tears from my poor Eyes, and wrack a tender Heart that never wrong'd you?—

[Weeps.]

THEODORET.

For your Soul's Health, Lady; and the Welfare of your wasting Reputation. A Pox o' your whining! come, to your Chamber, to your Prayer-Book and Repentance: Fasting and Humiliation will be good for you. To your Chamber.

PORCIA.

To my Grave first.

THEODORET.

Nay then——Wha, ho!

[Offers to lay hold of her.]

PORCIA.

Stand off! Murder! Cramps, Rheums and Palsies wither thy unmanly Hands.

THEODORET.

By Heaven!

PORCIA.

You dare not do it.

THEODORET.

Hah!

SYLVIA.

No, Sir, you dare not do it, you dare not.

THEODORET.

Avaunt Pass! Confound me but I shall be scratch'd here presently for my Patience.

SYLVIA.

What an ill-bred Camel 'tis!

FATHER.

Nay, and what's more; you shall not do it, you shall.

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shall not, Sir, Hoh! Is this the Issue of your honourable Pretensions?

THEODORET.

Et tu Brute!

FATHER.

Brute, Brute! Brute me no Brutes, Friend: Ounds I am a Man, Fellow; Battoons and Bilboes! Brute! a Gentleman!

THEODORET.

Your Pardon, Sir!

SYLVIA.

Don't pardon him, Sir.

Enter GRATIAN leaning on a Staff.

GRATIAN.

Oh, Friend!

THEODORET.

Poor Gratian.

GRATIAN.

If ever we ought to do any thing for our Safety, let us now prepare and look about us: I have made hard Shift to hobble hither, my Wound's grown very troublesome—We are all lost.

THEODORET.

I can fear nothing when my Friend's so near me.

SYLVIA.

Now Cousin rebel, and force your Freedom nobly.

FATHER.

Jacky, I hope, *Jacky* at the Head of *Mirmidons*, and declaring for his Property. Look you, Gentlemen: I must confess I have a Remorse of Conscience, and am sensible I have been a Rebel: Wherefore if my Liege Son and Heir have recruited his Power and be once more up in Arms, Loyalty and natural Affection, Friends, will work; I must pronounce for Prince *Jacky*; and here I resolve to defend his Territories. [*Draws a broad Sword.*

G R A.

GRATIAN.

If Prince *Jacky* have Interest enough to get your Pardon for Murder, Sir, it will be your best way to close with him; for, in short, the Atheist *Daredevil*, your Antagonist, is dead, Sir.

THEODORET.

Hah! Dead!

FATHER.

Dead!

GRATIAN.

Yes dead, Sir.

SYLVIA.

So much the better, *Porcia*, let us run up to the Leads, and cry out Murder to the Streets this Moment.

FATHER.

Then I find, that I am but a short-liv'd Sinner; farewell for ever Old Hock, Sherry, Nutmeg and Sugar, Seven and Eleven, Sink-Tray, and the Doublets! Never comes better of rebelling against one's natural born Children. I shall be hang'd one of these Sun-shiny Mornings, and a Ballad come out in the Afternoon to a lamentable Eighty-eight Tune of the careful Son, and prodigal Father. Dead said you, Sir?

GRATIAN.

Or, at least, cannot survive half an Hour; therefore it is my Opinion, that we instantly quit the House, and provide all for our Safety.

THEODORET.

Confusion, Devils!

PORCIA.

Nay, Sir, stand fast! dare but to open a Door, Sir; by Heav'n, that Moment I'll alarm the Town: You shall not think to escape, reeking with a poor Man's Blood, shed in Defence of me.

THEODORET.

Lady, no fooling.

POR-

PORCIA.

No Sir, no fooling: but now, Sir, go you to your Chamber, Sir, to your Chamber; to your Prayer-Book and Repentance; Fasting and Humiliation will be good for you: To your Chamber, Sir; as you tender your Neck, Sir.

THEODORET.

Damnation! unhand me!

PORCIA.

I'll dye ere I'll unhold you. Think you so barbarously to leave me here in the House with a dead Wretch, and have the Punishment of his horrid Murder light on my innocent Head?

THEODORET.

What do you resolve to do, Sir?

FATHER.

Do, Sir! What can I resolve to do, Sir? I have no means to hope to escape, Sir: for, in the first place, I have no Money; and a Man that kills another without Money in his Pockets, is in a very hopeful Condition. In the next place for a Disguise, I have no Cloaths but these you see on my Back; with this Tripe-buff Belt here, which there is not a Constable in the whole City but knows, and has had in his Custody, Sword and all. Look you, Gentlemen, I have civilly kill'd a Man for your Service; if you will resolve, fairly and squarely, to hang like Friends together, so: If not, I mutiny; and the word is, Discover the Plot, the old Boy must impeach.

Enter ROSARD.

ROSARD.

Oh, Sir! where are you?

GRATIAN.

Well, *Rosard*, what's the News now?

ROSARD.

The Gentleman, Heaven be thank'd, is reviv'd again, Sir; tho' the Doctors say, such another Fit will certainly
carry

carry him off. The poor Creature is very weak, but very penitent.

FATHER.

In troth, and that's a very ill Symptom; therefore my Opinion is still—I am for hanging all together.

THEODORET.

Hark you, old Rust; you say you have no Money, wherefore, during the present Interval, in the first place, because I will have no Mutiny upon this Occasion; in order to your Escape, there's Money for you: In the next place, as you want change of Rayment, here is the Key of a small Wardrobe, at the lower end of the Gallery above, you'll find the Door to it: Equip yourself, and provide for your Security, as your best Discretion shall direct you.

FATHER.

Look you, Friend, the sooner the better; for, to tell you the truth, else I shall make but a scurvy matter of it at Tyburn Cross; with a whining, sniveling Account of breaking the Sabbath, and keeping ill Company. Wherefore, not being good at making Speeches, I will leave the Opportunity to you, of shewing your politer Rhetorick, and save a Member of the Common-wealth.—There's no great harm in Murder, when it brings a Man Money.

[*Aside, and Exit.*]

PORCIA.

And now my Tyrant Brother, I hope we stand on even Terms.

THEODORET.

No, Lady, not yet: There's Life return'd: and therefore Hopes still; though, at present, in some measure to comply with you, and ease your Apprehensions, within the Limits of the House and Gardens you are at your Liberty, but no farther this Night: And for you ampler Satisfaction, if I have any midnight Alarms from your Correspondent abroad, there's Entertainment ready for him which he may not be very fond of; so Good-night,
it

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it is almost Ten. Who waits? What ho, be ready there. Come, *Gratian*, I'll see you to your Repose, and then to my Post of Guard. [Ex. *Theo.* and *Grat.*

PORCIA.

Ten! That was the Hour, *Phyllis*, *Beaugard* mentioned? was it not?

PHILLIS.

It was, Madam.

PORCIA.

Be ready then, all ye propitious Powers, that smile on faithful Love; wait, like kind Angels, on him; establish Conquest in his able Hand, and Kindness in his Heart. Oh, *Sylvia*!

SYLVIA.

You are transported, Cousin!

PORCIA.

With hopes of Liberty I am indeed: It is an *English* Woman's natural Right. Do not our Fathers, Brothers and Kinsmen often, upon pretence of it, bid fair for Rebellion against their Sovereign? And why ought not we, by their Example, to rebel as plausibly against them?

SYLVIA.

Most edifying Doctrine this is, truly.

[A Whistle without.]

PORCIA.

The Sign! Hark, the Sign! *Phyllis*, heard you nothing? [Whistle again.] 'Tis there again; he's true, and I am happy. *Sylvia*, let us retire ourselves; you know your Apartment, for precious Mischief will be soon on foot; and Action worthy Love's great Cause. Thy Husband too may chance to have his share in the Business, and as I have order'd Matters, meet something in the Adventure, to mortify his roving Humour, and reconcile him to his Duty and Allegiance.—Hark! [Whistle again.] There, 'tis once more a Summons to the Citadel to surrender. This shall, in after Story, be call'd, Captain *Beaugard*'s besieging of the Widow.

Which

Which, as 'tis laid sure with Success must end,
 Since Justice does his Enterprize attend
 Without, and powerful Love within his Friend.

SCENE *changes to Fields on the Back-side of a Garden.*

Enter BEAUGARD, *with a Party.*

BEAUGARD.

Hold, stand fast; I have just now receiv'd Intelligence
 over the Garden-Wall, that our Design has taken air,
 And there will be no easy Entrance.

1 MAN.

Ah Captain; the time has been, when, under your
 Command, we should have had no need of a Council of
 War for the attacking such a Fortification as this is.

BEAUGARD.

Peace, *Plunder*, Peace, you Rogue; no Moroding now;
 we'll burn, rob, demolish and murder another time toge-
 ther: This is a Bus'ness must be done with decency—
 Hark.

2 MAN.

Some Company coming, Sir, from the Back-Street-
 Ward.

BEAUGARD.

Hold then, *Plunder*: Do you, with your flying Party,
 hover at a distance about the Fields; while I, with the
 rest of the Body, post myself as advantageously as I can,
 to watch the Enemy's Motions.— [Exit.

Enter THEODORET and his Party.

THEODORET.

This way the Noise was: Be sure keep safe the Garden
 Gate, and follow me carefully. [Exit Theod.

Enter

Enter COURTINE.

COURTINE.

So here I am; and now for my Instructions. Let me see, [*Reads the Billet.*] Pray come disguised, that if the Design should miscarry your Retreat may be the easier. Your unknown blushing Servant.—Humph! Blushing Servant! Passingly modest, I'll warrant you! Pray come disguised! So I am, or the Devil's in't; for I look more like a Cut-throat, than any thing else. Let me see; Upon this very Spot, the last time I was here did I meet my damn'd Wife: Avert the Omen, sweet Heaven I beseech thee. And now, as I am considering, where can my Friend *Beaugard* be at present too? With a Whore. There's that Question answer'd. Wherefore, would but my unknown blushing Servant appear, or give me a kind Sign; would but my little Partridge call, methinks I could so shuckle, and run, and bill, and clap my Wings about her. Hah!

[*Turns about.*]

Enter THEODORET.

THEODORET.

Stand: Who goes there?

COURTINE.

What's the matter now?

SERVANT.

Stand, Sir: What are you, Sir?

COURTINE.

What am I, Sir! A Man, Sir.

THEODORET.

A Man, Sir, we see you are: But what Man are you, Friend?

COURTINE.

A Gentleman, Friend; and you had best use me so.—By Heav'n, *Theodoret*? and if I am but discover'd!

THEODORET.

Hands off, unloose him. You are not him we look for, Sir.

COUR-

COURTINE.

I am glad of that with all my Heart.

[*Aside.*

THEODORET.

And therefore I ask your Pardon. But, if you are a Gentleman, you will assist one in me, that have been injured. I have reason to believe, my House is now beset with Villains, who have base Designs upon the Honour of my Family. Wherefore, if you are what you pretend, you'll draw your Sword to do Justice in a good Cause.

COURTINE.

Sir, I wear it for no other end; and you shall command it.—Ay, 'tis so; *Beaugard* upon new Exploits for the Recovery of his Widow. Nothing but Knight-Errantry stirring this Moon.

THEODORET.

Please you then, Sir, to stay here with my Servants, while I walk to the Corner of yon Wall, and try what I can discover.

[*Exit Theod.*

COURTINE.

You may trust me, Sir. Now will I shew myself a true *Renegado*; take Entertainment in Christian Service, to betray 'em to my Brother *Turk*, upon the first Opportunity. And so, my blushing Unknown, you may e'en stay your Stomach with your Sheets for this Night.

Re enter THEODORET.

THEODORET.

They are here, stand fast; be resolute, and be rewarded.

Enter LUCRETIA.

LUCRETIA.

Now, for a convenient Opportunity to do Mischief. *Beaugard*, I find, is come, and my kind Mistress punctual to Appointment in the Garden. Now could I but order the Affair so, as to slur *Beaugard* upon her, instead of myself; and her upon him, instead of *Porcia*, my Conscience

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Conscience would be satisfied ; and he, *Mr. Courtine*, my Rival Widow, and the Wife, serv'd all in their kind.

THEODORET.

Hold, Sir; what are you? [*To Beau. at the Entrance.*]

COURTINE.

Ay; Now, now.

BEAUGARD.

No, matter, Sir; this is not a time of Night to answer Questions.

THEODORET.

Nay, then.——

BEAUGARD.

Nay, now Sir; and when else you think fitting. Sir: I am the Man you look for; and you are him I wish'd to meet here.

COURTINE.

Now how the Devil I shall do to tilt Booty; Hang me like a Dog if I can imagine.

BEAUGARD.

Come on there.

THEODORET.

You pass upon your Death.

BEAUGARD.

I have learnt to scorn Death more since first you threat-
ned it;

I see your Numbers too, and come prepared;

Porcia's my Claim, and here I'll win or lose her.

THEODORET.

Then take thy Due; and die like a midnight Thief.
Fall on.

Beau. and Theod. engage, and their Parties. Beau. and

Theod. quit each other. Beau. falls upon Courtine
and Theod. upon Beaugard's Party; who retire
from him, as Cour. does from Beau. off from the Stage.

THEODORET.

He runs, he runs; the half-bred Hector runs. False

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Card

Cards and Dice, and Quart-pot Brothel Brawls, were fitter for his Management, than honourable Difference; Hark, clashing of Swords still! by Heaven I miss our Friend, the honourable Stranger, that so generously took our Party: if it be him, let's out, and give him Succour.

Enter BEAUGARD driving in COURTINE, who retires beyond the reach of his Sword.

BEAUGARD.

Base Rascal! Coward, fly!——

COURTINE.

No, Sir, I stand stock still, and won't stir an Inch; but since you are so uncivil, resolve not to fight a stroke more: So there's my Sword, and here's your humble Servant.

BEAUGARD.

Courtine!

COURTINE.

The same.

BEAUGARD.

And thou my Enemy too!

COURTINE.

No, Sir, your Friend, had you been wise enough to have found it. I came hither disguis'd, for a Reason you shall know hereafter; but falling into the hands of the Enemy, was forced to take Party against you, for fear of being beaten for you: Yet with a design of revolting, would you have given me leave. But you, when you should have kept at the head of your Friends, took a particular fancy to be tickling my small Guts, and now you see what you have got by it.

BEAUGARD.

Then farewell for ever poor Widow,—But stay, it were base and unmanly to give it over so—Let me see—Lend me thy Disguise, quickly, quickly, quickly, my Imagination's warm.

COURTINE.

Ay, with all my Heart, and glad to be rid of it so——

[Disguises Beaugard.]

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

Take this, and rally my scatter'd Forces. [*Gives him his Whistle.*] They know the Sign; and cannot be far off under the Conduct of *Plunder* that was my Serjeant abroad, thou know'st him; make what haste is possible. I'll be hereabouts, and be near me, if any new Disaster should happen.

COURTINE.

Well, with all my Heart for once: here is a new Design in Embrio now; though I fancy when we have got her, we shall never make of this Widow what she has cost us.

BEAUGARD.

No more; I hear Company; Vanish— [*Exit Cour.*]

Enter THEODORET.

THEODORET.

This way I think I heard it: Look, is not that he! Oh my dear generous Friend, let me embrace you: I hope you are come off well.

BEAUGARD.

Very well, Sir, I thank you, if I were but well off from this place; I fear the Man I had to deal withal is fallen, for I left him stagg'ring. Security were best for us all, Sir.

THEODORET.

My House shall be your Sanctuary, and I'll die with you but I'll protect you.

BEAUGARD.

I gad, and that's kindly said, as things stand between us, and if he knew all. [*Aside.*]

THEODORET.

Open the Garden-gate there: You shall rest yourself in an Arbour, while I dispose of the gross of my Family, and prepare an Apartment for your privacy.

BEAUGARD.

If I had dy'd in your Quarrel, Sir, a Generosity like this had over rewarded it. [*Cour. at the Entrance.*]

COURTINE.

Stand still ye beaten scatter'd Scoundrels, I think that's
he, follow me but at a distance.

THEODORET.

Open the Gate I say there; come, Sir——

COURTINE. [*They enter the Garden.*]

The Stratagem succeeds, and Troy at last is taken.

Enter LUCRETIA.

LUCRETIA.

O dear Sir, are not you Captain *Beaugard*?

COURTINE.

The same, my dear Child, the same; hast thou any
good Tidings for me?

LUCRETIA.

The private Door of the Garden on the other side
is opened, and you may enter, Sir. My poor Lady is
dying almost with Despair, that she shall never see you
more: Could you now tell me News of Captain *Courtine*?

COURTINE.

Hah! Does then my blushing Unknown belong to
these Territories? It must be so. Captain *Courtine* is just
gone in before, Sweet-heart, therefore if thou art a true
Friend to Love, quickly conduct me.

LUCRETIA.

I'll shew you Sir, into the Door, where you may con-
ceal yourself in one of the Arbours till I go through the
House, and bring you farther Intelligence.

COURTINE.

And if my Adventure happen really to be at the end
of this Business, my Friend and I shall not, I fancy,
pass our time very uncomfortably. Rogues follow me,
follow me, Rogues. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

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SCENE *the Garden.*

BEAUGARD *looking out of an Arbour.*

BEAUGARD.

So, so, thus far I am undiscovered; it is as dark, as if the Devil himself were abroad a solacing amongst a Company of Northern Witches To-night: If *Courtine* be but enter'd with my *Mirmidons*, the Widow's infallibly all my own. Hiss! Who comes here?

Enter LUCRETIA.

LUCRETIA.

Sir, Sir, where are you?

BEAUGARD.

Here, here, my Friend, I wait you.

LUCRETIA.

Friend! Is not your Name——

BEAUGARD.

My Name, what! what can this mean? —— [*Aside.*

LUCRETIA.

Beaugard, Come, come, I know you: You need not distrust yourself, my Design is to do you Service; your *Porcia* knows you are here, and expects you with her Arms open; follow me.

BEAUGARD.

Be thou my good or bad Angel, at the charm of that Name I must follow thee, though thou lead me to Perdition.

LUCRETIA.

Softly, no Noise, this way, give me your Hand. [*Exit.*

Enter COURTINE.

COURTINE.

Hold let me see; Ay, there I think is an Arbour where I will creep in, and lie as close, as a Coward in the Hold at a Sea-fight.

R 3

Enter

Enter THEODORET.

THEODORET.

Hereabouts it was I left him, it is wonderfully dark!
 Friend! Friend! Where are you?

COURTINE.

Ha! that's another sort of Voice than the Youngster's
 I depend upon. By Heaven, *Theodorat!* [Aside.

THEODORET.

Friend, Friend, I say, where are you?

COURTINE.

Ay, but the Devil a Word you get out of me. [Aside.

THEODORET.

Why, Sir Friend, do not you hear me?

COURTINE.

No.

[Aside.

THEODORET.

I am sure this must be the Arbour; I'll run and call
 a Flambeaux.

COURTINE.

That may not be so well neither, my Affairs will not
 agree with the Light, as I take it. [Aside.

THEODORET.

May be he's fallen asleep; let me see. [*Gropes into the
 Arbour and feels him*] 'Tis even so: What hoa, Sir!—

[Courtine snores.

Friend, Friend, awake, your Chamber's ready, and I
 stay for you.

COURTINE.

Who's there? What are you?

[Aloud, as if frighted suddenly.

THEODORET.

Hush, make no Noise; but come away.

COURTINE.

Is it you, Sir? — He mistakes me for *Beaugard*,
 I hope.

THEO.

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THEODORET.

The same: I wait upon you, follow me.

COURTINE.

If he discover me, all again is ruin'd; but Darknefs, I hope, and Impudence, will befriend a good Cause. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE Daredevil's Chamber,

With only one small Lamp burning, and DAREDEVIL on the Bed.

DAREDEVIL.

Oh! oh! oh! my Wounds and my Sins! Conscience, Conscience, Conscience, how shall I quiet thee!

[*Beaugard's Father at the Door.*]

FATHER.

This cowardly Chicken-hearted Rascal will die, and be damn'd at last. How do you do, Sir? How do you find yourself?

DAREDEVIL.

Oh very ill, Heaven knows! within few Hours of a Grave, and, without great Mercy, of a deeper Place: Whoever you are, if you have any Charity, procure me some Conscientious Godly Divine to unburden myself of my Iniquity to.

FATHER.

This puling, whining, repining Rogue, within these two Days was blaspheming: Ought I to be hang'd now for such a Varlet! shall I send you a Divine, said you, Sir?

DAREDEVIL.

It would be a great Favour, and a Comfort to me, Sir.

FATHER.

I'll try what I can do for you, since I see your Condition so dangerous; a Pox o' your queasy Conscience. There is no Safety for me in staying here that's one thing, the House being certainly beset for the apprehending some

body: For looking out at the Wardrobe Window as I was dressing myself, I observ'd six or seven arm'd Rogues. with hangmanly Faces, sneaking and sculking about the Garden, that's another thing; wherefore I will hasten and finish my Disguise, and if there come an Alarm, take the fairest Opportunity to get off in it; and that for me will be the best thing. *[Exit Father.*

Enter COURTINE.

COURTINE.

To what an insignificant Purpose have I taken all this pains to Night? here have I been put into a Room with a Bed in it, with Pray, Sir, will you please to take your Rest, in the Devil's Name; when my Design has not been to take my Rest, but my Recreation; I fancy I heard a kind, small complaining Voice this way too, and must at present confess myself in a very good-natur'd Humour, very much inclined to succour any distressed Damsel that wants a Companion to pass away a tedious Night withal.

DAREDEVIL.

Oh! oh! Would but this dear Man come now!

COURTINE.

Hah! hark! That must certainly be me she means; nay, I am sure on't: I'll on a little farther.

DAREDEVIL.

Oh h h!

COURTINE.

Where art thou, thou poor Creature? I am come to comfort thee.

DAREDEVIL.

I wish you had come a little sooner, I am very ill.

COURTINE.

Alas, kind Soul, she's sick with passionate Expectation: This must be my blushing, unknown Servant, at the least.

DARE-

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DAREDEVIL.

Whereabouts are you? Give me your Hand hither, will you?

COURTINE.

Here, here it is, and my Heart too, thou hast 'em both: I'll swear she has a well grown Palm, by the Rule of Proportion I'll warrant her a Swinger:—But no matter, 'tis in the dark. [*Aside.*]

DAREDEVIL.

Heart, said you, Sir? Alas! my poor Heart's breaking.

COURTINE.

Breaking, dear Soul! No, no, never fear it; I'll give thee a Recipe to keep it whole, I warrant thee. This is the most Romantic Adventure. [*Falls to undressing himself.*]

PORCIA and PHILLIS at the Door.

PORCIA.

Has then *Beaugard* gotten Entrance art thou sure?

COURTINE.

Hah!

PHILLIS.

Madam, so sure, that his *Valet Fourbine* is here in the House, and told me so himself.

COURTINE.

What's that?

PORCIA.

Then now my Part begins: Was there ever such inhuman Cruelty committed, a Wretch barbarously murder'd and expos'd, without Comfort or Succour?

COURTINE.

Murder, said they? What, Manslaying! when all my Thoughts were upon nothing but Manmaking. I gad then 'tis time that I take care for one, and 'till a better Conveniency offer itself, here's my Burrough. Murder in the Devil's name. What do they say now?

[*Creeps under the Bed.*]

P O R C I A.

No, no, my Conscience will not bear it, I must proclaim it to the World: What ho there, Murder, Murder, Murder!

C O U R T I N E.

Oh Lord, here's a comfortable Condition that I am got into.

P O R C I A.

But does the Chirurgion say there is certainly no Danger?

P H I L L I S.

Only a thin skin Wound on the outside of his Belly; but that the Force of Fear in the Cowardly-hearted Fellow, will let him think of nothing but a Grave and Damnation.

P O R C I A.

The present Advantage of it then must be improv'd: wherefore, I say, the stinging of my Conscience will not let me rest, I dare not conceal this Murder. Murder, Murder, Murder! Cry Murder you Witch, and alarm the House.

P H I L L I S.

Here is somebody coming already, Madam.

P O R C I A.

Stand still and observe then.

Enter B E A U G A R D.

B E A U G A R D.

I think it was this way, but no matter, for I am sure I reign Lord Paramount of this Castle now. The angry jealous Brother is gone to Bed, and all his warlike Family, where he lies as fast and snores and Gapes so wide, one might steal the Widow out of his Mouth if she were there: Now could I but find the way to her Ladyship's Chamber, while *Plunder* is, according to Orders, with his Crew binding the drowzy Rogues of the Family in their Beds! What an Opportunity would that be! For there is but one way of making a slippery Widow sure to you.

P O R-

PORCIA.

No matter, happen how it will, I say again it is a crying Sin, it is an Abomination, 'tis a—Ah!

[Seeing Beau. disguis'd, is frighted and runs out.]

BEAUGARD.

Hah! What do Ghosts walk here at this time o'Night, and in Petticoats too; Nay, then have at you, ye airy Forms.

[Going out is met by his Father, disguis'd like a Phanatick Preacher.]

FATHER.

Yes, verily, and indeed it is an Abomination, a burning Shame, and a lewd Abomination.

BEAUGARD.

Hell and the Devil! My Spirit in Petticoats that squeak'd Abomination in *Ela*, converted to the fleshly similitude of a Holy Brother, that cants it in *Ganet*—Hoh! Speak, what art thou?

FATHER.

A Minister of Peace to wounded Consciences. I come here by appointment with an Olive Branch in my Mouth, to visit a mortal Ark toss'd and floating in floods of its own Tears, for its own Frailties.

BEAUGARD.

And are you really, Sir? a Man? Really the Godly Implement you appear to be, for the scowering of foul Consciences?

DAREDEVIL.

Ha! ha! ha! Godly Implement! it has almost made me laugh; that's a merry Gentleman, I'll warrant him: Oh, h h!

FATHER.

I am, Friend, I tell thee, an Instructor of the Chosen: Thou savour'st of the old Man, stand off, and do not pollute me with too near communication: I come to convert a Sinner to the Truth; it was I that convert—
ed—

ed—as some say nobody; and expounded the Groans of the Protestant Board. How fareth our Brother?

DAREDEVIL.

Alas, Sir, very weak; upon the point of Dissolution, and tormented with the Stings of a terrify'd Conscience.

FATHER.

Lay then one Hand upon thy Heart.

DAREDEVIL.

I do so.

FATHER.

Lend me the other; that in the pouring forth thy Sins, thy right Hand may not know what thy left Hand doth.

BEAUGARD.

A very material Point that is truly.

FATHER.

Thou hast liv'd in Wickedness long.

DAREDEVIL.

From sixteen to eight-and-forty, without the least Repentance or a Thought of it.

FATHER.

A very dangerous state; but for thy darling Sins, *Imprimis*, what?

DAREDEVIL.

Drunkenness.

FATHER.

A very pernicious Sin, and of the Devil's own Institution; for it sets our Soul's o'fire: Nay, it sets our Noses o'fire, and sets Houses o'fire. Drunkenness——

Did you ever burn any Houses?

DAREDEVIL.

Never but three, and they Houses of Pollution too: Bawdy-Houses, Sir.

FATHER.

So much the worse: For if Bawdy-Houses be burnt, what civil Family in this City sleeps safe? I never burnt a Bawdy-house in my Life, that's my comfort. *Item.*

DARE-

DAREDEVIL.

Whoredom, Adultery!

FATHER.

For Adultery, I mean corrupting of other Mens Wives, let me tell you it is a crying Sin, and a very loud one too; but do you repent?

DAREDEVIL.

From the bottom of my Heart.

BEAUGARD.

So, Heaven be thank'd, there's no harm in plain Whoredom.

FATHER.

No more to be said then; be comforted, and I'll absolve thee: But with whom was this Wickedness committed last?

DAREDEVIL.

With my Bosom Friend's Wife, and one that deserv'd much better of me.

BEAUGARD.

And that was very friendly done of thee truly.

FATHER.

Impudent Rogue! But was she very young?

BEAUGARD.

Ay, now the feeling, circumstantial Questions are starting.

DAREDEVIL.

About Eighteen; and not yet wedded a full Year.

FATHER.

Voluptuous Dog! But handsom too? Was she very handsom?

DAREDEVIL.

Too beautiful, to have had so little Virtue.

FATHER.

Her Name, her Name! Tell me her Name. Quickly, I say unto thee, let me know her Name.

BEAU

BEAUGARD.

Well said, well said there, old Fornication!

DAREDEVIL.

That I have promised shall for ever be a Secret, Sir.

*FATHER.*Then thou art damn'd, and I do not absolve thee. I must know this precious young Harlot. *[Aside.*

Once more I say her Name!

DAREDEVIL.

But I have sworn, Sir; you'd not have me be forsworn.

FATHER.

A mortal Sin in itself; Swearing is another Sin. Farewell, I'll have no more to do with thee: Thy Sins are of too deep a Dye, and Satan be upon thee—A damn'd Rogue not to tell her Name.

DAREDEVIL.

Oh! oh! dear Sir, come back again, and leave me not in this desperate, desponding, sad Condition.

*[Exit Father.*If he has any Mercy in this Case but upon his own Conditions, he's no Father of mine I'm sure on't. *[Aside.**Enter LUCRETIA.**LUCRETIA.*Oh, Sir, I am glad I have met with you; a word with you in private; turn, turn this way into the next Room quickly; *Porcia, Porcia*, your Widow *Porcia*, Sir.*BEAUGARD.*Hah! speak, where is she, thou pretty, smiling *Mercury*!*LUCRETIA.*

I am to bring her to you this moment: No more words, but in Sir, in, if you'll be happy.

*COURTINE.**Porcia, Porcia*, said he? Then I am sure it must be *Beaugard*; a pretty Pimp that I'll warrant him. *[Aside.**BEAUGARD.*

And shall I trust thee?

LUCRE-

LUCRETIA.

Why should I deceive you?

BEAUGARD.

Be sure thou dost not, as thou lovest the welfare of this soft, tender Outside; adieu for a Minute. [*Exit.*]

LUCRETIA,

That Minute gives her to your Possession, Sir—Hift, Madam, Hift! The Coast is now clear.

SYLVIA.

Where are you, Ill-nature?

LUCRETIA.

Here, tortur'd with my Longings: Where are you? come, come.

SYLVIA.

Why do you make me do this?

LUCRETIA.

Is that a Question now? Turn, turn into the dark Chamber: I'll but secure this Door, and then the Night's our own.

SYLVIA.

Don't stay too long.

COURTINE.

How afraid she is, lest he should come again too soon; [*Aside.*]

LUCRETIA.

Be satisfy'd, I'll fly—that is from you as fast as I can; for I hope I have fitted you. [*Exit Sylvia.*]

COURTINE.

Nay, faith, if this be the Custom of the House, I'll lurk here no longer: The Devil again!

Re-enter FATHER.

FATHER.

Trouble me no more, I say I will not be persuaded, I will know the Adulteress's Name, that I may admonish her: for it has been of ancient Practice in these our pious

pious Officers, to make our Converts confess not only all they know, but all that we have a mind to know.

DAREDEVIL.

Not, Sir, I hope, if it be improper.

FATHER.

No matter for that, proper or improper, right or wrong, true or false, if it be for our use, it must be confessed. Therefore I say, and say again, I do not absolve thee, thou art in the state of Perdition still: tell me her Name, or for thy Drunkenness, and burning of Houses; thy Whoredoms and Adulteries; Blasphemy, and Profaneness; thy Swearing, and Forswearing; thy rubbing out Milk-scores, and lamb-blackening of Signs in *Covent-Garden*: thy breaking of Windows, killing Constables and Watchmen, Beadles, Taylors, Hackney-Coachmen and Link-boys, for all these——

Noises of squeaking from each side of the Stage, one from Sylvia.

Hark there, the screaming Fiends are at thy Door already.
Hark!

[Scream again.]

COURTINE.

Nay, Madam, if you squeak, and think to alarm the House, if I do not behave myself like a true Friend to Love, I am mistaken, and so here I am posted, and thus will maintain the Pass.

[Goes to the door where Beau. and his Wife are, and draws his Sword to defend it.]

LUCRETIA.

[At the Door.] Well said, my civil, dear and friendly Cuckold.

Enter THEODORET and PORCIA crying.

THEODORET.

Come forth, thou Strumpet.

PORCIA.

Nay, cruel *Theodoret*, do not, do not kill me: here on my Knees——

COURT-

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COURTINE.

How's this? *Porcia* taken there, and my Friend here in private with *Porcia* too!

THEODORET.

By Heav'n thou dy'st this Moment.

COURTINE.

By Hell though, but she shall not, Sir.

Enter SYLVIA and BEAUGARD pursuing her.

BEAUGARD.

Nay, Madam, then? How's this? my Widow split in twain! My *Porcia* there, and *Porcia* here too? Confound me, *Courtine's* Wife! I have done finely.

THEODORET.

You'll justify this usage?

COURTINE.

You see, Sir, I am responsible. [*Shows him Bean.*]

BEAUGARD.

By Heav'n unhand her, or—Nay, look Sir, well, you'll know me. [*Throws off his Disguise.*]

PORCIA.

My faithful Soldier!

BEAUGARD.

My victorious Widow! [*She runs into his Arms.*]

THEODORET.

Call up my Servants there, raise all the Household.

BEAUGARD.

I'll do't, Sir—

[*Gives the Sign, Plunder and his Party appear.*]
See, here are those that are ready to wait on you, if you have any Service to command them.

THEODORET.

And I will find 'em Service that shall warm 'em. [*Exit.*]

COURTINE.

Now, I fancy, by this Lady's concealing herself, she may be a discovery worth the making. Madam, you see
here

here my Friend is inconstant, but truly nothing could ever wean him from this Widow here——*Sylvia*! My Wife! my rigid virtuous Wife! my damn'd, confounded jealous Wife!

BEAUGARD.

Now here are very hopeful matters towards.

COURTINE.

It was very courteously done of me, *Beaugard*, was it not, to keep the Door for you, with my own Wife, Sir?

BEAUGARD.

Nay, let us not quarrel, *Ned*; I'll give thee a friendly account of this matter to-morrow between ourselves; in the mean time be satisfy'd, I have not wrong'd thee.

PORCIA.

Will you never leave this Foraging into other Folks Quarters, Captain?

BEAUGARD.

I am afraid, Widow of mine, you had a Finger in the Plot, though——

SYLVIA.

Indeed, my Dearest——

COURTINE.

Your humble Servant, my Dearest! I am only glad of this fair Opportunity, to be rid of you, my Dearest: henceforth, my Dearest, I shall drink my Drink, my Dearest, I shall Whore my Dearest; and so long as I can Pimp so handsomly for you, my Dearest, I hope if ever we return into the Country, you'll wink at a small Fault now and then with the Dairy-Wench, or Chamber-Maid, my Dearest.

SYLVIA.

I always was a Burden to your sight, and you shall be this time eas'd on't. [Exit.]

COURTINE.

With all my Heart! Heav'n grant it would last for ever.

Enter

Enter THEODORET.

THEODORET.

My Doors lockt up! my Servants gagg'd and bound!
I am betray'd, undone, and I'll not live to bear it.

BEAUGARD.

Nay, hold, Sir, none of that neither: This Design
was not laid for a Tragedy.

THEODORET.

How do you intend to deal with me?

BEAUGARD.

Like a Gentleman, Sir, though you hardly deserve it
of me: In short, this Lady is in my Charge now, and
you in my Power; and by her Authority, this being her
own House, I have made thus bold with it; and will take
care to dispose her hereafter out of the reach of your mer-
ciless Tyranny; nay, if this reverend Parson will do us
the friendly Office, though I have often renounc'd it, am
ready to do it one way this Moment. *Daredevil*, wilt
thou lend me thy Chaplain?

DAREDEVIL.

Heh!

PORCIA.

Rise, Sir! Won't you rise? If your old Friend and I
make a match on't, I hope you'll be so kind to dance at
the Wedding.

DAREDEVIL.

Dance, Madam! I am dying.

PHILLIS.

That's false, to my knowledge, Madam: For the
Surgeon told me last dressing, it was so slight a Wound,
he had much ado to keep it from healing.

DAREDEVIL.

Yes, by the same token when he had done with me, he
began with you, forsooth, and said he would shew you
a little of his Operation, for handling and tampering
with

with his Box of Instruments, and there's the truth out now.

ALL.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

DAREDEVIL.

Why, Gentlemen, Ladies, Friends, Acquaintance, am not I dying? Am not I wounded? Is not there a Hole in my Belly, that you may turn a Coach and fix in?

BEAUGARD.

No, no: Pr'ythee leave raving, and get up for shame, Man. Thou an Atheist, thou believe neither a God nor a Devil, and be afraid of a hurt no bigger than a Pin-hole! *Courtine*, lend us thy hand to raise up our old Friend here: Well, how is't now? [*Sets him on his Legs.*]

DAREDEVIL.

Ha! faith and troth, I fancy, not so bad as I thought it was. Methinks I begin to find myself pretty hearty; I can stand, I can walk too, I have no Pain at all. How dost thou do, old Orthodox?

[*Strikes him on the Shoulder, which shakes the Disguise from his Face.*]

COURTINE.

Ah! but you repented, *Daredevil*; thou didst repent, Friend: I am sorry to hear of it with all my heart, it will be a foul blot in thy Escutcheon: But thou didst repent.

FATHER.

A Pox on the Block-head, now I shall be known.

[*Fumbling to fix his Disguise again.*]

DAREDEVIL.

Repent! Pr'ythee be quiet, Man; repent, quotha! Why, dost thou think I did not know my old Customer for two Duces here, old *Anti-Abraham*, the Father of Unbelievers?

FATHER.

My *Jacky*! my little Rogue! my dainty Boy! Thou Son of thy nown Father, I can hold no longer; and I must kiss thee, and I will kiss thee, eeee you Dog, you Dog.

Dog, you Dog, you little dear damn'd Dog. [*Sings old Simon,*] *Huzza*, the Widow's our own: There lie Divinity.

BEAUGARD.

A very Cutter, as I live, had he but a *Tabitha*, a perfect Cutter.

FATHER.

Now, *Jacky* boy; *Jacky*, you Rogue, shall not I have a tittle spill out of this Portion now, hah? The jolly Worms that have fatten'd so long in this Malmsey Nose of mine with the Fumes of Sack, will die, and drop out of their Sockets else. Couldst thou have the Heart to see this illuminated Nose of mine look like an empty Honey-Comb; couldst thou be so hard-hearted?

PORCIA.

Faith, Captain, be mollify'd; the old Gentleman, methinks, proposes very moderately.

FATHER.

It shall be so, she shall be my Daughter-in-Law, though I invert the Order of Duty, and ask her Blessing.

BEAUGARD.

Look you, Sir: Though you have been a very ungracious Father, upon condition that you'll promise to leave off Gaming, and stick to your Whoring and Drinking, I will treat with you.

FATHER.

The truth on't is, I have been to blame, *Jack*! But thou shalt find me hereafter very obedient; that is, provided I have my Terms: which are these.

BEAUGARD.

Come on, then.

FATHER.

Three Bottles of Sack, *Jack*, *per Diem*, without Deduction, or false Measure: Two Pound of Tobacco *per* Month; and that of the best too.

COURTINE.

Truly this is but reasonable.

FA.

FATHER.

Buttock-Beef and *March* Beer at Dinner, you Rogue:
A young Wench of my own chusing, to wait on no body
but me always: Money in my Pocket: An old Pacing
Horse, and an Elbow-Chair.

BEAUGARD.

Agreed. You see, Sir, already; I am beginning to settle my Family; and all this comes by the Dominion Chance has over us. By Chance you took the Charge of an old Father off from my Hands, and made a Chaplain of him. By the same sort of Chance I have taken this Lady off from your Hands, and intend to make her another sort of Domestick. What say you, Sir? Are you contented?

THEODORET.

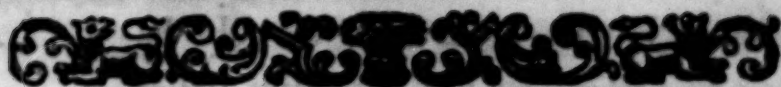
I cannot tell whether I am or no.

BEAUGARD.

Then you are not so wise a Man as I took you for. In the mean Time; for your Liberty, you must dispense with the want of it, 'till I have this Night secured the Safety of my Widow. Your Friend *Gratian*, because of his Wounds, is only lock'd in his Chamber, and may take his Rest as otherwise. For the other part of the Family, I care not to make Excuses.

Thus still, with Power in hand we treat of Peace;
But when 'tis ratify'd, Suspensions cease:
The conquer'd to recruiting Labours move;
Like me, the Victor, crowns his Ease, with Love.

*EPILOGUE.*



EPILOGUE.

By Mr. D U K E, of Cambridge.

I *T is not long, since in the noisy Pit
Tumultuous Faction sat the Judge of Wit;
There Knaves applauded what their Blockheads writ.*

}

*At a Whig-Brother's Play, the Bawling Crowd
Burst out in Shouts, as zealous, and as loud,
As when some Member's stout Election-Beer
Gains the mad Voice of a whole Drunken Shire.*

*And yet, even then, our Poet's Truth was try'd,
Tho' 'twas a Dev'lish Pull to stem the Tyde;
And tho' he ne'er did Line of Treason write,
Nor made one Rocket on Queen Bess's Night,
Such was his Fortune, or so good his Cause,
Even then he fail'd not wholly of Applause.
He that could then escape, now bolder grows:
Since the Whig-Tyde runs out, the Loyal flows.
All you who lately here presum'd to bawl,
Take warning from your Brethren at Guild-Hall;
The Spirit of Rebellion there is quell'd,
And here your Poet's-Acts are all repeal'd:
Impartial Justice has resum'd again
Her awful Seat, nor bears the Sword in vain.
The Stage shall lash the Follies of the Times,
And the Law's Vengeance overtake the Crimes.
The perjur'd Wretch shall no Protection gain
From his dishonour'd Robe and Golden Chain;
But stand expos'd to all the insulting Town,
While rotten Eggs bedaub the Scarlet Gown.*

Pack

EPILOGUE.

*Pack hence betimes, you that were never sparing
To save the Land, and damn yourselves, by swearing.*

*Shou'd the Wise City now, to ease your Fears,
Erect an Office to ensure your Ears,
Thither such num'rous Shoals of Witnesses,
And Juries, conscious of their Guilt, wou'd press,
That to the Chamber hence might more be gain'd,
Then ever Mother Creswell from it drain'd;
And Perjury to th' Orphans Bank restore
Whatever Whoredom robb'd it of before.*

End of the Second Volume.

